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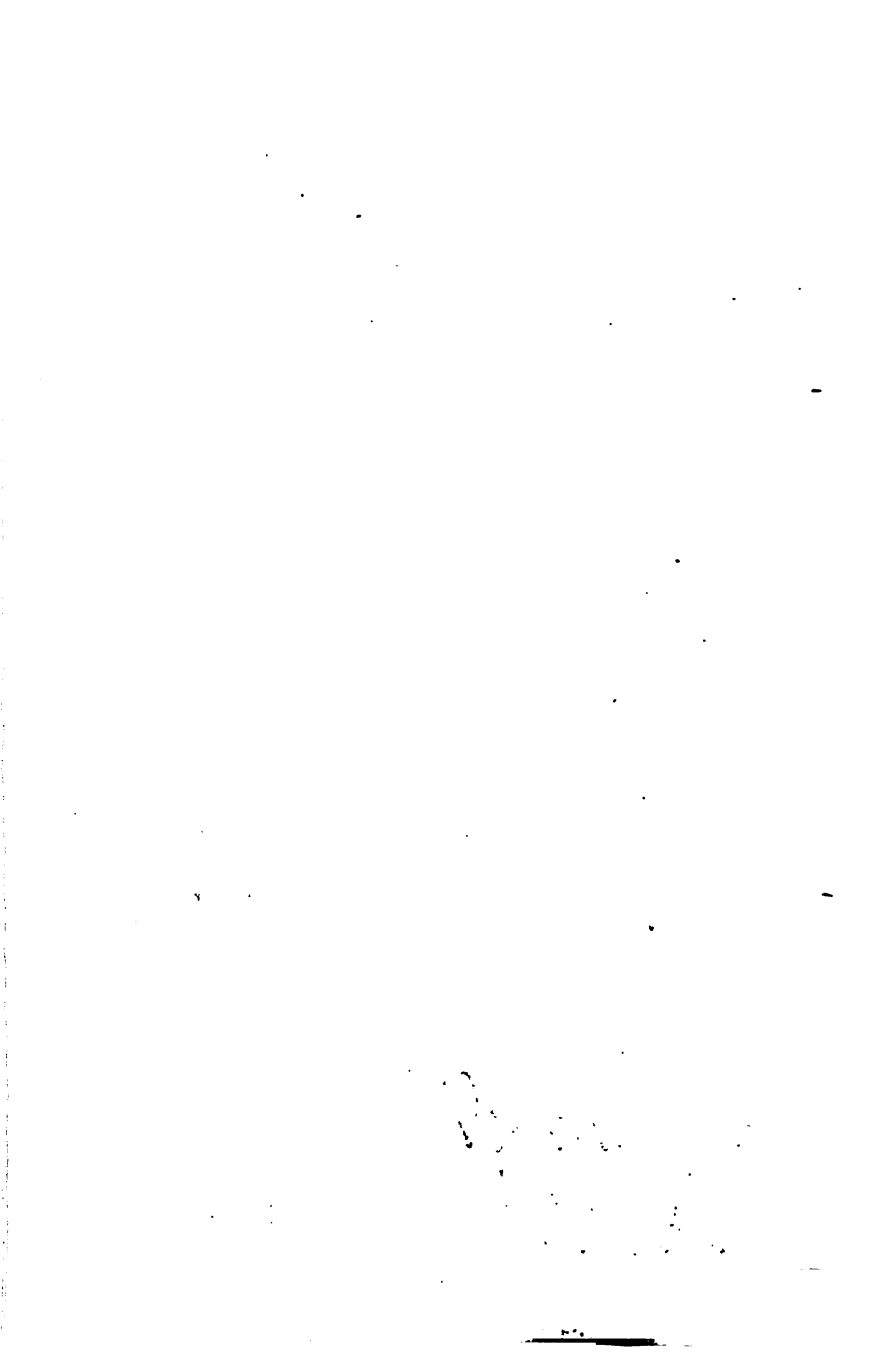
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BÉRANGER:

TWO HUNDRED

OF HIS

LYRICAL / POEMS,

DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

WILLIAM YOUNG.

NEW-YORK:

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

1850.

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P R E F A C E .

READERS of books have little inclination to trouble themselves with an author's views and motives, when he volunteers to come before them. It is, therefore, for reasons in which he himself is personally concerned, and which will be appreciated by those whom the fact may chance to interest, that the translator of the following collection of Béranger's lyrics disavows, at the outset, any sympathy whatever with the political doctrines that they so broadly inculcate. Were the writer in his own country, it would be absurdly egotistical to couple any such declaration with a purely literary effort. Place, however, and peculiar circumstances render it pardonable, that an Englishman, strongly and steadily attached to the monarchical institutions of his native land, should make this reservation, when aspiring to lay before the Citizens of a Republic a work that breathes the very essence of Republicanism. Béranger, the darling poet of his countrymen and the admiration of the lettered world, is a master of song, not the founder of a creed.

One half of these versions—herein very carefully revised, and in some instances re-written—were published in London, three years ago. Of the second hundred, a dozen have appeared in the columns of the New-York *Albion*. The remainder are now

printed for the first time. The whole form a selection; nor as the entire works of Béranger ever be translated into our tongue—at least with a due regard for decency. Some are too licentious, and some treat things sacred with a levity that would be deemed intolerable.

The exact boundary line, indeed, between the fit and the unfit must be an arbitrary one. Notions of delicacy and propriety will differ, from a variety of causes: but it should be borne in mind, that there is a wide distinction between those writings which are designedly offensive to a refined taste, and those that are only so incidentally. The ultra-squeamish censors, who pounce upon every objectionable thought or phrase in pages of surpassing merit, remind us of those poor-hearted travellers who spend days amidst the sublimest or the most lovely scenery, and yet can but concentrate their attention on the mud that has gathered on their boots! With such readers we have no fellow feeling; and pass on to remark, with further reference to the incompleteness of this volume, that France herself has not yet seen all the outpourings of Béranger's fertile genius. In the latest French edition of his songs, are to be found a few *extracts* from the unpublished manuscripts of his latter days; while he therein states distinctly that a set of odes on Napoleon is to form a portion of his posthumous works. Would that this determination might be changed!

We believe that Béranger can only be popular with foreigners, when they are accustomed to note the characteristics of other countries—moral, social, or political—without judging them by the immediate standard of their own. Furthermore, to relish him fully, the reader should be somewhat familiar with the history of France, during the forty years which have elapsed since 1810

.

France, during this period of time, has seen many events, and experienced many changes. She has seen her darling hero overthrown, and her foes in possession of her capital. The Hundred Days exhibited the star of her Emperor's glory flickering forth with dying lustre ; and a second time was she compelled to see the legions of her enemies, encamped, as victors, upon her soil. For fifteen years did she tolerate, with indignation, the combined imbecility and despotism of the twice-restored Bourbons. The Revolution of July swept them ignominiously from their estate ; whilst their successor, Louis Philippe, unlike them, inasmuch as he was largely endowed with the sagacity and manfulness which they lacked, did but pursue his own selfish and unprincipled purposes, lengthening out a somewhat longer career, but closing it, in February, 1848, by a precisely similar fate. Béranger has hailed the new and nominal Republic : we trust he has not chanted its progress. Ample matter was there in all the previous mutations of fortune, for his serious and satirical muse. Subjects for his lighter and more pathetic effusions were around him, in French characters and French habits—through all their political phases so true to themselves—under any circumstances so different from our own. It seems to us, moreover, that France, in her political course, travels so completely in a circle, that in looking at Béranger's vivid sketches of her bygone days, we are not unlikely to stumble upon some, which might illustrate her, to-day or to-morrow.

Critics are courteously invited to bear in mind the excessive difficulty of translating such an author. The writer, well aware of his infinite short-comings, does but lay claim to a conscientious fidelity to his original text. He may have often missed Béranger's meaning, and presented generally the feeblest of transcripts ; but he has neither presumed to omit, nor to interpolate. He ven-

tured, indeed, in his hundred versions published in London, to print the French on opposite pages; and would have done the same, on here doubling their number, had not his publisher protested against it, on the ground of inconvenient bulk. This would not have been done in a spirit of presumption, nor in weakly flattering himself that he had succeeded in establishing an *entente cordiale* between Béranger and himself, but for the simple facility of reference.

If this attempt should tend in the smallest degree to make the great poet of France better known or more admired; should it even stimulate abler hands to render him into an English garb, the translator's main object will have been accomplished.

NEW-YORK, 18th September, 1850.

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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

NEWSPAPERS, reviews, and magazines, have given to the public numerous, if not copious biographies of this illustrious poet; whilst those who are familiar with his works have found in them almost every event detailed, and, if read aright, the fullest and truest index to his character. Drawing so largely on the reader's attention in the main matter of this volume, and purporting to subjoin a few samples of Béranger's own prose writings, wherein his course and manner of life are portrayed by his own hand, we shall be brief in our present sketch. It is compiled from various sources, French and English, and will not probably mislead as to fact, since there is scarcely a discrepancy amongst his biographers.

Pierre Jean De Béranger comes of very humble parentage; nor is any record of his father and mother extant, save that the former was a bit of a wit and doffed care aside, believing, on the faith of the *de* prefixed to his name, that he came of gentle blood, and looking hopefully forward to fortune, at some indefinite period and through some undefined means. The subject of this memoir was born in Paris, on the 19th of August, 1780, and has consequently

only just entered his seventy-first year. The early period at which, in his songs, he dubbed himself old, and his frequent harpings on the *apparently* sore point of his age, have contributed to make the world set him down as an octogenarian, long before his time. His birth-place, a house in the Rue Montorgueil, exists no longer, having been demolished in a recent widening and improvement of streets. It was the residence of his maternal grandfather, a tailor, whose poverty had not soured him, and who was the boy's indulgent and beloved guardian, during the first nine years of his life. Ere he quitted Paris, Béranger witnessed the storming of the Bastille, but was shortly afterwards transferred to Péronne, where a sister of his father kept a small inn. An amiable and worthy woman was this aunt, under the shelter of whose roof he remained until he was seventeen. Treated with the most considerate kindness, and allowed at will to lounge, to loiter, and to dream, whilst imbibing such knowledge as she could give him, it is not improbable that at this early period, his naturally affectionate and grateful turn of mind became fully developed, a characteristic which it has preserved and displayed alike in evil and in happier days, in obscurity and in the zenith of his fame. His good and pious aunt must, however, have been often scandalized by his levity and wit. On one occasion, on the approach of a thunderstorm, she had sprinkled the threshold of her house with holy water, whereat the young scapegrace fell a laughing, but was, himself, soon struck senseless by a flash of lightning. He could not resist exclaiming, when recovered, "And pray, aunt, what good has all your holy water done us?"

The books that first fell in the boy's way were Telemachus Voltaire's Letters, and Racine's Tragedies—perfect and varied

studies—of their kind. At fourteen he was apprenticed, and made a student, entering almost simultaneously the printing office of a M. Laisney, and devoting some portions of his time to a school of Primary Instruction. Again he was fortunate as regards personal relations, for M. Laisney proved a friend as well as a master, sympathized with his early efforts at verse, and encouraged in him a thirst for future success. The school, which he attended, was also a peculiar one. Founded by a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, it aimed at combining a citizen's and a soldier's education. The boys were drilled, and wore a species of uniform; whilst, in meetings and committees, they were taught to discuss the stirring public events of those fearful days, and at times sent deputations to the leading public men of the capital. Taking active part in these proceedings, it is a happy circumstance that they did not make of our poet either a politician or a trooper. He must have had a presentiment of his vocation.

Latin and Greek were not taught at this school of Péronne; nor did Béranger ever acquire a knowledge of them. On first adopting letters as an occupation, this ignorance caused him a double torment. Neither he, nor his pedantic friends, would believe it possible for a youth to compose well in his own language, whilst so lamentably deficient in learning. They bid him study; but his indolence prevailed, and he could not overcome it. When, however, he showed his friends what he had done, they affected to disbelieve his assertions, declaring themselves convinced that, since he had so well imitated the classic models, he must have deeply conned them in the original.

Quitting the printing office of M. Laisney and his honest and genial friends of Péronne, we find the youth, at seventeen, launched upon life in Paris, and doomed for several years to a

hard wrestle with privation and distress. His father, indeed, appears for a moment on the scene, and we read of the paternal roof; but what it was, or where, or what was done under it for the young poet's support—of this we read not. The struggle was long and hard; though it wanted neither its moments of inspiration, nor its snatches of joy. Conscious of the latent powers of his mind, though uncertain of its bent and undetermined in its aim, the young Parisian tried his hand at various compositions, whilst imbibing the current exaltation of the period, and sharing in such pleasures common to his age, as his scanty means afforded. He wrote a comedy, "the Hermaphrodites," but was little satisfied with it, and was frightened from that branch of literature by his constant study and intense admiration of Molière. He even shadowed out an epic poem, of which Clovis was to have been the hero; but postponed its execution until his powers should be more matured. Readers of his songs and odes will remember how often and how touchingly, in them, he dwells upon these his youthful days; and without pausing, even to name his more celebrated gems of verse, wherein he pictures them with a masterly hand, we repeat an oft-quoted passage from one of his letters to a dear female friend, written at a late period of his life. Béranger's perfect truthfulness convinces us, that in it there is no straining after effect. The pathos is a stroke of nature, not of art.—"I was so poor! The smallest indulgence forced me to live, for a week, on thin bread-soup that I cooked myself, heaping up, all the while, rhyme on rhyme, and full of hopes of coming fame. My eyes moisten with involuntary tears at the mere mention to you of that joyous epoch of my life, when, without countenance, without the certainty of daily bread, and without directions, I dreamed of a future, and did not neglect

the pleasures of the moment. Oh! but how beautiful a thing is youth, since it can throw its charm even over old age, that period so disinherited and so barren. Turn to good account, dear friend, what you have left of it; love, and let others love you! Well have I experienced this happiness: it is the greatest in life."

So passed the years with young Béranger; though it should be mentioned that at one time, in despair of obtaining employment or earning a livelihood, he had formed the resolution of embarking for Egypt, and seeking there his fortune. Whether the deeds in arms of his countrymen prompted him, or the researches of their scientific associates—this is doubtful. An acquaintance returning from Alexandria dissuaded him from the attempt.

At length, in 1803, assistance came to him from a quarter in which he sought it, indeed, but without much expectation of success. Without introduction or recommendation of any sort, and through the unpromising medium of the post, he forwarded to Napoleon's brother Lucien some specimens of his poetical compositions. His pride revolted from the idea of seeking patronage, and he tells us that he took no pains in his letter to conceal the fact. But Lucien Bonaparte at the same time appreciated the young applicant's feelings, and with sagacious judgment saw that he had to do with no ordinary poetaster. He summoned him to his presence; he aided, and counselled the future Bard of his country: and who shall say that his prompt and kind patronage did not save Béranger's genius from being absolutely crushed out of him by anxiety and want? The circumstances of this incident are simply narrated by Béranger himself, in the dedication to Prince Lucien of an edition of his songs, in 1833; and a translation of that dedication will be found in our Appendix.

The jealousy of Napoleon and the fears of the Bourbons, made and kept Lucien Bonaparte an exile, and prevented any public expression of the poet's gratitude, until thirty years had expired. Nay, more; private correspondence between the parties was interdicted, for to this cause alone does Béranger attribute the fact, that his own repeated letters to the Prince remained unanswered. There was one exception. Shortly after the commencement of his banishment, but still so long after it, that the young poet concluded himself forgotten, he received from Prince Lucien a formal assignment of a small pension, to which he was entitled, as a Member of the French Academy. Rare instance of combined delicacy and liberality!

Two years later, we find Béranger employed by M. Landon, the editor, in the compilation of the "*Annales du Musée*," a work descriptive of the pictures in the great national collection, and containing biographical notices of the artists. His numerous contributions, extending through five volumes, are said to be marked with sound taste, and a clear style of writing. The latter assertion will surprise no one. Possibly, some day, such interesting papers may come before his countrymen, in separate form.

Thus relieved from absolute necessity, Béranger, about that period, became convinced that song was the vehicle, through which alone his voice could be heard. Henceforward, having fully recognized his vocation, he gave full play to his robust genius, his clear intelligence, his quick perception, his glowing fancy, his surprising mastery of rhythm—in short, to that engrafting of rare talent upon a noble spirit, which has made him the first of lyrical poets—first in merit, first in success.

In 1809, through the friendly recommendations of M. Arnault, himself a distinguished writer, Béranger obtained a clerk-

ship in the University of Paris, which gave him a modest income of two thousand francs. Gathering strength by practice, and by association with kindred spirits, his compositions, circulating in manuscript, began also at this time to give him name and note with those who could appreciate and enjoy them. The earliest date of his published songs or odes bear the date 1810; but the progress of his mind, and the nature of his views of the great political events of the few following years, are in our Appendix so fully developed, and in his own language, that we abstain from swelling out this slight sketch by any attempt to detail them. His preface to his edition of 1833, is therefore earnestly commended to the reader's notice; and we pass on with the single remark, that Napoleon, during his short resumption of the sceptre in 1815, is said to have offered him the office of public censor. It was lucrative; but it was declined.

In November, 1815, was printed Béranger's first collection of Songs. The period was one of gloom. A Bourbon was on the throne, with the assent, rather than by the choice of France, whilst the hosts of the Allied armies galled the national pride by their presence on her soil, though as the guarantees of peace and order. Who can wonder that the volume was welcomed with a burst of applause, or that the ruling powers, blindly confounding reform and revolution, intimated to him that if he desired to retain his place, he must curb the satirical exuberance of his pen? His works show how he profited by the hint. Through the daily press, and in manuscript, a succession of attacks on the abuses of the Court, the Priesthood, and the Ministers, was passed from hand to hand; and in 1821, a subscription list of ten thousand names, to a second volume and a republication of the first, attested his increased and increasing popularity. It

appeared; but the author came not on that morning to his desk at the University: he anticipated, so far, the vengeance of the Government. The Council, at the ministerial dictate, deprived him of his appointment, and he was cited before one of the Courts, charged by the crown-lawyers with sedition, irreligion, and an offence against good morals. He was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred francs, and to be imprisoned for three months. The sentence converted the patriot into a political martyr. He became literally the man of the people, aiding the liberal cause of that day, alike by the pungency of his satires on the rulers of the time, and by his repeated and earnest invocations of the slumbering spirit of change. With Manuel, and other honest patriots, he was on terms of the closest intimacy; indeed, there is something almost romantic in his enthusiastic admiration of the former, and in his strong attachment to him. He threw himself, heart and soul, into a contest with the Bourbons, for he deemed them the enemies of his country; but in so doing, his own purity of purpose cannot be gainsaid. He refused "rent," or tribute, or offering, from his enthusiastic admirers—as, after the Revolution of July, he refused place or pension from the Crown.

A third volume of lyrics was brought out in 1825, with which the Government, wisely, did not intermeddle. But their rage knew no bounds when, in 1828, the fourth capped the climax of his audacious wit. Prosecution made him again a martyr, and by a fine of ten thousand francs, and an imprisonment of nine months in the prison of "La Force," he was himself raised to the topmost height of public fame, whilst the Bourbons received another impulse in their downward career.

Béranger soon perceived how small were the gains that his

party—that of the masses, with which alone he identified himself—had acquired by the scenes of the “Three Days.” Declining office, or favor, he retired to Tours, and prepared for publication, in 1833, what he called his farewell volume. From its prose accompaniment, we quote largely in our Appendix. But though he formally took leave of the public, his heart was still with his friends and fellows, and his lyre is not yet mute. A superbly illustrated edition of his works appeared in 1846, containing a few of his ablest lyrics, written within the last ten years; and he chanted the advent of the second French Republic, in February, 1848.

His subsequent election to the National Assembly, by the electors for the Department of the Seine—eighth on the list, at a time of extraordinary political excitement, and despite his own earnest protestation against it—may be taken as convincing proof of the hold he has so long kept upon the affections of the people. Nor was this regard less conspicuous in the Assembly itself. Not until he had twice abjured it, in the most earnest language that man could employ, was he permitted to remain in the retirement which it would be death to him to forego. His two letters to the President of the Assembly, on this occasion, will be found in the Appendix.

At the pretty village of Passy, near Paris, the poet now lives, voluntarily secluded from manifestations of the fond admiration of his countrymen, and still occupied in literary pursuits and projects, of which he speaks elsewhere. His unaffected love of quiet, and his positive shrinking from publicity, are generally respected, though the enthusiasm of the student class, whose idol he is, cannot always be repressed.

It is impossible to exaggerate his popularity in France: in

its universality, we believe that it never has been equalled by that of any other poet, ancient or modern. It prevails through all grades of society. Béranger's songs are the wonder of the critic, no less than the delight of the artisan, who cannot read them, but yet knows them by heart. We shall not, however, dwell upon this point. It were altogether superfluous, in the first place; and in the second, we are not laying Béranger's songs before the public—but a set of very unpretending translations. For these reasons, we have also refrained, though with some reluctance, from calling notice, one by one, to the songs in which the poet's life and character are more distinctly marked out. But even through the unfavorable medium of translation, the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in tracing Béranger's own records of his infancy, his childhood, his youth, his manhood, and his age; nor less will he find some glimpses of his intense nationality, his honest contempt for mere wealth and state, his exquisite susceptibility to female charms, his keen relish for convivial excitement, his melancholy that has no moroseness, his cheerfulness of spirit that would lighten the burdens of others, his pungent satirical vein that looked on individuals as types of a class, and was never prompted by private malice, or used for petty ends.

We beg to refer once more to several portions of the Appendix, which will fill up apparent gaps in these short introductory remarks, and furnish a clearer knowledge of their subject, than it lies in our power to convey to readers.

W. Y.

BÉRANGER'S LYRICS.

BERANGER'S LYRICS.

1.—THE GLUTTONS.

ADDRESSED TO EPICURES.

1810.

Les Gourmands.

CEASE to parade your bills of fare ;
Cease, cease, ye gluttons ; or beware
Lest of offence ye be convicted
By those whose diet is restricted.
Fear ye not, too, lest each repast—
Through fit of choking—prove your last ?
Truly on such an end there's not much glory cast.
Ah ! if choke we must, it were better by half
Not to choke as we stuff, but to choke as we laugh.

With mouths brimful, how can ye dare
To sing of Love, who lives on air ?
Your greasy beards—an odious sight—
The very Graces put to flight :
Or else, with truffles vainly plied,
Snoring ye lie at Beauty's side,
Whilst comfort is at times to rounded paunch denied.
Ah ! if choke we must, it were better by half
Not to choke as we stuff, but to choke as we laugh.

Masters of gluttony, ye but raise
Your trophies to the scullion's praise ;
And whilst ye scorn the poor, lean bard,
Whose wine is sour, whose crust is hard,
Laurels with you are but in favor
To trim a ham—give sauce a flavor :
How strange, that Frenchmen's taste should thus of
madness savor !

Ah ! if choke we must, it were better by half
Not to choke as we stuff, but to choke as we laugh.

To give each dish the relish due,
All talk at table, pray, eschew :
Strictly forbid all repartee,
In which our sires were wont to see
Such charms—let's have it now no more ;
Smart sayings are a downright bore ;
Though we, sirs, by your leave, still tell you, as before,
Ah ! if laugh we must, it were better by half
Not to choke as we stuff, but to choke as we laugh.

Frenchmen, for our dessert let's dine :
Love's present—Phyllis pours the wine—
Pop goes the cork—Wit sparkles brightly—
Even Decency talks somewhat lightly,
And makes not overmuch ado
When Mirth, on fire, would bill and coo—
Come, to the wine of Aï, our songs let us renew !
Ah ! if choke we must, it were better by half
Not to choke as we stuff, but to choke as we laugh.

2.—THE PUPPETS.

Les Marionnettes.

Puppets, believe me, are the sport
For every age set down—
For monarch and for artisan,
For country and for town.
Flatterers and valets, journalists,
Coquettes and devotees—
Our first-rate actors not to name—
What hosts of puppets these !

Man boasts his equilibrium, proud
Because he walks erect :
The paste-board figure comes and goes,
Nor can the string detect.
But ah ! what foolish summersets
Dame Fortune makes him throw—
Man but his destiny obeys,
Her puppet here below.

This budding maid, so innocent,
In whom her passions fret,
The secret trouble that she feels
Can't comprehend just yet.
To wake by night, by day to dream,
Disquiet brings and fear :
She's just fifteen—for Cupid's hands,
Ah, what a puppet's here !

This Paris husband, to whose home
Gallants by dozens run,
Mark well—he's gracious, or he's cold,
He courts you, or he'll shun.

But can you jealousy, or trust,
 In this his treatment see?
 No—to a wife a spouse like this
 Can but a puppet be.

With women what are we? but dolls—
 They jerk us to and fro:
 Jump, sirs, and play the fool where'er
 Their wands would have you go.
 The dullest and the most acute
 Must dance, and share the fun:
 Though as for strings—Heaven willed it thus—
 Each puppet has but one.



3.—MUCH LOVE.

Beaucoup d'amour.

In spite of Wisdom's voice,
 I would have heaps of gold;
 And quickly at my mistress' feet
 My treasures should be told.
 Oh! never, Adèle, would I cease
 To satisfy thy least caprice:
 Nay, nay, mine is not avarice—
 But much, much love.

To immortalize Adèle,
 Were I with song inspired,
 My verse, that ever painted her,
 Should ever be admired.
 Ah, would that our united name
 Might thus some future mention claim!
 In truth I have no thirst for fame—
 But much, much love.

And if to regal state
 My destiny should lead,
 Adèle shall beautify the dream ;
 All rights to her I'll cede.
 To please *her*, and for that alone,
 I'll hail the splendor of a throne :
 Ambition I have scarcely known—
 But much, much love.

Yet why this vain desire ?
 Adèle my hopes can crown ;
 Love can do more for happiness
 Than fortune, state, renown.
 Then may I trust this joy will bide,
 And fear not, let what may betide ;
 Mine is nor fame, nor wealth, nor pride—
 But much, much love.



4.—LIZZY'S PECCADILLOES.

Les infidélités de Lisette.

Liz, as mistress o'er all,
 E'en my wine, you may reign ;
 But 'tis martyrdom for me
 To ask it in vain.
 And if glasses you count
 At my age, fickle jade—
 Pray, have I ever counted
 The slips you have made ?
 Ah, Liz, all along
 You've deceived me—and yet
 I would fain have a bumper,
 To toast my grisette !

Lindor's impudence spoils
All the tricks you devise :
Softly breathed are his words ;
Deeply drawn are his sighs.
Of his tenderest hopes
I'm instructed by him—
Lest I scold you for this,
Fill at least to the brim !
Ah, Liz, all along
You've deceived me—and yet
I would fain have a bumper,
To toast my grisette !

With Clitander so blest
When I caught you at last,
You were tenderly counting
The kisses that passed.
To redouble their sum
Didn't cause you much pain—
Come, for all of those kisses
Fill, fill up again !
Ah, Liz, all along
You've deceived me—and yet
I would fain have a bumper,
To toast my grisette !

Giving jewels and lace
Mondor, free of his purse,
Plays with you in my presence,
Nor finds you averse.
Nay, I've seen him, grown bold,
Put his arm round your waist—
For a rascal so great
To the dregs let me taste !
Ah, Liz, all along
You've deceived me—and yet

I would fain have a bumper,
To toast my grisette !

Then, I saw, as I entered
Your chamber one night,
Through the window a robber
On tiptoe take flight.
'Twas the rogue I had sent
From your parlor, that eve—
Come, a fresh bottle bring,
Lest too much I perceive.
Ah, Liz, all along
You've deceived me—and yet
I would fain have a bumper,
To toast my grisette !

All enriched with your favors,
We've both the same friends ;
Those of whom *you* are weary
My favor attends.
But, then, traitress, with them
You must let me drink deep ;
Be my mistress for aye,
And our friends let us keep !
Ah, Liz, all along
You've deceived me—and yet
I would fain have a bumper,
To toast my grisette !

5.—CHARLES VII.

Charles Sept.

Agnes ordains—I seek my foes—
Pleasures, adieu ! adieu, repose !

My God, my love, my hero-band,
Shall vengeance for my crown demand :
Ay, when my fair one's name ye hear,
Soldiers of England, quake with fear !
I at her side from honor fell astray ;
Agnes to honor points again the way.

From danger far, in idle sport,
Frenchman and king, amidst my court,
I heeded not that France, a prey
To foreign chains, in bondage lay.
One word, but one, my fair one speaks—
The blush of shame is on my cheeks.
I at her side from honor fell astray ;
Agnes to honor points again the way.

Agnes ! all, all my blood shall flow,
If *that* can victory bestow.
But no—victorious Charles shall live ;
Glory and love good omen give.
Conquer I must—yes, fair one mine,
My colors and device are thine !
I at her side from honor fell astray ;
Agnes to honor points again the way.

Dunois ! Saintrailles ! La Trémouille !
Frenchmen ! how glad that day will be,
When I shall bid my beauty don
In twenty fights the laurels won !
And fame for me, and bliss for you—
These to my fair one shall be due !
I at her side from honor fell astray ;
Agnes to honor points again the way.

6.—DRAW IT MILD !

Les petits coups.

Let's learn to temper our desires,
Not harshly to constrain ;
And since excess makes pleasure less,
Why, so much more refrain.
Small table—cozy corner—here
We well may be beguiled—
Our worthy host old wine can boast—
Drink, drink—but draw it mild !

He, who would many an evil shun,
Will find my plan the best—
To trim the sail, as shifts the gale,
And half-seas over rest.
Enjoyment is an art—disgust
Is bred of joy run wild—
Too deep a drain upsets the brain—
Drink, drink—but draw it mild !

Our indigence—let's cheer it up ;
'Tis nonsense to repine—
To give to Hope the fullest scope
Needs but one draught of wine.
And oh ! be temperate, to enjoy,
Ye, on whom Fate hath smiled ;
If deep the bowl, your thirst control—
Drink, drink—but draw it mild !

What, Phillis, dost thou fear ? at this
My lesson dost thou scoff ?
Or would'st thou say, light draughts betray
The toper falling off ?

Keen taste, eyes keen—whate'er be seen
 Of joy in thine, fair child,
 Love's philter use, but don't abuse—
 Drink, drink—but draw it mild !

Yes, without hurrying, let us roam
 From feast to feast of gladness ;
 And reach old age, if not quite sage,
 With method in our madness !
 Our health is sound, good wines abound—
 Friends, these are riches piled—
 To use with thrift the two-fold gift—
 Drink, drink—but draw it mild !



7.—THE BLIND MOTHER.

La mère aveugle.

Stop not your spinning, daughter dear,
 But listen with attentive ear :
 Troubled already is your heart—
 Young Colin's name—tut—how you start !
 His counsel, child, you must not mind ;
 I keep a watch although I'm blind :
 No one has quicker ears than I ;
 Even now I hear you softly sigh.
 How false your Colin, time will show—
 But why the casement open throw ?
 Liz, you're not spinning—no, no, no !

Close is the room, too close, you say—
 But through the open window, pray,
 Cast not a speaking, wistful eye
 On Colin, always hovering nigh.

You're vexed to hear me scold—I too
Was young, alas ! and fair as you ;
And learned, when I the world essayed,
How many a slip therein is made.
Love burns with too intense a glow—
But some one's at the door below—
Liz, you're not spinning—no, no, no !

'Tis but the wind that's out this way
Rattling the lock about, you say ;
And my old dog, who's growling, gains
A good sound kicking for his pains.
Ah ! trust my age—I see already
That Colin's heart will prove unsteady :
Strict watch upon yourself be keeping,
Or ruined charms you may be weeping.
But Heavens, that noise ! what, is it so ?
A tender kiss he dares bestow !
Liz, you're not spinning—no, no, no !

'Tis nothing but your bird, you say,
Your bird who's kissing you in play :
Bid him be still, the saucy bird—
My anger may perchance be stirred.
Ah me ! the heedless girl upon her
Is sure at last to bring dishonor :
The lover in her very arms
Laughs at his conquest of her charms.
Let prudence then avert the blow—
But to the alcove, child, you go !
Liz, you're not spinning—no, no, no !

You needs must take a nap, you say ;
What ! try to gull me thus ? nay, nay—
Colin is here—quick let him leave you,
Or now as his betrothed receive you.

No, till the false seducer, Liz,
 Shall at the altar make you his,
 Spin, daughter, here by me—begin
 Fast by my side again to spin.
 What though your flax may tangled grow,
 With distaff that may work you woe
 Liz, you sha'nt spin—no, no, no, no !



8.—MY BALD PATE.

Mes cheveux.

Good friends, my table-sermon hear ;
 I'm Gaiety's apostle :
 Freedom and Ease—hold fast to these.
 If Fate you care to jostle !
 In joyous leisure taking pleasure,
 Grandeur and wealth eschew—
 I'm bald because I've been so sage :
 Sure, I may lecture you.

Good friends, of joy without alloy
 Would you some moments share ;
 Drink—just a little : wine can drown
 Ennui, ill-temper, care.
 This mantling cup can conjure up
 Light hearts ; come, drink anew :
 I'm bald because I've been so sage :
 Sure, I may lecture you.

Good friends, 'tis nought, this laughing, quaffing,
 If Love no influence lend ;
 From Beauty's charms and open arms,
 Learn how your days to spend !

Glory and wealth, your youth, your health,
 Give all, if Beauty woo :
 I'm bald because I've been so sage :
 Sure, I may lecture you.

Good friends, hard fate and envious hate
 Can thus no evil work :
 Thus crowding life into a span,
 Our sad old years we shirk.
 Ay, purchase this deep draught of bliss
 With age, you'd only rue—
 I'm bald because I've been so sage :
 Sure, I may lecture you.



9.—THE DEAD ALIVE.

A DRINKING SONG.

The proper names in the second stanza are those of particular brands
 of wine.

Le mort vivant.

When Ennui to my fortress hath carried the way—
 Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
 But when Pleasure, her ample draughts bidding me drain,
 Gaily brings to bear on me her battering train,
 I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

Does a fool of his money-box make a display—
 Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
 But O Volnay, O Beaune, O Pomard, does one deign,
 As you're handed, your flavor and age to explain—
 I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

Are they settling the fate of poor Kings of to-day—
Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
But discuss they their wines in true connoisseur strain,
Though the subject they push somewhat far in the main—
I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

To the North must we tramp it in battle array—
Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
By the fire, with a screen at our backs, would we fain
To hobnobbing alone our bravadoes restrain—
I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

Should a wit o'er a party pretend to hold sway—
Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
Lively couplets, though wit be not in them one grain,
Should he troll, and friends, quaffing, the chorus sustain—
I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

If a bigot's dull, drowsy discourse I essay—
Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
But would Friendship a heart true and fervent enchain,
And a cellar well stocked as her convent ordain—
I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

See, his Lordship comes in—Freedom's off—she won't stay—
Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
But let Phillis light on us at table—her brain
Let her only enliven with floods of Champagne—
I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

Must I needs give up drinking, my anchor to weigh—
Oh, I'm dead, oh, I'm dead, my friends—pray for me, pray !
But to let it go often, and here to remain,
Till at length, glass in hand, a fair breeze I obtain—
I'm alive, quite alive, all alive again !

10.—SO BE IT.

1812.

Herein is delicately shadowed out that dissatisfaction with the results of the Imperial rule, which, notwithstanding the brilliance of Napoleon's military exploits, was steadily gaining ground in France.

Ainsi soit-il.

I'm gifted with prophetic eye,
Dear friends, and by mine art descry
What's promised to us by and by.
So be it !

Poets no more shall puffs indite ;
The great shall fear the flatterer's sight ;
No courtier swear that black is white.
So be it !

Gamblers and usurers out of date ;
No petty bankers lords so great ;
Then clerks their rudeness shall abate.
So be it !

Friendship her charm shall o'er us shed,
No more that formal thing and dead,
Of which misfortune snaps the thread.
So be it !

The girl, a novice at fifteen,
In three years more with lovers seen,
Shall nothing worse than gossip mean.
So be it !

Then Woman shall avoid display
In dress ; then, too, a husband may
In safety be a week away.
So be it !

Writers shall show in all that's writ,
Of genius more, and less of wit ;
Nor jargon puerile admit.

So be it !

Authors of more exalted mind,
Actors less foppish shall we find ;
The very critic shall be kind.

So be it !

If great men and their pimps do ill,
We'll jest and rhyme upon them still,
Nor visit fear of alguazil.

So be it !

Now Taste in France renews her reign ;
Justice o'er-rules the whole domain ;
And exiled Truth returns again.

So be it !

Then, friends, thank God, who all things here,
Gives us in season—in the year
Three thousand shall these things appear.

So be it !



11.—THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

La Métempsycose.

In philosophic mood, last night, as idly I was lying,
That souls may transmigrate, methought there could be no
denying :

So, just to know to what I owe propensities so strong,
I drew my soul into a chat—our gossip lasted long.

"A votive offering," she observed, "well might I claim from thee;
For thou in being had'st remained a cipher, but for me:
Yet not a virgin soul was I when first in thee enshrined.—"
Ah! I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find!

"Yes," she continued, "yes, of old—I recollect it now—
In humble ivy was I wreathed round many a joyous brow.
More subtle next the essence was that I essayed to warm,
A bird's, that could salute the skies, a little bird's my form:
Where thickets made a pleasant shade, where shepherdesses
strolled,
I fluttered round, hopped on the ground, my simple lays I trolled;
My pinions grew whilst still I flew in freedom on the wind.—"
Ah! I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find!

"Médor my name, I next became a dog of wondrous tact,
The guardian of a poor blind man, his sole support in fact;
The trick of holding in my mouth a wooden bowl I knew—
I led my master through the streets, and begged his living too.
Devoted to the poor, to please the wealthy was my care,
Gleaning, as sustenance for one, what others well could spare;
Thus good I did, since to good deeds so many I inclined.—"
Ah! I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find!

"Next, to breathe life into her charms, in a young girl I dwelt;
There, in soft prison, snugly housed, what happiness I felt!
Till to my hiding-place a swarm of Cupids entrance gained,
And after pillaging it well, in garrison remained.
Like old campaigners, there the rogues all sorts of mischief did:
And night and day, whilst still I lay in little corner hid,
How oft I saw the house on fire I scarce can call to mind.—"
Ah! I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

"Some light on thy propensities may now upon thee break;
But prithee hark! one more remark I still," says she, "would
make.

'Tis this—that having dared one day with Heaven to make too
 free,
 God for my punishment resolved to shut me up in thee :
 And what with sittings up at night, with work, and woman's art,
 Tears and despair—for I forbear some secrets to impart—
 A poet is a very hell for soul thereto consigned !—”
 Ah ! I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.



12.—THE BEGGARS.

1812.

Les Gueux.

The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !
 They're the happiest mortals here below :
 They stick to each other where'er they go ;
 Long live the beggars, oh !

Let's sing the beggars' praise ;
 What worth have beggars shown !
 'Tis time that wit avenged good folk
 Who not a stiver own.
 The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !
 They're the happiest mortals here below :
 They stick to each other where'er they go ;
 Long live the beggars, oh !

Yes, in the lap of Want
 'Tis easy to be blest ;
 The Gospel and my joyous air
 The truth of this attest.
 The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !
 They're the happiest mortals here below :
 They stick to each other where'er they go ;
 Long live the beggars, oh !

Parnassus' sons, 'tis said,

The cup of want must quaff :

What worldly goods could Homer boast ?

A wallet and a staff.

The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !

They're the happiest mortals here below :

They stick to each other where'er they go ;

Long live the beggars, oh !

Ye sons of woe, believe

In this, for oft 'tis true :

The hero, pinched in dandy boot,

May miss his wooden shoe.

The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !

They're the happiest mortals here below :

They stick to each other where'er they go ;

Long live the beggars, oh !

Pomp, dazzling pomp, cannot

The great from exile save :

Safe in his tub, Diogenes

A conquering king could brave.

The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !

They're the happiest mortals here below :

They stick to each other where'er they go ;

Long live the beggars, oh !

A palace looks superb ;

Therein Ennui will groan :

One may dine well without a cloth ;

Sleep well on straw alone !

The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !

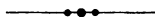
They're the happiest mortals here below :

They stick to each other where'er they go ;

Long live the beggars, oh !

What god in play bedecks
 With flowers this truckle bed ?
 'Tis Love—if Poverty will laugh,
 He'll visit at her shed.
 The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !
 They're the happiest mortals here below :
 They stick to each other where'er they go ;
 Long live the beggars, oh !

Friendship from this our sphere,
 Though mourned, hath not retreated ;
 She's at the fair, hobnobbing there,
 Between two soldiers seated.
 The beggars, oh, the beggars, oh !
 They're the happiest mortals here below :
 They stick to each other where'er they go ;
 Long live the beggars, oh !



13.—THE SENATOR.

1813.

Le Sénateur.

Above all things my wife I prize ;
 Rose has so fine a pair of eyes :
 To her—you may believe it so—
 A valuable friend I owe.
 The very day she took my name,
 A Senator to see me came :
 Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !
 Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.

Of all his doings hear the sequel ;
A man is he, who has no equal.
Last winter for my wife he'd call,
To go to an official ball :
If in his way I chanced to stand,
He'd frankly offer me his hand.

Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !

Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.

He's never dull at Rose's side,
Nor seems to class of prigs allied :
If indisposed my wife should be,
He'll take a hand at cards with me.
On New Year's day he'll warmly greet me,
And, somewhere, at Midsummer treat me.

Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !

Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.

When after dinner I'm detained
At home—too hard it may have rained—
He'll tell me in the kindest way,
“Go out, and take the air, I pray ;
Go, my dear fellow, don't say no—
You'll find my carriage down below.”

Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !

Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.

One night, 'twas quite by chance, I know,
He to his villa made us go,
And then so plied me with Champagne,
That Rose to sleep alone was fain ;
Whilst I, upon my word, was led
In honor to the best spare bed.

Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !

Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.

To my young child, that's sent from Heaven,
 This friend, for god-papa, I've given ;
 And 'twas almost with tears of joy
 I saw him kiss the new-born boy,
 Whilst, from that moment, in his will
 My son a corner helps to fill.
 Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !
 Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.

He's pleased at table when we jest him,
 Though somewhat hard at times I've pressed him.
 For instance, at dessert one day,
 So far I ventured, as to say,
 "The world, I'm sure, declares it true, Sir,
 That my place has been filled by you, Sir !"
 Oh, what honor, oh, what bliss !
 Mr. Senator, I'm your servant for this.



14.—THE KING OF YVETOT.

MAY, 1813.

The lords of the seignory of Yvetot, in Normandy, claimed and exercised, in the olden time, some such fantastic privileges as are here alluded to. The song, however, is an evident satire on the warlike propensities of the Emperor. This is one of the few instances in which an attempt has been made to imitate the metre of the original.

Le Roi d'Yvetot.

There was a king of Yvetot once,
 But little known in story ;
 To bed betimes, and rising late,
 Sound sleeper without glory :

With cotton night-cap, too, instead
Of crown, would Jenny deck his head—

'Tis said.

Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that!
Rat tat.

Snug in his palace thatched with straw,
He eat four meals a-day ;
And on a donkey, through his realm,
Took leisurely his way.

Frank, joyous, from suspicion free,
One dog alone, his guard to be,
Had he.

Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that!
Rat tat.

One single onerous taste was his—
A somewhat lively thirst ;
But the king who heeds his subjects' good,
Must heed his own the first.

A tax at table to allot,
Direct from every cask he got
One pot.

Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
Oh, what a good little king was that!
Rat tat.

Since maidens of good family
With love he could inspire,
His subjects had a hundred-fold
Good cause to call him sire.
Four times a-year the roll was beat ;
His men, at targets to compete,
Would meet.

Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
 Oh, what a good little king was that !
 Rat tat.

He sought not to enlarge his states ;
 To neighbors kindness showed .
 And, model for all potentates,
 Took pleasure for his code.
 Thus had his people shed no tear,
 Till, dying, they in grief drew near
 His bier.

Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
 Oh, what a good little king was that !
 Rat tat.

And still of this right worthy prince
 Oft is the portrait shown,
 The sign of a famous drinking house,
 Through all the province known.
 And many a fête-day crowds will bring
 To tipple there before " The King,"
 And sing,
 Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,
 Oh, what a good little king was that !
 Rat tat.



15.—THE CROWN.

VERSES SUNG BY A TWELFTH-DAY KING.

The custom of drawing lots for King and Queen, at the festival of Twelfth-Day, exists in France, as well as in England ; but the mode of so doing is different. In France, a single bean is concealed in a cake, which is cut and distributed amongst the party. The person who chances to take the slice containing the bean is entitled to the royal honors.

La Couronne.

Thanks to the bean, I'm King—'tis our decree,
 Pour, pour the wine !

Ho ! subjects, crown me ; and with envy see
 What glory's mine.
There's not a soul that doth not pant to reach
 The topmost stair :
None with their hats are quite contented—each
 A crown would wear.

On darkened brow the Monarch's crown is shown
 In splendor brave :
The herdsman, too, has his—of flowers alone—
 This crown I crave.
Heaven makes one pay its cost—the other's crown
 'Tis Love bestows :
Colin with his sleeps well—the King lays down
 His, but to doze.

Warrior and bard, to Muse and Victory true,
 The Frenchman's aim—
Twofold his laurels—is brave deeds to do—
 Then sing their fame.
Bellona's false—from rank that he should fill
 What though he fall,
The sceptre he may lose—yet keeps he still
 His crown through all.

Fifteen—the crown of innocence it brings
 To you, ye fair :
Courtiers anon their incense, as for Kings,
 For you prepare.
For them, for you, her meshes Cunning's hand
 Seductive strews :
Ye give your ear to none but flatterers bland—
 Your crown ye lose.

What ! lose a crown ! the hint these words imply
 Monarchs may guess :

I never doubled taxes ; nor have I
 An old noblesse.
 Drink with me, drink, my people—this my lot
 Seems so divine,
 Ere the dessert at least, oh, bid me not
 My crown resign !



16.—FRIENDSHIP'S CORNER.

VERSES SUNG BY A YOUNG LADY TO HER NEWLY-MARRIED FRIEND.

The French game, *quatre coins*, is the one familiarly known with us, as
 "Puss, puss, give me a little water !"

Le coin de l'Amitié.

Love, Hymen, Interest, Folly, meeting
 To play "four corners" for our days,
 Friendship comes in, the set completing ;
 But finds she's tricked all sorts of ways.
 Thus Reason half its radiance lacks,
 For souls absorbed in pleasure's tracks,
 And Folly in the van attacks
 Friendship's corner.

Then Love, the traitor, false will play ;
 Deceit his nature is indeed—
 A master, too, in tricks, they say ;
 Poor Friendship, heed thy corner, heed !
 This jealous god, aware what flame
 He's kindled, still at all would aim :
 You yield him all ; no less he'll claim
 Friendship's corner.

Next Hymen ; to what fêtes he's led !
 His robes—by Friendship's aid he's donned them ;

Whilst putting trifles in one's head,
 He'd never have us go beyond them.
 This god, for self aye wide awake,
 Will soon a friend of Interest make ;
 Too oft inviting him to take
 Friendship's corner.

With thee, dear friend, no sort of fear
 Folly or Interest can impart :
 But Hymen leagued with Cupid here
 May well to-day alarm one's heart.
 Each in his corner, let them don
 Their garlands, and rule jointly on ;
 But never, never, seize upon
 Friendship's corner !



17.—ROGER BONTEMPS.

JANUARY, 1814.

Roger Bontemps.

To show our hypochondriacs,
 In days the most forlorn,
 A pattern set before their eyes,
 Roger Bontemps was born.
 To live obscurely, at his will,
 To keep aloof from strife—
 Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
 This is his rule of life !

To sport, when holidays occur,
 The hat his father wore ;
 With roses or with ivy leaves
 To trim it, as of yore :

To wear a coarse old cloak, his friend
For twenty years—no less—
Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
This is his style of dress !

To own a table in his hut,
A crazy bed beside it,
A pack of cards, a flute, a can
For wine—if Heaven provide it ;
A beauty stuck against the wall,
A coffer—nought to hold—
Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
Thus are his riches told !

To teach the children of the town
Their little games to play,
To make of smutty tales and jokes
New versions every day ;
To talk of nought but balls, and take
From scraps of song his tone—
Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
Thus is his learning shown !

To smack his lips at common wine,
The choicest not possessing ;
To scorn your high-bred dames, and find
His Marguerite a blessing ;
To give to tenderness and joy
Each moment as it flies—
Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
'Tis thus he shows he's wise !

To say to Heaven, " I firmly trust
Thy goodness in my need ;
Father, forgive, if mine has been
Perchance too gay a creed :

Grant that my latest season may
Still like the Spring be fair"—
Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
Such is his humble prayer !

Ye envious poor, ye rich who deem
Wealth still your thoughts deserving ;
Ye who in search of pleasant tracks
Yet find your car is swerving ;
Ye who the titles that ye boast
May lose by some disaster—
Hurrah for fat Roger Bontemps ;
Go, take him for your master !



18.—THE GAULS AND FRANKS.

JANUARY, 1814.

**At the date of this noble invocation, the armies of the Allied Sovereigns
were rapidly advancing on Paris.**

Les Gaulois et les Francs.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

Blindly following the call
Of Attila, again
Comes the barbarian train,
Doomed a second time to fall,
Vanquished on the fields of Gaul.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

Leaving his morass behind,
Mark how the rude Cossack,
In place of bivouac,
Trusts the English that he'll find
Comfort, in our halls reclined.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

Shivering all his days, ill-fed,
The Russ, in snowy waste
Pent up, no more would taste
Acorns and his own black bread,
Craving ours, so white, instead.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

Wines we have in luscious store,
Laid up for us to toast,
The victories we boast—
These shall thirsty Saxons pour ?
Ours the song, the cup, no more ?

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

Daughters passing fair have we—
Too fair for foul embrace
Of hideous Calmuck race—
Wives, whose charms are rare to see—
Sons of theirs should Frenchmen be !

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

What ! the monuments so dear—
Trophies that now so well
Of all our glory tell—
These in ruins disappear !
What, in Paris ! Prussians here !

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
On, advance,
Hope of France !
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

Noble Franks, and honest Gauls !
Peace, man's best friend below,
Ere long herself will show,
Blessing, here within your walls,
Triumphs won where honor calls.

Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
 On, advance,
 Hope of France !
 Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks !
 Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks !

19.—THE EPICUREAN'S PRAYER.

Written at the Catacombs, on occasion of a meeting of the members of the "Caveau," in those vast and dreary vaults, from which the Parisians have now been for many years excluded by the authorities. The "Caveau" was a literary, social, and semi-political *ré-union*, that in its day reflected the wit and genius of Paris, better than the celebrated French Academy itself.

Prière d'un Epicurien.

From fields, the which thy powers enrich,
 His harvest Death is making :
 But, Love, thy care can loss repair ;
 Then bid dull hearts be waking.
 If here we meet dread sights, repeat
 How love must needs be glowing ;
 If, heap on heap, Death aye will reap,
 Oh, weary not of sowing !

20.—THE PRISONER OF WAR.

Le prisonnier de guerre.

" Marie, 'tis late ; put by thy work ;
 The shepherd's star hath risen !"
 " Nay, mother, nay, our village lad
 Pines in a foreign prison :

Far off from home, on distant sea
He yielded—but the last was he."

"Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
To send the prisoner aid ;
Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
For him who's captive made !"

"Well, if thou wilt, the lamp I'll light :
But, child, thy tears still flow !"

"Mother, he frets himself to death ;
The Briton mocks his woe.

How Adrien loved me, when a boy !
With him about our hearth, what joy !"

"Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
To send the prisoner aid ;
Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
For him who's captive made !"

"Ah ! were I not myself too old,
I'd spin, child, for his sake."

"O mother, send to him I love
All, all that I can make !

Rose bids me to her wedding go—

Hark, there's the fiddler !—no, no, no !"

"Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
To send the prisoner aid ;
Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
For him who's captive made !"

"Draw near the fire to spin, dear child—
With night it grows more cold !"

"Mother, in floating dungeon groans

Poor Adrien, I've been told :
Stretched are his wasted hands in vain,
His scanty ration to obtain."

“Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
 To send the prisoner aid ;
 Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
 For him who's captive made !”

“Daughter, that he thy husband was
 I dreamed again last night ;
 And always, ere the month be out,
 These dreams of mine come right.”

“What ! ere the leaves are on the tree,
 Shall I my gallant Adrien see ?”

“Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
 To send the prisoner aid ;
 Spin, spin, poor Marie, spin,
 For him who's captive made !”



21.—MY LAST SONG—PERHAPS.

LATTER DAYS OF JANUARY, 1814.

This song must have been written in anticipation of the final success of the Allied troops, and of their inevitable entry into Paris.

Ma dernière chanson, peut-être.

For the glory of the name of France
 Never did I fail in reverence meet :
 Whilst the invading foreigners advance,
 Their successes with a curse I greet.
 Still, though sorrow honorable be,
 What's the object of parading woe ?
 If to-day we're still for laughter free,
 That is so much taken from the foe !

Many a brave man trembles now with fear—
 I alone, a coward, tremble not ;

Bacchus gathers us to tipple here—
Gay the feast, and fortunate our lot.
Bacchus is the god to whom *I* pray ;
Friends, through *him* my feelings bolder grow :
Drink, let's drink, then ; drink we and be gay ;
This is so much taken from the foe !

How these creditors, who never spare,
Corsair-like, have all upon me turned !
My accounts I was about to square,
When the news—you know it all—I learned.
Tribe, to greedy avarice the prey,
Yours the gold for which I felt a throe :
Lend me still,—ay, something lend to-day ;
'Twould be so much taken from the foe !

I can boast a mistress young and fair ;
They on her much danger will entail :
Yet the traitress, I could almost swear,
Will at heart the coming strangers hail.
Certain outrages, that *we* regret,
She's but half afraid to undergo :
Still this night, at least, is left me yet ;
'Twill be so much taken from the foe !

Friends, if Hope hath now no sunny glance,
Swear we all, though death should be incurred,
That to greet the enemies of France
Voice of ours shall never more be heard.
But I would not that ye should forget
How the swan, in singing, laid him low :
Frenchmen to the last, sing, sing we yet ;
Here is so much taken from the foe !

22. — T I M E .

Le Temps.

In beauty rapt, can gods, methought, surpass
This joy sublime ?
Lo ! at the thought, with sound of clanging brass,
Uprose old Time.
Trembling as turtle-dove that high in air
A vulture spies,
“ Ah ! spare our love, old man, in pity spare ! ”
My mistress cries.

Soon as our gaze his furrowed wrinkles meet,
Downward 'tis cast :
We see the dust beneath his rapid feet
Of ages past.
Breathed on by him, a rose-bud fresh and fair
All withered lies :
“ Ah ! spare our love, old man, in pity spare ! ”
My mistress cries.

“ I spare not aught,” he answers in harsh tone—
“ Nought that Earth rears,
Nought e'en in Heaven—to you I'm only known
As full of years.
Yet some few days are all the past lays bare
Before your eyes.”
“ Ah ! spare our love, old man, in pity spare ! ”
My mistress cries.

“ Hundreds on hundreds, nations, once renowned
Now lost to view,
I've plunged in darkness—the same gulf profound
Still yawns for you.

Stars in their course eclipsed my shroud must wear ;

No more they'll rise :"

" Ah ! spare our love ! old man, in pity spare !"

My mistress cries.

" Yet to your troubled world, despite of me,

A charm Love lends ;

Whilst teeming Nature's widely spreading tree

Its shade extends.

Aye, as I pluck her fruits, her provident care

The loss supplies :"

" Ah ! spare our love, old man, in pity spare !"

My mistress cries.

He fled ! the Pleasures too—inconstant they,

And plumed for flight—

Marking our zest for life, still bid us play

In Time's despite.

But, hark ! the clock reminds us to beware

How dreams flit by :

Ah ! spare our love, old man ! 'tis Beauty's prayer—

I join her cry.



23.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

SONG SUNG OVER THE CRADLE OF A NEWLY-BORN INFANT.

La commencement du voyage.

Friends, look ye here ! this light and tiny bark,

Launched on life's waves, is setting forth anew :

The pretty passenger on board remark ;

Ah ! be we first to serve her as a crew.

Even now the billows waft her from the shore ;
On may she float all gently evermore !
We, who are witnessing her outset here,
Must gaily chant, her onward course to cheer.

Fate with her breath already fills the sail ;
Whilst Hope, who deigned the tackles to prepare,
Foretells—if aught may brightest stars avail—
A tranquil sea, with breezes fresh and fair.
Fly hence, far hence, birds of ill-omened note !
The Loves are owners of this tiny boat.
We, who are witnessing her outset here,
Must gaily chant, her onward course to cheer.

Yes, ready Cupids ply the sailors' trade ;
The mast propitious, lo ! their garlands grace :
To the chaste Sisters offerings have been made,
And Friendship at the helm assumes her place.
Bacchus himself with glee inspires the crew ;
They for assistance from the Pleasures sue :
We, who are witnessing her outset here,
Must gaily chant, her onward course to cheer.

But who comes here, and would the bark salute ?
'Tis Misery's voice ; she prays with grateful heart,
That if good deeds by Virtue done bear fruit,
She to this infant would that fruit impart.
To vows, that thus along the strand resound,
Sure that the gods can never deaf be found,
We, who are witnessing the outset here,
Must gaily chant, her onward course to cheer.

24.—THE FIELDS.

Les Champs.

Come forth, dear Rose ; look, look, 'tis day !
Leave thy soft pillow, and away !
Hear'st thou the bells how loud they chime,
To tell thee 'tis our trysted time ?
Let's seek, far off from city's noise,
Some spot secluded for our joys.
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

Come, range the fields ; their verdure tread,
By lover's arm securely led :
On Nature let us look more nearly,
And learn from her to love more dearly.
The little birds, awakened all,
To shady bowers our footsteps call :
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

The village tastes for ours we'll take :
Thee shall the dawn of day awake ;
And where the trees arch overhead,
At close of day our couch we'll spread :
Ah ! may'st thou, loved one, in mine ear
Complain how long the days appear.
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

When Summer on the fertile soil
Calls sturdy reapers to their toil,
Where near them the light-footed maid
Plies for the poor the gleaner's trade,

How many a kiss behind the sheaves
The struggling shepherdess receives !
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

When Autumn from her horn distils
Rich nectar in o'ergushing rills,
Where the big vat ferments, we'll see
Some veteran, gay as gay may be ;
The village oracle—his lays
Will tell of love in by-gone days.
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

Come, Rose, we'll roam by shores at hand ;
To thee 'twill seem some far-off strand.
There to mine eye, though thick the shade,
Thy faltering step will be betrayed :
Love for a mossy couch would look—
The grass so soft—so still the nook.
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

'Tis done—vain empty shows, adieu !
Paris, farewell ! thy joys I knew :
There Art its miracles may show—
Affection there has ceased to glow.
Ah ! Rose, 'twere well that envy's eye
Our life's soft secret should not spy ;
Come, 'mid the fields glad days prolong :
There's pleasure, too, the fields among.

25.—THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

L' éducation des demoiselles.

What ! this Monsieur de Fénélon
The girls pretend to school !
Of mass and needlework he prates ;
Mamma, he's but a fool.
Balls, concerts, and the piece just out,
Can teach us better far, no doubt :
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Thus are young ladies taught, Mamma !

Let others mind their work ; I'll play,
Mamma, the sweet duet,
That for my master's voice and mine
Is from Armida set.
If Rénaud felt love's burning flame,
I feel some shootings of the same :
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Thus are young ladies taught, Mamma !

Let others keep accounts ; I'll dance,
Mamma, an hour or two ;
And from my master learn a step
Voluptuous and new.
At this long skirt my feet rebel ;
To loop it up a bit were well.
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Thus are young ladies taught, Mamma !

Let others o'er my sister watch ;
Mamma, I'd rather trace—
I've wondrous talent—at the Louvre
The Apollo's matchless grace :

Throughout his figure what a charm !
 'Tis naked, true—but that's no harm !
 Tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Thus are young ladies taught, Mamma !

Mamma, I must be married soon,
 Even fashion says no less ;
 Besides, there is an urgent cause,
 I must, Mamma, confess.
 The world my situation sees—
 But there they laugh at scrapes like these.
 Tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Thus are young ladies taught, Mamma !



26.—THE GENERAL DRINKING BOUT.

1814.

La grande orgie.

A charm for every mother's son
 Hath wine—then let it freely run,
 By the tun !
 In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
 We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
 Drunk !

Nay, there must be some pause
 In the clutch of the laws ;
 Joyous Frenchmen, let's empty our cellars renowned !
 Prosy censors in vain
 From all wine may abstain ;
 They shall snuff but the fumes, and their brains shall spin round.

A charm for every mother's son
Hath wine—then let it freely run,
By the tun !
In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
Drunk !

Authors grave, spouters chill,
Preachers harping on ill,
Ye whose hearers to slumber their senses resign,
Men of pamphlets, and men
Who on verse try the pen,
Come, exchange me your ink-horns for goblets of wine !
A charm for every mother's son
Hath wine—then let it freely run,
By the tun !
In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
Drunk !

Mars, in taking his flight
From the din of the fight,
In our high-flavored wines would his thunderbolts steep :
From our arsenals roll,
O ye keepers, the whole
Of the barrels—for us—in which powder you keep.
A charm for every mother's son
Hath wine—then let it freely run,
By the tun !
In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
Drunk !

We who hover where'er
Pretty rosebuds appear,
We'll muddle the doves that wing Venus's flight:

Birds to Cypris so dear,
 Come, our noise never fear,
 But, to drain the last drops on our glasses alight !
 A charm for every mother's son
 Hath wine—then let it freely run,
 By the tun !
 In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
 We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
 Drunk !

Gold is ten times too heavy ;
 A rollicking bevy
 Of toppers, who lush for their mistresses' sake,
 On the whole will aver
 That this glass they prefer
 To the metal that fools into diadems make.
 A charm for every mother's son
 Hath wine—then let it freely run,
 By the tun !
 In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
 We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
 Drunk !

Charming children of mothers
 Whose common sense smothers
 The nonsense of sentiments grand as you please,
 Sons of ours, brisk and plump,
 Into being shall jump,
 'Mid the wine-pots, their faces besmeared with the lees.
 A charm for every mother's son
 Hath wine—then let it freely run,
 By the tun !
 In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
 We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
 Drunk !

Then to honors a truce ;
Let them cease to seduce :
We're at length truly happy—what, ho, for our signs !
Jolly dogs, every king
To his bottle shall cling,
And the bay-tree shall serve but to prop up our vines.
A charm for every mother's son
Hath wine—then let it freely run,
By the tun !
In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
We'll have your cross and crabbed old hunk
Drunk !

Reason, Reason, good bye !
On this spot where we lie,
Bowing down before Bacchus whose praise is our theme,
Clad in purple or tatters,
All friends for such matters,
We'll drop off to sleep, and of vintages dream !
A charm for every mother's son
Hath wine—then let it freely run,
By the tun !
In floods of wine be Paris sunk ;
Well have your cross and crabbed old hunk
Drunk !

27.—THE TWO GRENADIERS.

APRIL, 1814.

The reader will remember that the first abdication of Napoleon took place at Fontainebleau, at the date above mentioned. In calling Glory the godmother, and the Emperor the godfather of his Marshals, the poet alludes to the fact, that nearly all of them bore in their titles the names of the respective battle-fields, whereon they had distinguished themselves.

Les deux grenadiers.

FIRST GRENADIER.

Our post has been forgotten in the rounds ;
Richard, hark ! midnight at the palace sounds.

SECOND GRENADIER.

Once more we turn to Italy our view ;
For, with to-morrow, Fontainebleau, adieu !

FIRST GRENADIER.

By Heaven I swear, and thank it too the while,
'Tis a fair climate blesses Elba's isle.

SECOND GRENADIER.

Were it far distant, deep in Russia's snow,
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

TOGETHER.

Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

SECOND GRENADIER.

How quick they came, the fights we failed to win !
Where now are Moscow, Wilna, and Berlin ?
Again the flames, that wrapped the Kremlin, seem
Bright on our serried bayonets to gleam ;

And Paris given up, through traitors lost,
Paris itself has scarce one battle cost !
Our cartouch-boxes were not empty—no !
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

On every side, " He abdicates," I hear :
Comrade, what's that ? pray make the meaning clear.
Our old Republic seek they to restore ?

SECOND GRENADIER.

No ! for they bring us back a king once more.
The Emperor's crowns a hundred-fold might shine ;
I can conceive that *he* would all resign :
As alms, his hand of old would crowns bestow !
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

The palace windows are but dull to-night ;
Look, there's one faint and solitary light.

SECOND GRENADIER.

Yes ! for the valets, nobly born and bred,
Hiding their noses in their cloaks, have fled :
All, stripping off the lace from their costumes,
Prompt to dispose of the dead eagle's plumes,
To the new chieftain of the State bend low.
Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

The Marshals too, our comrades once of old,
They have deserted, now they're gorged with gold.

SECOND GRENADIER.

To buy their grades successively, we bled :
Joy, that we've still some drops of blood to shed !

What ! their *god-mother* Glory's self became,
 On field of battle giving each his name ;
 Yet their *god-father* thus aside they throw !
 Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

In service five-and-twenty years I've past,
 And meant my furlough to have begged at last.

SECOND GRENADIER.

And I, all seamed with scars, felt some desire
 From our old colors also to retire ;
 But after drinking all the liquor up,
 'Twere base ingratitude to break the cup !
 Farewell, wife, children, country ! be it so !
 Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !

TOGETHER.

Old grenadiers, let us with an old soldier go !



28.—THE FLOWER-GIRL AND THE UNDERTAKER'S MAN.

Père-la-Chaise, the great cemetery of Paris, is known far and wide.—The Galeté is one of the minor theatres.

La Bouquetière et le Croque-Mort.

I'm a poor flower-girl, with no dust, Sir ;
 But your sighs are with me out of place ;
 Mister Blackbird, excuse me, I must, Sir,
 Plainly tell you your name to your face.
 And what though I may be a free-thinker in mind,
 No I'm not, not a bit, for a blackbird inclined :

For I'm young enough yet, and I look pretty well ;
Pretty roses, and lilies, and jasmines I sell ;
Nor have I the least wish in the world, I declare,
No, not I, Sir, not I, to come under your care !

Love, who plays at both better and worse, Sir,
Has been lugging you on by the ear,
Since the day when you drove your old hearse, Sir,
To my basket a little too near—
You upset my poor flowers and a mess of them made ;
There's a something ill-omened to them in your trade :
For I'm young enough yet, and I look pretty well ;
Pretty roses, and lilies, and jasmines I sell :
Nor have I the least wish in the world, I declare,
No, not I, Sir, not I, to come under your care !

Men of pleasure are more in my way, Sir ;
Angry feelings pray let me not raise—
But my flowers I should have to display, Sir,
If with you, on your ground—Père-la-chaise :
And the traffic that I carry on, I confess,
At the Galeté doors has more chance of success.
For I'm young enough yet, and I look pretty well ;
Pretty roses, and lilies, and jasmines I sell :
Nor have I the least wish in the world, I declare,
No, not I, Sir, not I, to come under your care !

Though you turn over many a lord, Sir,
Don't for that of yourself highly think ;
What if each ought to you to award, Sir,
For his funeral honors, a drink ;
There are some, I can tell you, whom scarcely alive,
I myself, without boasting, have helped to revive.
For I'm young enough yet, and I look pretty well ;
Pretty roses, and lilies, and jasmines I sell :

Nor have I the least wish in the world, I declare,
No, not I, Sir, not I, to come under your care !

Now, to come to the point, I consent, Sir ;
Come and take me in passing this way !
Let it be when ten years I have spent, Sir ;
Mister soft-hearted Blackbird, good day !
Get along ! a new customer now there may be
Kept waiting for you—tarry not, Sir, with me !
For I'm young enough yet, and I look pretty well ;
Pretty roses, and lilies, and jasmines I sell :
Nor have I the least wish in the world, I declare,
No, not I, Sir, not I, to come under your care !



29.—VILE SPRING !

Maudit Printemps.

I, from my casement, at her own
Saw her, all through the wintry weather ;
Lovers, though each to each unknown,
Our kisses crossed in air together.
Whole days we passed in peeping through
These lime-trees, then from foliage clear :
Alas ! their shade thou dost renew—
Vile Spring ! why wilt thou re-appear ?

Yes, in their shade so densely growing,
That angel-vision now is lost !
Ay, there it stood before me, throwing
Crumbs to the birds when all was frost.
For her they chirped ; Love learned to know
What time the little birds drew near :

Nay, nothing's half so fair as snow ;—
Vile Spring ! why wilt thou re-appear ?

Without thee, I might still adore her,
When from repose she breaks away,
Fresh as the painters paint Aurora
Opening the curtains of the Day.
Without thee, might I say at night,
“ My star hath finished its career ;
She sleeps ; her lamp hath veiled its light.”
Vile Spring ! why wilt thou re-appear ?

For Winter yearns my heart : again,
Ah ! would I heard the tinkling sounds
Of sleet upon the window pane—
Light sleet, that tinkles and rebounds.
Thy boasted charms—can these to me—
Flower, zephyr, lengthened day—be dear ?
Her smile no longer can I see :
Vile Spring ! why wilt thou re-appear !



30.—THE METHODICAL MAN.

L'Homme rangé.

My old relations often say
I'm wasting all I have away :
Such nonsense to refute, my plan
Is answering, like a prudent man ;
He who has nothing—too, roo, loo—
His fortune surely can't run through.

Must I to sorrow make pretences
For some superfluous expenses ?

If light my conscience—I'll be bound,
My purse will lighter still be found.
He who has nothing—too, roo, loo—
His fortune surely can't run through.

Your gourmands in a dish invest
The wealth their ancestors possessed :
My host on tick would have me dine ;
I've famous cheer, and good old wine.
He who has nothing—too, roo, loo—
His fortune surely can't run through.

Dorval is free roulette to play,
And see his gold all melt away ;
I'd have a touch, too, on the sly,
If "post your stakes !" were not the cry
He who has nothing—too, roo, loo—
His fortune surely can't run through.

By costly gifts to a coquette
Mondor is hurrying into debt :
My Lizzy, gratis and at will,
Deceives—yet keeps me happy still.
He who has nothing—too, roo, loo—
His fortune surely can't run through

31.—THE GOOD FRENCHMAN.

MAY, 1814.

SONG SUNG BEFORE THE AIDES-DE-CAMP OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

In the first stanza, allusion is made to the happy bon-mot of the Count d'Artois, on occasion of the restoration of Louis XVIII: "Il n'y a rien de changé en France; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus."—It was, moreover, reported at the time, that Louis had obtained from the Emperor Alexander a promise, that he would send home to France the prisoners made in the disastrous campaign of Russia: and also, that he, the King, had remarked to Marshals Masséna, Mortier, Lefèvre, Ney, &c., at St. Ouen, that he should *lean upon them*.—The memorable saying of Francis I., after the battle of Pavia, is matter of history.—The monarch, who in the fourth stanza is said to have saved France, though confined by sickness to his palace, is Charles V. of France, surnamed the Wise. He regained, by bribery and negotiation, the greater part of the English acquisitions in France.

Le bon Français.

I like a Russian to be Russian;
The Englishman should English be;
And if in Prussia men are Prussian,
Frenchmen in France be we!
Whilst here our hearts are gushing o'er,
And can but count "one Frenchman more,"
Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand;
Aye faithful to our native land!

To Charles the Fifth that monarch's fame—
So brave—a pang of envy cost,
Who at Pavía could exclaim,
"Save honor, all is lost!"
These soothing words let's chant anew
To those whom numbers overthrew:
Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand;
Aye faithful to our native land!

Louis, we're told, in memory bore
How Fate our hapless warriors crost,
Whose laurels withered but before
Stern winter's sternest frost.
Fresh verdure shall those laurels gain,
Beside the lilies they'll sustain :
Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand ;
Aye faithful to our native land !

The fatal foe of England's power,
A king on bed of suffering laid,
Saved France, of old, in peril's hour,
Nor from his palace strayed :
We're sure, if any cause be seen,
That Louis knows *on whom to lean*.
Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand ;
Aye faithful to our native land !

The Anglo-mania let us dread ;
All hath it spoiled for us ere now :
To Germans let us not be led
In rules of taste to bow ;
Nor borrow o'er our neighbors' lines
Aught—save their women and their wines !
Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand ;
Aye faithful to our native land !

Our glory's at the loftiest height :
Whom, Frenchmen, can we rivals call ?
Our labors give mankind their light ;
Our pleasures charm them all.
Let us but have a joyous strain,
And, lo ! the world once more in train !
Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand ;
Aye faithful to our native land !

Good service to our land 'twill be,
 Where fixed for ever, side by side,
 The Loves, the Pleasures, Industry,
 And the Fine Arts abide,
 To love—for Louis says we may—
 All Henri-Quatre loved in his day.
 Friends, friends, oh, faithful let us stand ;
 Aye faithful to our native land !

32.—PETITION,

FOR FREE ENTRANCE INTO THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

PRESENTED BY THE DOGS OF QUALITY.

JUNE, 1814.

One of the numberless satires, that were caused by the sudden reappearance of many members of the old noblesse of France, immediately after the fall of Napoleon.

Requête des chiens de qualité.

Let your Chamberlain, please you, decree
 That to-morrow we dogs may obtain
 Entrance into the Tuileries, free—
 We who're from the Faubourg St. Germain.
 Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
 Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

'Tis our collar our difference shows
 From the dogs who the pavement frequent ;
 For such vulgar plebeians as those
 Royal honors could never be meant.
 Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
 Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Though as long as we bowed to his yoke,
The usurper aye drove us away,
When a host of importunate folk
Would be barking—we never said nay !
Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Of his reign should you memoirs indite,
Be not hard on some changeable brutes,
Who to-day at his heels snap and bite,
Though for years they were licking his boots.
Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Tiny spaniels and terriers mean,
Something better than fleas having met,
Fawn on Russians and Germans, I ween,
Who with blood, that is French, are still wet.
Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

What, if, sure her vast profits to net,
England boast of her victories high ;
Lumps of sugar again we can get,
And the cats lick the coffee-cups dry.
Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

Since our dames in such haste retrograde,
As their pinnars and lappets will show ;
Since again holy water is made,
Pray, replace us in our *statu quo*.
Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
Hinder us not ; we would frolicking go.

We agree in return for this grace,
 All except a few scrupulous poodles,
 That we'll fawn on the holders of place,
 That we'll bite all unfortunate noodles.
 Now we are sure that the tyrant's laid low,
 Hinder us not; we would frolicking go.



33.—OLD CLOTHES! OLD GALLOON!

OR, MORAL AND POLITICAL REFLECTIONS OF A CLOTHESMAN OF THE CAPITAL.

FIRST RESTORATION, 1814.

Allusions in the fourth and fifth stanzas make it requisite to bear in mind, that green and gold was the Imperial livery, and blue that of the restored Bourbons.

Vieux habits! vieux galons!

Though we be dealers in old clothes alone,
 On men, good sirs, our watchful eyes are thrown :
 Throughout the universe, a certain tone

Dress only can bestow.

Amidst the changes that so oft take place,
 The cast-off clothes belong to us : our race
 On broadest grounds their calculations base.

Any old galloon? old clo'?

Sometimes, in poring over the gazette,
 With many another, I must needs regret
 That the embroidered coats, which once we met,
 Frenchmen aside should throw.

But by the knowing ones I have been told,
 That ancient prejudice resumes its hold ;
 Even pantaloons will soon be voted old.

Any old galloon? old clo'?

If hordes of thieves, in unbelief arrayed,
To our just scruples no regard have paid ;
But robes of saints, with other spoils, have made
Their booty—be it so.

I, under many a philosophic nose,
The stuff that's in them must for sale expose ;
From pious trade a splendid profit flows !
Any old galloon ? old clo' ?

Extolled in every work this long time past,
Grandeess, on whom to-day abuse is cast,
Keeping some corner of their manors vast,
In suits of black crouch low :
But, thanks to us, those mantles may abound,
That they themselves, perchance, have sometimes found
Too heavy far, and hung too near the ground.
Any old galloon ? old clo' ?

Thus since in theatre, at court, on town,
France never fails with her applause to crown
The latest mode, I may with truth set down,
That wealthy I must grow.
Ye ! who are decked in scarlet and in gold,
One month by flattery shall ye be extolled ;
Then by your doors our usual course we'll hold.
Any old galloon ? old clo' ?



34.—RED-HEADED JANE, OR THE POACHER'S WIFE.

Jeanne la Rousse.

One infant sleeping on her breast,
Another on her back at rest,

In wooden shoes, half starved with cold,
The eldest of her gown has hold.
Far off, alas ! their prisoned sire,
Though bound, still braves the keeper's ire.
Red-headed Jane, God heed thy cares ;
They've caught the poacher unawares !

The village-teacher's darling child,
I've seen her trimly dressed : she smiled,
She read, she worked, she sang—at ease,
Her good kind heart was sure to please.
Dancing beneath the chestnut trees
Her soft, white hand I used to squeeze :
Red-headed Jane, God heed thy cares ;
They've caught the poacher unawares !

A farmer, rich, of her own age,
Who might, she hoped, her hand engage,
By jeering villagers was led
To jilt her—why ? her hair was red.
Twice, thrice it happened—with disdain
All treat her—portionless is Jane.
Red-headed Jane, God heed thy cares ;
They've caught the poacher unawares !

At length a scape-grace says, " Or red
Or flaxen-haired, thee, Jane, I'll wed :
In vain the keepers are afield,
Three guns I've got, haunts well concealed ;
If blessed our bed of moss must be,
For Castle Chaplain I've a fee.
Red-headed Jane, God heed thy cares ;
They've caught the poacher unawares !

Jane yields to Nature's gentle plea
That wife and mother she should be :

And thrice since then, in bitter joy,
 'Mid the lone woods she's borne a boy.
 Poor little rogues, they shoot and thrive,
 Fresh as young buds when Spring's alive.
 Red-headed Jane, God heed thy cares ;
 They've caught the poacher unawares !

What wonders a good heart can do !
 Jane, to her duty ever true,
 Still smiles—her boys, she can declare,
 Will have their father's jet-black hair ;
 And still she smiles—the prisoner's ear
 Her gentle voice with hope can cheer.
 Red-headed Jane, God heed thy cares ;
 They've caught the poacher unawares !



35.—THE PRISONER.

Le prisonnier.

" Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
 And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
 Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
 Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !"

Thus through the bars a captive pours his lay,
 Who sees the fairest maiden, day by day,
 Hold, o'er the waves that bathe his prison-walls, her way.

" Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
 And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
 Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
 Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !

"I, in life's prime doomed to the captive's fate,
In this old fortress lone and desolate,
Await each day thy course as freedom I await.

"Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !

"The water gives thine image, tall and fair ;
Thy bust is seen in happy outline there.
Whom doth thy sail obey ? is't Love's, or Zephyr's care ?

"Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !

"What hope intoxicates my heart ! set free
From this strong-hold, soon shall I cling to thee,
My liberator ! bliss on the other shore must be.

"Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !

"Thy course is stayed ; methinks, thy drooping eye
Melts at my woes. Alas ! thou passest by,
Like evanescent hope—thou'rt gone, and I must die !

"Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !

"Snatched from me, then, is that enchanting dream !
 But no—thy hands outstretched in pity seem :
 Star of my life, for me, to-morrow thou shalt beam !

"Queen of the waves ! thy light bark speed along,
 And sing, whilst Echo lengthens out thy song.
 Clear is the stream and calm ; soft breezes blow ;
 Queen of the waves, Heaven smiles ; thy light bark swiftly row !"



36.—THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY.

Le petit homme gris.

In Paris lives a little man
 Who's always dressed in grey :
 His chubby cheeks like apples glow ;
 His pockets can't a stiver show ;
 Yet, happy as the day,
 "Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
 "I laugh at all things—that's my way !"
 And, sure, the gayest of the gay
 Is he, the little man in grey !

In running after pretty girls,
 In running up a score,
 Hobnobbing, singing, into debt
 He runs head over heels ; and yet
 When duns or bailiffs bore,
 "Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
 "I laugh at all things—that's my way !"
 And, sure, the gayest of the gay
 Is he, the little man in grey !

Let rain into his garret leak ;
 Let him, unconscious soul,
 Sleep in it ; 'mid December's snow
 Let him his freezing fingers blow,
 For lack of wood or coal ;
 " Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
 " I laugh at all things—that's my way !"
 And, sure, the gayest of the gay
 Is he, the little man in grey !

His comely wife some mode adopts
 For picking up gay dresses ;
 So that the gayer she appears,
 The more at him the public jeers :
 But whilst the truth he guesses,
 " Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
 " I laugh at all things—that's my way !"
 And, sure, the gayest of the gay
 Is he, the little man in grey !

When on his tattered bed the gout
 Has brought him to his level ;
 And when the priest, called in, begins
 To talk to him of all his sins,
 Of Death, and of the devil,
 " Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
 " I laugh at all things—that's my way !"
 And, sure, the gayest of the gay
 Is he, the little man in grey !

37.—THE FLY.

La Mouche.

Despite the noise of jingling glass,
 And song, and frolic gay,

What fly comes droning here—so bold,
He won't be brushed away ?
'Tis, I suspect, some god, who's jealous
That this small chance for joy befell us.
Don't let's have the creature here,
Buzzing, buzzing in one's ear.

Transformed into a hideous fly—
Yes, yes, good friends, 'tis clear—
Reason, that grumbling goddess, sees
With spite our jovial cheer.
The storm approaches, thunder's heard—
Hark ! what says Heaven, to anger stirred ?
Don't let's have the creature here,
Buzzing, buzzing in one's ear.

'Tis Reason warns me thus : " Thine age
The hermit's life should bring ;
Cease, then, to love and laugh ; don't drink
So deep ; no longer sing !"
Thus her alarm-bell always frights us,
When the least gleam of pleasure lights us.
Don't let's have the creature here,
Buzzing, buzzing in one's ear.

'Tis Reason—from her threatening sting
Lisette protection needs ;
Look to her quick ! her kerchief's pierced ;
Help, Cupids, help ! she bleeds !
Chase, chase it, Cupids ; let it die
Beneath your blows, that felon fly !
Don't let's have the creature here,
Buzzing, buzzing in one's ear.

But victory ! Reason drowns herself
 In wine that Liz has poured :
 Victory ! and to the hand of Joy
 The sceptre be restored !
 A breath could shake the crown of Joy—
 A fly could thus ourselves annoy !
 Don't let's fear the creature more :
 All its buzzing now is o'er.

38.—JUPITER.

Le bon Dieu.

Jove waking up from a nap t'other day
 Gave us a thought, in a kind enough way :
 " May be their planet hath perished," he cries,
 As from his window he peers at the skies.
 But at the word, far away he still found
 Snug in a corner Earth spinning around—
 " If in what they're about head or tail I can see,
 May the devil," quoth Jove, " may the devil take me !

" Mortals," he adds, quite paternal his air,
 " Grilling, or freezing, or swarthy, or fair,
 Ye, whom I moulded in fashion so small,
 'Tis a pretence, that I rule you at all.
 Pshaw ! it's all stuff ; and I'd have you to know,
 I have my ministers also below !
 Ay, and if I don't bundle out some two or three,
 May the devil, my children, the devil take me !

" Did not I grant—that in peace ye might live—
 Beauty and wine ? and in vain did I give ?
 What ! to my beard do the pigmies proclaim
Me as the God of their hosts ? and my name

Dare they invoke, when they level their guns
Vomiting death upon you, O my sons ?
Ah ! if e'er at the head of a regiment I be,
May the devil, my children, the devil take me !

“ What are those dwarfs doing, gaily tricked out,
Seated on thrones with gilt nails stuck about ?
Brows are anointed, and pride has full sway,
Whilst—but the chiefs of your ant-hillock—they
Tell you I've blessed all the rights of their race,
Bid you believe that they're kings by my grace.
If to reign in their fashion could be my decree,
May the devil, my children, the devil take me !

“ Others live on me, in black all arrayed—
Dwarfs, of whose censers my nose is afraid :
Life to a Lent they're essaying to tame,
Launching anathemas couched in my name—
All this in sermons, sublime, without doubt—
Though what they mean I could never make out.
If I credit a word that is found in their plea,
May the devil, my children, the devil take me !

“ Children, no longer ill-will to me bear ;
Good honest hearts my elect I declare.
Love when ye can, and all pleasures secure ;
'Tis not for this that I'll drown you, be sure.
Nabobs and hypocrites learn to defy !—
But, fare ye well, I'm afraid of that spy :
Ah ! if e'er to those fellows my gates I set free,
May the devil, my children, the devil take me !”

39.—THE PRAISE OF WEALTH.

Eloge de la richesse.

Wealth, that your discontented souls,
Not without cause, disdain,
Is good for something if it bring
No grandeur in its train.
Friend cobbler, go carouse ; thy Croesus
Should not, in common fairness, fleece us
Of all we can obtain.
I, for my part, would riches share ;
For showers of gold I'll make my prayer :
Yes, yes, of gold
Let me get hold—
I'll undertake its care !

I've learned on Poverty to smile ;
Envy, I know it not :
Need I be dull, because in life
I find a greener spot ?
Must roomy coach, good horses, books,
Pictures, house, garden, be but crooks
In my amended lot ?
Nay, though still bolder flights I dare,
For showers of gold I'll make my prayer :
Yes, yes, of gold
Let me get hold—
I'll undertake its care !

Mondor, rich neighbor, what a prize
That mistress is of thine !
Her wit how keen, how dark her eyes,
Her figure how divine !

I'll answer for it that she's true ;
But what against her pride can do
 Poor wretch's love, like mine ?
Mondor, from thee to filch the fair,
For showers of gold I'll make my prayer :
 Yes, yes, of gold
 Let me get hold—
I'll undertake its care !

Sour in my gullet turns the wine
 That scurvy landlords keep ;
But if a banker at his board
 Should pledge me pottle-deep,
"How much this fine white wine?" say I ;
"Twelve hundred francs," is the reply ;
 "Upon my word, that's cheap !"
Still in Champagne there's some to spare ;
For showers of gold I'll make my prayer :
 Yes, yes, of gold
 Let me get hold—
I'll undertake its care !

Come friends, then, I invite you all,
 Commencing from to-day ;
If dull, you'll help to clean me out—
 And that, the shortest way.
Friends, income, equipage, estate,
And house—all, all to dissipate—
 Just should we not be gay ?
Ah, with a winding-up so rare,
For showers of gold I'll make my prayer :
 Yes, yes, of gold
 Let me get hold—
I'll undertake its care !

40.—DOUBLY DRUNK.

La double ivresse.

Calmly I slumbered in the shade ;
Nœris to wake me came :
Methought that o'er her features played
The glow of passion's flame.
See ! Zephyr's breath her chaplet stirs,
Green vine-twigs mixed with roses,
And through that light, half-opened robe,
Her heaving breast discloses.

A child—her brother, so she says—
Who close beside her lingers,
Squeezes, to fill her cup, a bunch
Of grapes between his fingers ;
And whilst before my eyes the belle
Sings, dancing to her singing,
The child, behind her, in the cup
Is deadly poison flinging.

The brimming bumper Nœris takes,
Just tastes, then hands it to me :
"Nay, nay," said I, "the trick I spy,
I know to death 'twill do me.
Yet, hold, enchantress, 'tis thy will ?
I'll drink then, if, to pay
For getting drunk on wine, I must
Get drunk on love to-day !"

Ah ! what a height my madness reached :
Though still its hold was short ;
Nœris no more I loved, whereat
She ventured to make sport.

Whilst I but learned—so fickle were
 Those impulses of mine—
 To add to love of Beauty's charms
 A relish for my wine !



41.—THE BOXERS, OR ANGLOMANIA.

AUGUST, 1814.

Les Bozeurs.

Though "shocking bad" the hats they wear,
 I like these English, I declare :
 "G—d d—m"—they've such a cheerful air !
 So polished are they ; so inclined
 In pleasures to what's most refined.
 We have them not—no, no, no, no—
 These fisty-cuffs, that lustre throw
 On England, here are not the go.

In Paris, then, behold the boxers !
 Quick, to the notary let us flock, Sirs,
 And have our bets recorded there !
 One against one—the fight is fair :
 Such odds with Englishmen are rare.
 We have them not—no, no, no, no—
 These fisty-cuffs, that lustre throw
 On England, here are not the go.

Mark there upon the stage what grace
 In those two hearty blades we trace—
 A charm that nothing can efface :
 Porters one might believe such chaps ;
 But they're a brace of lords, perhaps !

We have them not—no, no, no, no—
 These fisty-cuffs, that lustre throw
 On England, here are not the go.

Well, ladies, how like you the sight?
 You're to decide how goes the fight—
 But what! it knocks you down with fright!
 Pshaw! clap your hands! one's tapped a vein—
 O Heavens! these English are humane!
 We have them not—no, no, no, no—
 These fisty-cuffs, that lustre throw
 On England, here are not the go.

Britons, from you we'll patterns draw
 In all things—fashion, taste, and law—
 Nay, also in the art of war:
 Your studs and diplomatic fry
 Have not quite drained our bravos dry.
 We have them not—no, no, no, no—
 These fisty-cuffs, that lustre throw
 On England, here are not the go.



42.—MISTER JUDAS.

Monsieur Judas.

This Mister Judas is a wag,
 Who solemnly will swear
 That he can only play one part,
 One color only wear.
 We, who of fellows hate the sight,
 Who're sometimes red, and sometimes white—
 Hush, hush! I'll whisper in your ear;
 I've just seen Judas hovering near.

This moral looker-on, who pries
And gossips far and wide,
Hints he's a journalist, at times,
And takes the Liberal side.
But should we at our purpose hint,
To claim the right all things to print—
Hush, hush ! I'll whisper in your ear ;
I've just seen Judas hovering near.

This brazen coward many a time
In uniform is dressed,
And, free from shame or scruple, sports
A cross upon his breast.
We who are wont with right good will
To laud our gallant soldiers still—
Hush; hush ! I'll whisper in your ear ;
I've just seen Judas hovering near.

His puckered mouth has even dared
A noble accent take ;
Nor tells our country's woes, without
Some sighing for her sake.
But we who strive in what we write
All recreant Frenchmen to indict—
Hush, hush ! I'll whisper in your ear ;
I've just seen Judas hovering near.

To you this Mister Judas says
Aloud—he's not in jest—
“ Here the Police has bloodhounds, friends ;
Beware their fangs—'twere best.”
But we who, even up to spies,
All sorts of rascals satirize—
Hush, hush ! I'll whisper in your ear ;
I've just seen Judas hovering near.

43.—THE FATES.

Les Parques.

Sages, simples, beggar, king,
Listen—something new I sing !
Bacchus dries his cellar up,
Filling the Weird Sisters' cup :
'Tis to please the Loves alone,
Chanting in their lustiest tone,
" Mortals ! each should have in store
Joyous days, when youth is o'er."

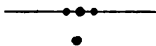
Atropos, whose fatal shears
All the world for ever fears,
Drinking long, and drinking neat,
Drops asleep upon her seat ;
Whilst her sisters at their task
Smile on those who favors ask.
Mortals ! each should have in store
Joyous days, when youth is o'er.

Lachesis, a bumper pouring,
Says that Atropos is snoring ;
But she fears her thread, mayhap—
'Tis so dry and fine—will snap.
" Ay, this nectar must," quoth she,
" Wet it—'tis so good for me."
Mortals ! earth should have in store
Joyous days, when youth is o'er.

Still her mighty distaff working,
" Yes," says Clotho, " yes—no shirking !
I'm for watering with wine
Furrows, where this flax of mine

Grows in seed—this kind of dew
 Always makes it sprout anew."
 Mortals ! each should have in store
 Joyous days, when youth is o'er.

Whilst the Fates, thus seeing double,
 Spin our days off, free from trouble,
 We, our liquor gaily taking,
 Fear lest Atropos be waking ;
 Let the Loves her sleep prolong—
 Every morn shall hear our song,
 "Mortals ! each should have in store
 Joyous days, when youth is o'er."



44.—THE NEW DIOGENES.

THE HUNDRED DAYS, APRIL, 1815.

Le nouveau Diogène.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
 In garb like thine, at ease,
 Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
 Cloaked, O Diogenes !
 In garb like thine, at ease,
 Free and content I trundle round my cask.

It was from water thou didst draw thy rudeness, so they say ;
 I never drink it, and indeed, a censor far more gay,
 In less than one month, for a place that might my wisdom hold,
 Quite dry I fairly drained a cask of generous wine and old.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
 In garb like thine, at ease,

Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content I trundle round my cask.

Where'er I be, right easily my lodging I arrange ;
But since, like us, the gods themselves are apt to love a change,
Snug in my cask upon this globe that turns for ever round,
As Time and Fortune turn, I turn, with them to hold my ground

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content I trundle round my cask.

Parties, of whom a hundred times I've ventured to make sport,
Believing that they cannot find in me a firm support,
Take not the trouble now to stop before my cask and say,
" You, who to nothing hold, for whom hold you yourself, we pray ?"

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content I trundle round my cask.

All Gothic prejudice it is my pleasure to abuse ;
My pleasure, too, it is to rail at ribbons of all hues.
But no political excess my Liberty will own ;
Her brow is decked, in place of cap, with wreaths of flowers alone.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,

Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content I trundle round my cask.

When they in Congress meet, the world amongst themselves to
share,
Let potentates deceivers be, or be deceived there ;
I do not to myself propose to ask them, one by one,
If they have thought to regulate the business of my tun.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content I trundle round my cask.

Not ignorant how satire may conduct to certain ends,
I fly the ceremonious pomp that on a court attends ;
Of empty honors too much prone to say abusive things,
I always tremble for my sun, in presence of your kings.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,
Free and content I trundle round my cask.

In modern Athens to pretend, with lantern in one's hand,
To search for men, were a design most beautifully planned ;
But if the evening chance to see my lantern brightly glow,
It is because on Love's behalf it serves as a flambeau.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
In garb like thine, at ease,

Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
 Cloaked, O Diogenes !
 In garb like thine, at ease,
 Free and content I trundle round my cask.

No taxes called upon to pay, deserter from the ranks,
 Still as a citizen I feel that I deserve some thanks ;
 For if at vintage-time more casks be wanting for the wine,
 For such a purpose I will lend, without a murmur, mine.

Cloaked, O Diogenes !
 In garb like thine, at ease,
 Free and content, to laugh and drink my task,
 Cloaked, O Diogenes !
 In garb like thine, at ease,
 Free and content I trundle round my cask.



45.—HAPPINESS.

Le Bonheur.

"See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
 There, there ?" says Hope. King, clown,
 Prelate, and cit from far repair,
 Before it to bow down.
 "'Tis Happiness"—quoth Hope—let's haste,
 Quick, double-quick, of joy to taste—
 We'll find it there !

See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
 There in the forest shade ?
 Eternal there is Love, they swear,
 And Beauty ne'er can fade !

In forest shades what joy we'll taste !
Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
To find it there !

See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
In country life ? how plain
The kisses smack ! what heaps to spare
Of children, and of grain !
In country life what joy we'll taste !
Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
To find it there !

See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
There in a Bank ? if one
Delight it lack—the market's bare—
Of just that sort there's none.
There in a Bank what joy we'll taste !
Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
To find it there !

See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
There, in the armèd host ?
By the battle's din they mete the share
Of glory they shall boast !
In the armèd host what joy we'll taste !
Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
To find it there !

See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
There, in that gallant bark ?
The rainbow o'er her masts is fair ;
Smooth seas her course shall mark !
In yonder bark what joy we'll taste !
Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
To find it there !

See'st thou it not—there, yonder, there,
 There in the East, where still
 Monarchs a sword for sceptre bear,
 And wield it as they will?
 There in the East what joy we'll taste!
 Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
 To find it there!

See'st thou it not i' the New World? there
 They doff their coats, at ease,
 To take the Presidential Chair
 Set out beneath the trees.
 In the New World what joy we'll taste!
 Quick, double-quick, let's haste, let's haste,
 To find it there!

See'st thou it not in the clouds, there, there?
 "Ah, no!" says man, "Ah! no—
 I'm old and faint, nor longer care
 To journey to and fro:
 Haste to yon clouds, haste, children, haste,
 Quick, quick, of joy you, *you* may taste;
 Go, find it there!"



46.—A TREATISE ON POLITICS,

FOR THE USE OF LIZ.

THE HUNDRED DAYS, MAY, 1815.

In this admirable song, full of sound political advice, it is the Emperor Napoleon who is apostrophized, under the pleasant disguise of Liz.

Traité de politique.

O Liz, who reignest by the grace,
 Of God, who makes us equal all,

Thy matchless beauty holds a race
Of rivals still in thrall.
But vast as may thine empire be,
Liz, in thy lovers Frenchmen see ;
And at thy faults let us to jest be free,
For thy subjects' sake !

How many belles, and princes too,
Love to abuse their sovereign strength !
What states, what lovers, not a few,
Come to despair at length !
Dread, lest, perchance, revolt some day
To thy boudoir should find its way :
Ah ! never, never, Liz, the tyrant play,
For thy subjects' sake !

By too much coquetry beguiled,
Women pursue the conqueror's aim,
Who from his country far is wiled,
A hundred tribes to tame.
A terrible coquette he seems :
Oh ! follow not his empty dreams ;
Nor cherish further, Liz, thy conquering schemes,
For thy subjects' sake !

Thanks to the courtier's zeal, tis harder
A mighty monarch to come nigh,
Than Beauty's self, who has to guard her
Some ever-jealous eye.
But to thy couch, that peaceful throne,
Where Pleasure her decrees makes known,
Liz, let the way accessible be shown,
For thy subjects' sake !

In vain a king would have us know,
That, if he reign, Heaven wills his sway ;

As, Liz, to Nature thou dost owe
 The charms that all obey.
 Though without question we resign
 The sceptre to such hands as thine,
 Of us to hold it thou must not decline,
 For thy subjects' sake !

That we for aye thy name may bless,
 On these plain truths, O Liz, reflecting,
 Strive to become a good princess,
 Our liberties respecting !
 Wreath round thy brow, all bright and fair,
 The roses that Love reaps, and there
 For many a day thy crown securely wear,
 For thy subjects' sake !



47.—MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

Adieux de Marie Stuart.

Adieu, O France, sweet land, adieu !
 For thee needs must my love run high :
 Thy care my joyous childhood knew ;
 To quit thee—'tis to die !

Thou chosen home, where fain I'd dwell,
 But which, an exile, I must leave,
 France, hear thy Mary's last farewell ;
 France, to her memory cleave.
 The breeze is up, we quit the shore,
 And Heaven, unheedful of my sighs,
 To drive me back to thee once more,
 Bids not a tempest rise

Adieu, O France, sweet land, adieu !
For thee needs must my love run high :
Thy care my joyous childhood knew ;
To quit thee—'tis to die !

Dear subjects ! when before the crowd
I donned the lilies, 'twas in truth,
Less to my rank supreme they bowed,
Than to my charms of youth.
The sombre Scots their queen await,
But regal grandeur all is vain ;
If e'er I longed for queenly state—
O'er Frenchmen 'twas to reign !
Adieu, O France, sweet land, adieu !
For thee needs must my love run high :
Thy care my joyous childhood knew ;
To quit thee—'tis to die !

Of glory, gallantry, and wit,
Too deep I drank in youthful prime :
To sterner fate I must submit
In Scotland's rugged clime.
Alas ! oppressed with deadly awe
My sad foreboding heart must be :
O fatal dream ! methought, I saw
A scaffold—raised for me.
Adieu, O France, sweet land, adieu !
For thee needs must my love run high :
Thy care my joyous childhood knew ;
To quit thee—'tis to die !

Yes, France ! when horrors round her sweep,
The Stuart's noble daughter—then,
As on this day that sees her weep—
To thee will turn again.

But, Heavens ! already glides our sail,
 Too swift, beneath less welcome skies :
 And night, within her humid veil,
 Conceals thee from mine eyes !
 Adieu, O France, sweet land, adieu !
 For thee needs must my love run high :
 Thy care my joyous childhood knew ;
 To quit thee—'tis to die !



48.—NO MORE POLITICS.

JULY, 1815.

Plus de politique.

O mistress mine, on whom I dote,
 Though you complain 'tis hard
 That to my country still I give
 Too much of my regard !
 If politics—nay, even to lash
 Abuses—be a bore ;
 Be re-assured, sweet mistress mine,
 I'll talk of *them* no more.

With you—I recollect it well—
 My rivals' game I played,
 Whilst Glory's offspring, works of Art,
 My chosen theme I made.
 They lavished on our France, grown great,
 Their tributary store ;
 Be re-assured, sweet mistress mine,
 I'll talk of *them* no more.

I, coward whom they ridicule,
 When Love his arms had plied,
 I dared to you of battles prate,
 And sing our soldiers' pride.
 Subdued by them, the Earth beheld
 Her kings all smitten sore ;
 Be re-assured, sweet mistress mine,
 I'll talk of *them* no more.

Freedom I ventured to invoke,
 Whilst yet your chains were light ;
 With Rome and Athens' names I put
 Your gaiety to flight.
 But though our modern Tituses
 I may mistrust at core ;
 Be re-assured, sweet mistress mine,
 I'll talk of *them* no more.

Unequalled France, on whom the world
 With jealous envy leers,
 Was the sole rival then, in truth,
 That might have raised your fears.
 But for my country vows I've made
 Too many heretofore ;
 Be re-assured, sweet mistress mine,
 I'll talk of *her* no more.

Yes, mistress mine, you're right ! be ours
 Obscurity, and leisure :
 Let's dream no more of fame—but sleep,
 Rocked on the breast of Pleasure.
 France is o'erwhelmed beneath the League,
 That bitter hatred swore ;
 Be re-assured, sweet mistress mine,
 I'll talk of *this* no more.

49.—THE OLD FIDDLER.

NOVEMBER, 1815.

Le vieux Ménétrier.

A fiddler, and a poor old soul,
The village is my beat :
Some deem me wondrous wise, because
I drink my liquor neat.
In the shade, around me, haste,
Toil is over, pleasure taste !
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk,
Dance beneath my aged oak !

Yes, under my old oak-tree dance,
Hard by the tavern door :
All hatred, in the good old days,
Beneath it soon was o'er.
Often have its thick-leaved boughs
Heard our grandsires' mutual vows !
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk,
Dance beneath my aged oak !

Pity the lord of stately halls,
Even whilst you bow the knee ;
Your tranquil, simple, rustic life
With envy he must see.
Whilst in splendid carriage there,
Dull and sad, he takes the air,
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk !
Dance beneath my aged oak !

At church, so far from cursing him
Who there hath never kneeled,

Invoke Heaven's blessing on his crop,
His vineyard, and his field.
If he make a god of Pleasure,
Let him here his incense measure.
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk,
Dance beneath my aged oak !

If hedges, thin and full of gaps,
Your heritage should bound,
Don't use your reaping-hook on fields
Where others tilled the ground :
But, assured that what you leave
Duly shall your sons receive,
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk,
Dance beneath my aged oak !

When Peace is healing with her balm
The ills that on us weighed,
Don't from his cottage exile him
Who, blinded, blindly strayed—
But recalling those whom, erst,
Tempests, now at rest, dispersed,
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk,
Dance beneath my aged oak !

Then heed the poor old man : go, find
Beneath his oak a place ;
Children, I charge you to forgive,
And one and all, embrace !
Then, from age to age, that peace
May amongst us never cease,
Cheerly, cheerly, village folk,
Dance beneath my aged oak !

50.—THE BIRDS.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ARNAULT, GOING INTO EXILE.

JANUARY, 1816.

It may be well to remark that *printemps* (the Spring) was a sort of password, or sign of recognition, amongst the partisans of Napoleon, as the violet was his well-known emblem.

Les oiseaux.

Winter, redoubling his attacks,
The field, the roof lays bare ;
The prudent birds, with love and song,
To distant climes repair.
Yet, in their calm retreat, to us
Their constant thoughts shall cling :
The birds, that Winter drives away,
Will come again with Spring.

Fate into exile sends them forth ;
We mourn it more than they :
The palace and the cottage walls
Have echoed with their lay.
Then let them, on some tranquil shore,
To happier people sing :
The birds, that Winter drives away,
Will come again with Spring.

Fast to this spot, we, hapless birds,
With envy see them fly ;
Already dark and muttering clouds
O'erhang the Northern sky.
Ah ! happy, who, for some brief space,
Can flee on rapid wing :
The birds, that Winter drives away,
Will come again with Spring.

They'll think upon the pain we feel,
 And—when the storm is past—
 Will seek again the aged oak,
 That braved so oft the blast.
 Signs of glad days—more constant then—
 To our rich vale to bring,
 The birds, that Winter drives away,
 Will come again with Spring.



51.—THE WHITE COCKADE.

These verses are supposed to have been written for a dinner, at which certain royalists celebrated, on the 30th of March, 1816, the anniversary of the first entry of the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians into Paris.

La cocarde blanche.

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
 Were the vanquished made :
 Glad day, when France her honor found again,
 And the white cockade !

Let's sing that day, our fair ones' pride,
 When monarchs, not a few,
 Scourged—by success—the rebel French ;
 Saved all the good and true.

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
 Were the vanquished made :
 Glad day, when France her honor found again,
 And the white cockade !

The Aliens and their cohorts came,
 Invoked by us ; with ease

They forced an entry through our gates—
When we gave up the keys.

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
Were the vanquished made :
Glad day, when France her honor found again,
And the white cockade !

But for this day—that Heaven might crown
Our ills—who can deny,
That over London's Tower, at last,
The Tricolor might fly ?

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
Were the vanquished made :
Glad day, when France her honor found again,
And the white cockade !

We, for our soldiers and their fame—
As history shall repeat—
Have knelt to Cossacks of the Don—
Asked pardon at their feet !

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
Were the vanquished made :
Glad day, when France her honor found again,
And the white cockade !

At this our patriotic feast,
Props of the old noblesse—
After such dangers—come, let's toast
The foreigners' success !

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
Were the vanquished made :

Glad day, when France her honor found again,
And the white cockade !

Lastly—the flower of Henry's race,
For such rare pity shown—
Let's pledge the King who could, himself,
Take Paris—and his throne !

O day of peace and freedom ! joyous then
Were the vanquished made :
Glad day, when France her honor found again,
And the white cockade !



52.—THE NIGHTINGALES.

Les rossignols.

Night hath slackened the speed of the Hours ;
Paris sinks into slumber profound :
Wake, O dearly loved birds in your bowers ;
Charm away the dull echoes around !
Pensive now are all hearts, and 'tis right
That a glance on our own we should fling :
How delicious this silence of night !
Sweetest nightingales, sing for me, sing !

Go not near Phryne's haunts, or be dumb,
Ye who chant for love faithful and true !
Phryne renders each night newly come
The accomplice of loves that are new.
But if kisses from ecstasy free
May have sealed hollow oaths—still I cling
To my faith that true love there may be—
Sweetest nightingales, sing for me, sing !

Though there's none to play Zoilus' part,
 Do ye hope, as your concert you hold,
 That 'tis touched—that insensible heart
 Of the miser who's counting his gold ?
 When the night with its thieves and its wiles
 Must his bosom with agony wring,
 With the Muses my Poverty smiles :
 Sweetest nightingales, sing for me, sing !

Ye, who hover aloof from a cage,
 All your tenderest warblings refuse
 For the nobles, who, age after age,
 Carry fetters—and gladly would use !
 Whilst in silence their watch they must keep,
 Standing up round the couch of a King,
 I my incense to Liberty heap :
 Sweetest nightingales, sing for me, sing !

But your voices are more and more clear ;
 No, ye love not promoters of ill :
 Now the perfume of Spring's wafted here
 With the sweets of the notes that you trill.
 Nature's graving her law on my heart
 With a charm that old days could not bring ;
 Ere the morning I cannot depart :
 Sweetest nightingales, sing to me, sing !



53.—LIZZY NO MORE.

Ce n'est plus Lisette.

What ! is it you, Lisette ?
 You a rich robe can wear ?

You mounting an aigrette ?
And jewels, I declare !
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

In satin shod, your feet
Dare not the herbage try ;
Your rosy hue is sweet—
Its tints where did you buy ?
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

Wealth lavishes his gold ;
Buys for you all that's bought :
Your very couch, I'm told,
With gilding's richly wrought
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

Upon your lips a smile
Discreetly seems to play :
You're witty too, the while—
At least, so people say.
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

How Time has winged his flight,
Since—in your garret yet—

The queen of my delight
Was only a grisette !
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

When on one amorous heart
You prized the spell you set,
Ten in your smiles had part,
Nor were you a coquette.
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

A noble's mistress now—
Who, to be cheated, paid—
Yours is not bliss ; you bow
Content before its shade.
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

If Love's a god, he cares
For honest girls and true ;
You've all a duchess' airs—
Adieu, your Grace, adieu !
Ah ! never, nay never—
You're Lizzy no more :
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore !

54.—THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.

NOVEMBER, 1816.

The return of the old noblesse into France, with the restored Bourbons gave rise to the following satire.

Le Marquis de Carabas.

See this old marquis treating us
As if a conquered race :
His rawboned steed has brought him back
From distant hiding-place.
With sabre brandished o'er his head
That never dealt a blow,
The noble mortal marches on,
And seeks his old chateau.
Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

“ Almoners, vassals, seneschals,
And serfs of each degree !
My prince,” he cries, “ hath been restored
By me, and only me :
But if the rights that suit my rank
From him I may not claim,
Why, zounds, his Majesty must play
With me a different game !”
Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

“ What though a certain miller's name
Be scandalously known,
Pepin the Short had many a son—
And one as head we own.
The blazon of my coat of arms
To me conviction brings ;

And, faith, I do believe my house
More noble than the King's !"
Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

" Who'll put me off? the Marchioness
In presence sits in state:
To Court my youngest son shall go,
Where bishops they create.
My son the Baron, though perchance
Not overbold he be,
Would dangle crosses at his breast—
He shall at least have three !"
Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

" In peace let's live, then : but for me
Taxes they dare propose !
The state is for the noble's good,
Who nothing to it owes.
Thanks to my warlike stores, and thanks
To my embattled towers,
To teach the Préfet what to do
Is not beyond my powers."
Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

" Levy, ye priests whom we avenge,
Your tithe, and let us share it :
Thine, people, is the feudal yoke—
Still, beast of burden, bear it !
'Tis for us only to enjoy
The chase and its delights :
Your pretty tendrils must submit
To our seignorial rights."

Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

“Curate, thy duty do ; and wave
For me thy censer high !
You, grooms and pages, thrash the serfs,
And make the rascals fly !
I from my ancestors received
These glorious rights of theirs ;
Then let them all from me descend
Unbroken to my heirs .”
Hats off, hats off, near and far,
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

55.—THE BROKEN FIDDLE.

This song, though it bear no date, undoubtedly refers to the period following the second restoration, during which the armies of the Allies remained quartered in France.

Le violon brisé.

Come here, my poor dog, honest beast ;
Munch away, never mind my despair.
Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,
If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

Last night, in our valley, the foe—
Victors only by trickery—spoke :
“Play a tune, we would dance ;” but I boldly said, “No !”
So my fiddle in anger they broke.

Tw'as the villagers' orchestra : now
Happy days, pleasant fêtes, are no more !

In the shade who can get up our dances? or how
Shall the Loves be aroused as of yore?

Its strings—they were lustily plied,
At the dawn of the fortunate day,
To announce the young bridegroom awaiting the bride,
With his escort to show her the way.

Did the priest give an ear to its touch,
He our dance without fear would allow;
The gladness it spread all around it was such,
It had smoothed even royalty's brow.

What, and if it has preluded strains,
That our glory was wont to awake!
Could I dream that the foeman invading our plains
His revenge on a fiddle would take?

Come here, my poor dog, honest beast;
Munch away, never mind my despair.
Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,
If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

How long will the Sundays appear,
In the barn, or beneath the old tree!
Will Providence smile on our vintage this year,
Since silent the fiddle will be?

How it shortened the toils of the poor!
How it took the chill off from their lot!
For the great, and for taxes, and tempests, a cure,
All alone it enlivened the cot.

What hate it hath served to suppress!
What tears hath forbidden to flow!

What good—all the sceptres on earth have done less
Than was done by the scrape of my bow.

But my courage they warm—we must chase
Such pitiful foes from our land !
They have broken my fiddle—'tis well—in its place,
The musket I'll grasp in my hand !

And the friends whom I quit—a long list—
If I perish, some day, will recall,
That the barbarous hordes I refused to assist
In a dance o'er the wreck of our fall.

Then come, my poor dog, honest beast ;
Munch away, never mind my despair.
Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,
If to-morrow black bread be our fare.



56.—FORTUNE.

La Fortune.

Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
Knocking below ?
Pshaw ! it's Fortune ! I'll not budge then—
Rat, tat—no, no !

Glass in hand, my friends united
Make my garret Joy's abode :
We're for Lizzy only waiting ;
Fortune, prithee, take the road !
Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
Knocking below ?

Pshaw ! it's Fortune ! I'll not budge then—
Rat, tat—no, no !

With her gold, if we'll believe her,
She would give us rarest cheer—
But the restaurant gives credit,
And we've twenty bottles here.
Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
Knocking below ?
Pshaw ! it's Fortune ! I'll not budge then—
Rat, tat—no, no !

Pearls she offers us, and rubies ;
Mantles of the richest dye—
What for us were e'en the purple,
When our coats we're throwing by ?
Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
Knocking below ?
Pshaw ! it's Fortune ? I'll not budge then—
Rat, tat—no, no !

She of genius talks and glory,
Treating us to schoolboy theme—
Calumny, alas ! hath made us
Lightly now of laurels deem.
Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
Knocking below ?
Pshaw ! it's Fortune ! I'll not budge then—
Rat, tat—no, no !

Launched by her, we'll not be soaring
Up to Heaven, from pleasures far—
Her balloons we see inflated,
Without venturing in her car.

Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
 Knocking below ?
 Pshaw ! it's Fortune ! I'll not budge then—
 Rat, tat—no, no !

But our neighbors all are trooping,
 For her treacherous gifts to pray—
 Friends, our mistresses more gaily
 Tricks enough will on us play.
 Rat, tat—is it my brunette there
 Knocking below ?
 Pshaw ! it's Fortune ! I'll not budge then—
 Rat, tat—no, no !



57.—MY VOCATION.

Béranger held for many years a small appointment in the University of Paris. To this he refers in the third stanza of this expressive little ode.

Ma vocation.

Plain, sorry, and sickly,
 Adrift on this ball,
 Trodden down by the masses
 Because I'm so small,
 To my lips when a murmur
 Will touchingly spring,
 God whispers me kindly,
 "Sing, little one, sing !"

Splashed with mud by the wheel,
 As Wealth passes in state,
 I the insolence feel
 Of the rich and the great :

Nay, nothing wards off
The big look, or its sting ;
God whispers me kindly,
" Sing, little one, sing !"

Shrinking back from the ills
That the idler must face,
Crawling am I, enchained
To a beggarly place.
Freedom fondly I prize,
But to food I must cling ;
God whispers me kindly,
" Sing, little one, sing !"

Love, himself, my distress
Deigned of old to make light ;
But with youth, I confess,
That he's taking his flight.
Beauty moves me—my sighs
To the winds I may fling :
God whispers me kindly,
" Sing, little one, sing !"

Then to sing, or I'm wrong,
Here below is my lot :
All, who smile at my song,
Will love *me*—will they not ?
Good fellows around me—
Good wine let them bring—
God whispers me kindly,
" Sing, little one, sing !"

58.—THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE.

L'Indépendant.

Ye slaves of vanity, respect
My independent tone :
'Tis in the shade of Poverty
That Freedom I have known.
Judge by my songs that she inspires,
How firm her hold must be :
None but Lisette has right to smile
To hear me boast, I'm free.

Yes, in society I rove,
Poor savage, to and fro ;
To ward off slavery my sole arms
Good humor, and a bow.
My shafts are dipped in satire, sped
When others draw on me :
None but Lisette has right to smile
To hear me boast, I'm free.

We laugh at flatterers of the Louvre,
Valets, aye crouching down
In that hotel for passers by
Who chance to wear a crown.
We laugh when minstrels at that door
Sing, beg, and bend the knee !
None but Lisette has right to smile
To hear me boast, I'm free.

All power's a bore : alas ! how dull
Must be the monarch's sway !
He's the conductor of the chain ;
His prisoners are more gay.

I'll never be seduced to rule ;
 Love is my guarantee :
 None but Lisette has right to smile
 To hear me boast, I'm free.

At peace with fate, I take my way,
 And know nor care nor sorrow,
 Rich in the bread I've got to-day,
 The hopes that gild the morrow.
 Heaven guides me well—each eve, the couch
 That suits me best I see :
 None but Lisette has right to smile
 To hear me boast, I'm free.

But what ! Lisette before me stands
 Decked in her brightest charms,
 And fondly seeks with Hymen's chains
 To load my loving arms.
 Ah ! how an empire may be lost !
 Such foolish match I flee !
 Aye keep, Lisette, the right to smile
 To hear me boast, I'm free.



59.—MY REPUBLIC.

Ma République.

Since such a number of kings I have known,
 Vastly my taste for Republics has grown :
 One for myself have I framed, and I try
 Good laws, and suitable, there to apply.
 Trade to our toasts is restricted alone ;
 Justice assumes only gaiety's tone ;

Here at my board's all the soil it can claim ;
Here's a device for us—*Liberty's* name.

Friends, let us all fill our glasses, I say ;
Here doth the Senate assemble to-day :
So, to commence—by severest decree
Be it resolved, that we banish Ennui.
What ! said I banish ? ah ! never such word
Should in these quarters amongst us be heard :
Ennui by us will be felt not again ;
Pleasure must follow in *Liberty's* train.

Joy, that with Luxury cannot agree,
Orders us here from excess to be free :
Here are no fetters our thoughts to enchain—
Bacchus this law hath been pleased to ordain.
Here let each one of us render at ease
Homage alone to such Saint as he please !
Please we, at mass we our places may fill ;
Such, I proclaim it, is *Liberty's* will.

Nobles are far too abusive, I fear ;
We'll have no talk of our ancestors here :
We'll have no titles, not e'en for the guest
Who may laugh loudest, or tipple the best.
And if amongst us a traitor be found,
Seeking by us to be royally crowned,
Plunge we this Cæsar, deep, deep in the bowl ;
This is the way to save *Liberty* whole.

Here's our Republic ! come, drink we the toast !
Soon of its settlement, friends, may we boast !
But the good people, to peace so inclined,
Tremble already, a foe lest they find—

Look ! 'tis Lisette, who would have us obey
 Once and again her voluptuous sway :
 Rule us she will—to her beauty we bow ;
 Ah ! 'tis all up with thee, *Liberty*, now !



60.—THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

Treize à table.

Heavens above ! at table we're thirteen ;
 Look, the salt before me hath been spilled ;
 Fatal number, ominous, I ween !
 Death's at hand ; with horror am I chilled !
 See, she comes ! a goddess, sprite, or fay ?
 What ! in smiles, with youthful charms displayed—
 Sing your songs, and be your chorus gay :
 Friends, of Death no longer I'm afraid !

Though a bidden guest she seem to be,
 Though a garland round her brow may twine,
 I alone can see her ; 'tis for me
 O'er her head the rainbow colors shine.
 Now she points to fetters that are burst ;
 At her breast asleep a babe is laid—
 Drained my cup is ; quench me, then, its thirst :
 Friends, of Death no longer I'm afraid !

“ Look ! ” she cries, “ a daughter of the sky,
 Hope my sister, wouldst thou quail at me ?
 Tell me, can the slave with right deny
 Thanks, if set from chain and tyrant free ?
 Fallen angel, stripped by Fate below,
 I with wings will have thee re-arrayed ! ”

Kiss us, Beauty ! we'll ecstatic grow :
 Friends, of Death no longer I'm afraid !

"I'll return ; thy spirit," she pursued,
 "Shall o'erleap all worlds that float sublime,
 Azure space, and flaming orbits strewed—
 God ordained them—in the path of Time.
 Fear not now to taste of harmless joy,
 Whilst thy spirit in the yoke is stayed"—
 Fleeting life in pleasure let's employ :
 Friends, of Death no longer I'm afraid !

'Twas a vision—'tis all past away ;
 At the threshold howled a dog—she fled :
 Ah ! 'tis vain recoiling in dismay ;
 Mortal foot the icy grave must tread.
 Joyous crew, then, on the stream of Fate
 Launch the skiff ; our port shall soon be made—
 Heaven hath numbered us—thirteen let's wait :
 Friends, of Death no longer I'm afraid !

61.—THE SWALLOWS.

This song, like "The Broken Fiddle," appears to hint at the period after the restoration, when the Allied troops were still garrisoned in France.

Les Hirondelles.

Captive, bowed beneath a Moorish chain,
 Pining on the shore, a warrior cried,
 "Gentle birds, I welcome you again ;
 You, who cannot winter's cold abide.
 Swallows ! ye are not of hope bereft ;
 Here, in burning clime, she's still your stay :

France it surely is that ye have left ;
Have ye nothing of my land to say ?

“ Thrice the year hath rolled, since from you first
I besought some token, to be brought
From the valley where, obscure, I nursed
Dreams of life with future blessings fraught.
Where the limpid streamlet winds between
Banks bedecked with lilacs fresh and gay,
Ye our little cottage must have seen :
Have ye nothing of that vale to say ?

“ Haply, nestling in the roof of straw,
One of you, where I myself was born,
May have seen—and pitied when you saw—
There a mother, loving and forlorn !
Dying be she—still she thinks in vain
That she hears my footstep on the way ;
Oft she listens ; then she weeps again :
Have ye nothing of her love to say ?

“ Is my gentle sister wedded yet ?
Did ye of our youths behold the throng
Bidden to the nuptials ? did they set
To her praises some enlivening song ?
Friends and comrades, who my youth recall,
They who followed me through many a fray,
Have they seen again the village—all ?
Have ye nothing of all these to say ?

“ O'er their bodies, now, perchance, the foe
Through the valley may the pathway take :
Him as master may my cottage know ;
He my sister's holy bonds may break.

Thrown o'er all around are fetters strong ;
 Nor for me is mother left to pray—
 Swallows ! to my country ye belong :
 Have ye nothing of her ills to say ?"



62.—THE VINTAGE.

Les vendanges.

Up, up, take heart ; haste, haste to work !
 Serenely breaks the day :
 Girls, flutes, and tambourines, lead off ;
 Come, vintagers, away !
 The new-made wine shall make amends,
 For what the storm hath soured, good friends.
 Friends, friends, with us is mirth in train ;
 Ha ! ha ! yes, mirth shall come again !

Our Mayor's a weather-cock ; his scarf,
 And liquor too, he changes :
 But since in colors, jolly soul,
 From this to that he ranges,
 He'll find with us his scarf of use—
 We'll daub it well with good grape juice.
 Friends, friends, with us is mirth in train ;
 Ha ! ha ! yes, mirth shall come again !

The Judge, black-robed, who twists his lore
 In twenty different ways,
 Even for our songs may cast us—still
 He'll quaff the wine we raise,
 And sing, himself, primed with the best of it,
 Of freedom, fame, and all the rest of it.
 Friends, friends, with us is mirth in train ;
 Ha ! ha ! yes, mirth shall come again !

The priest austere for aye may scold,
 And urge us to confess—
 His big red nose all plainly shows
 He likes our wine no less.
 If more than mass affords he crave,
 Let him chant *Libera* o'er each grave !
 Friends, friends, with us is mirth in train ;
 Ha ! ha ! yes, mirth shall come again !

Let haughty lord oppressed with care
 To comfort feel resigned ;
 Titles, by Noah handed down
 To us, he here shall find :
 On vine-leaves are they traced ; and he
 That these beat parchments shall agree.
 Friends, friends, with us, is mirth in train ;
 Ha ! ha ! yes, mirth shall come again !

O fair, abounding, warlike land,
 To suffering, Hope oppose !
 Thou with the vine canst intertwine
 Corn, olive, laurel, rose.
 Harvest our grapes ! with Time's advance,
 Earth shall toast with us " Long live France !"
 Friends, friends, with us is mirth in train ;
 Ha ! ha ! yes, mirth shall come again !



63.—THE FIDDLER OF MEUDON.

Le ménétrier de Meudon.

Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
 Is playing you a tune !

Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
That rules the rigadoon !

'Twas in the time of Rabelais,
Where elms in rows were growing,
Guilain set mothers, daughters, cits,
Clodpoles, and pages going.
The bigots all got up a cry
Of "witchcraft !"—just in spite,
Declaring that he made the wolves
Dance on a moonlit night.
Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
Is playing you a tune !
Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
That rules the rigadoon !

Possessed of charm, or not—through him
All fall to dancing madly,
Young folk who dote upon a dance,
Old folk who take it badly.
'Tis said that once—don't laugh—so well
His tuneful bow he plied,
That he kept dancing till the morn
A bridegroom and his bride.
Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
Is playing you a tune !
Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
That rules the rigadoon !

Beneath his window chanced to pass
A funeral train, one day ;
The priest and all the followers heard
His violin at play.
It sets them jigging—prayer gives way
Before that joyous sound :

And dancing all about the corpse,
They reach the burial ground.
Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
Is playing you a tune !
Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
That rules the rigadoon !

He gets a summons to the Court,
Poor chap, and duly minds it :
How the gold sparkles there ! how gay
A groggery he finds it !
There, velvet, pearls, and rubies shine—
Kings, princes, and princesses—
All things save honest love are there—
All, up to sly caresses.
Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
Is playing you a tune !
Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
That rules the rigadoon !

He plays ; the courtiers sneer, although
He takes the greatest pains ;
For sprightliness will lose its hold
Where'er ambition reigns :
And many a dancer of quadrilles
Has this upon his lip—
“ The more the polish on the floor,
The more one's apt to slip ! ”
Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
Is playing you a tune !
Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
That rules the rigadoon !

Good Heavens ! they're yawning all—oh ! rage—
Guilain despairing flies

Back to Meudon, and 'mid the tears
 Of all the village dies.
 At night his shade returns—hark ! hark !
 Those distant tones advancing
 Through the thick woods !—Guilain is there,
 To set hobgoblins dancing !
 Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
 Is playing you a tune !
 Up, up, obey him ! he's the king
 That rules the rigadoon !



64.—THE GOD OF HONEST PEOPLE.

This was one of Béranger's early compositions ; and the popularity it immediately acquired is indicative of French character. With many it is almost a religious creed.

Le Dieu de bonnes gens.

There is a God ; and before him I bow,
 Poor and contented, nor utter a vow :
 Marking his dealings with Earth, I perceive
 Evil thereon—to what's good only cleave.
 Pleasure to my philosophical mind
 Showing the wisdom that governs mankind,
 Thus to the God of the true and the just,
 Goblet in hand, I complacently trust.

Snug in my corner—if Poverty keep
 Watch by my pillow, nor trouble my sleep—
 Hope with her lullabies—Love, too—can vouch
 How I can dream of a downier couch !
 Others to courtiers' gods may bow down,
 I, who believe Heaven scarcely can frown,

Thus to the God of the true and the just,
Goblet in hand, can complacently trust.

Proudly his fortunes a Conqueror swayed :
Sceptres and laws into playthings he made ;
Whilst, to this day, on the frontlet of Kings,
Mark ye the dust of his feet—how it clings !
Deified Monarchs, ye now may crawl out—
I, who unreasoning masters would flout,
Thus to the God of the true and the just,
Goblet in hand, can complacently trust.

Throned in our halls beneath Victory's wing,
Art from soft climates her marvels would bring :
There, the rude spawn of the North have I seen
Shaking the frost from their mantles of green.
Fallen our state, and yet Albion braves ;
Mindless how fickle are Fate and the waves !
I to the God of the true and the just,
Goblet in hand, can complacently trust.

Hark ! how the priest would his menaces urge—
Lo ! to the last of our moments we verge—
Soon shall the veil from Eternity fall—
All shall be ended—Time, universe, all !
Quick, then, your cheeks, O ye Cherubim, swell—
Waken the dead—those who slumber so well !
I to the God of the true and the just,
Goblet in hand, can complacently trust.

No ! 'tis an error—no, God is not wrath !
All, whom he made, he upholds on their path.
Wines, that he gives ! Friendship, tutelar fay !
Love, who like him dost create, in thy way !

Lend my philosophy some of your charms ;
Dissipate dreams that are black with alarms !
So to the God of the true and the just,
Goblet in hand, we may all of us trust.

65.—THE LITTLE FAIRY.

1817.

La petite Fée.

Children, there was a Fairy once,
Her name Urgande ; in height
Four fingers scarcely, though in worth
A most exalted sprite.

She with her wand's most gentle blow
Could perfect happiness bestow :
Ah ! good Fairy, pray reveal,
Where your wand you now conceal !

For steeds, eight butterflies she had ;
For car, a sapphire shell ;
Like a soft Zephyr o'er the earth
She passed—and all was well :
The grapes were ripened, doubly sweet,
And every harvest was complete.
Ah ! good Fairy, pray reveal,
Where your wand you now conceal !

Godmother to a king, for him
His ministers she chose ;
True men, who fearing law, feared not
Their records to disclose :

Far from the fold their crooks would keep
The wolves—but worry not the sheep.
Ah ! good Fairy, pray reveal,
Where your wand you now conceal !

This mighty sovereign's judges, then,
Saw through the Fairy's eyes :
They made not Innocence perforce
Hush up her plaintive cries :
Nor then could kneeling Error pray
For mercy—and be spurned away.
Ah ! good Fairy, pray reveal,
Where your wand you now conceal !

Her touch upon her godson's crown
Its genial blessing shed ;
His people, in one social band,
For him had freely bled :
If jealous neighbors came too near,
Back were they sent in wholesome fear.
Ah ! good Fairy, pray reveal,
Where your wand you now conceal !

Urgande is in her crystal hall ;
Alas ! her presence fails !
All in America goes ill ;
O'er Asia force prevails.
A happier doom is ours, and we
Treated with more regard may be ;
Still, good Fairy, still reveal,
Where your wand you now conceal !

66.—THE PRINCE OF NAVARRE;

OR, MATHURIN BRUNEAU.

After the downfall of Napoleon, several pretenders came forward, each one assuming to be Louis XVII., the son of the hapless Louis XVI., escaped from the prison of the Temple. Amongst them was Mathurin Bruneau, known to be the son of a maker of wooden shoes, and who affected to take the title of "Prince of Navarre."—The satirist points obviously enough, in these lines, to the English and Russian alliance, which had brought about the military reverses of Napoleon—to the restoration of the statue of Henri IV. to its place on the Pont-Neuf, Paris—to the interference of the Allies, who replaced Louis XVIII. on the throne—and to a ridiculous concordat that had been made with the Pope.

Le Prince de Navarre.

What ! thou, poor Mathurin, would'st reign
O'er France ? why, what has turned thy brain ?
Change not thy indigence, I pray,
For all the gold that kings display :
Set square upon his throne, Ennui
Fools bending low is proud to see.
Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !

Thou hast not gathered the good fruit
That to misfortune we impute :
Of crowns thou never would'st have thought
If by adversity well taught ;
Though this ambitious turn of mind
To heroes is not quite confined.
Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes

How oft, up there, where thou would'st be,
Cajoled by fools on bended knee,
Kings call themselves the sires of those
Who're orphans—every body knows !

Reigning ! 'tis but to shower around
Laws, ribbons, phrases of high sound.
Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !

Think'st thou as warrior to be great ?
Know that 'tis oft the Conqueror's fate,
To find the laurels of the day
By some rude General snatched away :
An English Chief, by Tartar's aid,
Low in the dust proud standards laid.
Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !

What agents illegitimate
Upon legitimacy wait !
Too late thy goodness would be told
How badly Nismes was served of old :
The Pont-Neuf monarch, raised again,
Pleads for the Huguenots in vain !
Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !

What end to ills could'st thou devise,
If some unscrupulous Allies
Should swear thou did'st but lease the throne,
By thee declared of right thine own ?
Their grasping League, from day to day,
Dear, and more dear, would make thee pay.
Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !

Lastly, could'st thou, without a qualm,
Greasing the Holy Spirit's palm,
By treaty, ludicrous terms accord
Thy Reverend Father in the Lord ?

And, for re-gilding old tiaras,
 Of heavier taxes make us bearers ?
 Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
 Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !

Besides, just now we need thy trade ;
 Sad tricks with us our friends have played :
 'Tis now for foreigners our lot—
 Not for ourselves—to boil the pot.
 Our cloaks so useful, too, they find,
 That they'll not leave our shoes behind :
 Prince of Navarre, adopt my views ;
 Make us, O Prince, good wooden shoes !



67.—WERE I A LITTLE BIRD.

Si j'étais petit oiseau.

1817.

I, who to Beauty would but pay
 A passing homage on my way,
 Oh, with what envy must *I* see
 The bird, with wings so light and free !
 O'er what vast space he spreads his flight !
 How all things to his course invite !
 Soft is the air ; the skies are bright,
 Were I little bird—ah me,
 How passing swift my flight should be !

Then haply, taught by Philomel
 Those sweetest notes she sings so well,
 I to some country maiden's tone
 Would gladly haste to join my own.

The hermit then entranced I'd hold,
Who never had his blessings sold ;
Whose mantle shields the poor from cold.
Were I a little bird—ah me,
How passing swift my flight should be !

Then to a round of topers gay,
In some thick grove, I'd flit away ;
Their cups, enraptured by my strain,
To Beauty only should they drain.
Then with my favorite song I'd cheer—
Spoiled of his lands—the warrior's ear,
And make to *him* the hamlet dear.
Were I a little bird—ah me,
How passing swift my flight should be !

To turrets then away I'd go,
Where the poor captives crouch below ;
And, whilst my wings I hid with care,
Soft plaintive lays would sing them there.
A smile from one my notes might draw ;
And one might dream, on bed of straw,
Of fields that once his cradle saw.
Were I a little bird—ah me,
How passing swift my flight should be !

Hoping to move a monarch's breast,
Who from ennui would fain have rest,
Perched on the peaceful olive-bough,
For him my songs I'd warble now.
Thence, where some exiled family
A shelter finds, I'd turn and flee,
A branch to bear them from that tree.
Were I a little bird—ah me,
How passing swift my flight should be !

Then, O ye wicked ones, away
 From you I'd speed where dawns the day ;
 Unless again Love unaware
 Surprise me in his fatal snare :
 For if this cunning fowler set,
 On some fair bosom heaving yet
 Beneath his touch, another net,
 Were I a little bird—ah me,
 There passing swift my flight would be !



68.—THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF NATIONS.

This ode, that contributed greatly to establish the reputation of its author, made its appearance on a very remarkable occasion. In the month of October, 1818, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld gave a grand entertainment at Liancourt, to celebrate the evacuation of the French territory by the Allied armies, that had held possession of the principal fortresses of France for the three years following the second restoration of Louis XVIII.—There is a remarkable spirit of *fraternity* observable in this effusion, much at variance, probably, with the real feelings of the French, whose *amour propre* and national vanity had been galled and mortified by the presence amongst them of the Allied troops.—In the last stanza is an allusion to the *flowering* Autumn. It is a fact, that in 1818 the Autumn was one of unusual mildness and beauty ; and many fruit trees, even in the Northern provinces of France, blossomed a second time in the fall of that year.—The union of Nations in one bond of brotherhood appears now to be as chimerical a project, as it was when this ode was composed, thirty-two years ago. It is full, nevertheless, of noble and generous sentiments.

La Sainte Alliance des Peuples.

Peace have I seen come down amidst us here,
 Bidding Earth teem with corn, with flowers, with gold ;
 Calm were the Heavens—for lo ! as Peace drew near,
 War's lurid bolts were all extinct and cold.

"French, English, Belgian," thus I heard her call,
"German, and Russ, in prowess equal all ;
Nations, unite to form one holy band,
And join ye hand in hand !

"Such lengthened hate, poor souls, 'tis hard to bear !
Slumber ye taste not, unalloyed by pain :
This narrow globe more equitably share ;
One gleam of sunshine each of you shall gain.
Now to the car of Power all yoked and bound,
Ye miss the path where happiness is found.
Nations, unite to form one holy band,
And join ye hand in hand !

"Amidst your neighbors burning brands ye wield—
The North-wind roars—*your* roofs are blazing high—
And if at length Time cools the blackened field,
Maimed are your arms, your ploughs all useless lie :
Along the boundary line of States, be sure,
No blade of corn from human blood is pure.
Nations, unite to form one holy band,
And join ye hand in hand !

"Within your cities wrapped in smoke and flame,
Monarchs with tips of insolent sceptres dare
Men—men—to mark, to number, to proclaim,
Whom one fierce triumph portioned as their share.
Ah ! feeble herds—in your defence no stroke—
Ye quit the *heavy* for the *cruel* yoke !
Nations, unite to form one holy band,
And join ye hand in hand !

"Mars stays his footsteps—be it not in vain !
Your countries mourn—bid Laws their solace bring !
No more the sources of your life's blood drain
For mighty Conqueror, for ungrateful King !

Abjure the influence of false stars—they fail—
 Bugbears to-day, to-morrow they shall pale !
 Nations, unite to form one holy band,
 And join ye hand in hand !

“Yes, free at length, let Earth breathe freely—throw,
 To hide the past, a veil before our eyes—
 To sound of lyres your fields in gladness sow—
 For Peace the Arts should bid their incense rise :
 Then smiling Hope will reap, on Plenty's breast,
 The fruits with which such union must be blessed.
 Nations, unite to form one holy band,
 And join ye hand in hand !”

Such were her words, the ever honored maid ;
 Kings, more than one, her gentle strain pursued :
 Earth as in Spring-time gaily was arrayed,
 And Autumn, flowering, Spring's soft love renewed.
 Good wines of France, flow, freely flow to-day—
 Back to his land the Alien takes his way :
 Let us, O Nations, form one holy band,
 And join we hand in hand !



69.—THE PLEBEIAN.

The Poet's family name is written either with or without the aristocratic
de prefixed.

Le Vilain.

How's this ? I hear that people blame
 The *de* that stands before my name !
 “Pray, art thou of the old noblesse ?”
 I noble ? no, sirs, I confess.

No—none, for me, of knightly race
 The patent did on vellum trace ;
 To love my country's all I know :
 I'm of a breed
 That's low indeed,
 Yes, low, sirs, very low !

This *de*—ah ! never did I need it ;
 Since my blood tells, if right I read it,
 That *my* forefathers in their day
 Have cursed a master's despot sway.
 His power, upon its ancient base,
 As 'twere a mill-stone, you may trace—
They were the grain it crushed—and so,
 I'm of a breed
 That's low indeed,
 Yes, low, sirs, very low !

My sires did never on their lands
 Vex the poor serf with grasping hands :
 Nor in the woods did travellers fear
 To find *their* noble swords were near.
 Not one, when tired of his campaign,
 Was turned into a chamberlain
 Of Charlemagne, by Merlin's blow.
 I'm of a breed
 That's low indeed,
 Yes, low, sirs, very low !

Never, when civil broils were rife,
 Did *my* brave sires partake the strife ;
 Nor was the English Leopard made
 Free of our cities by *their* aid.
 Not one amongst *them* signed the League,
 What time the Church, by its intrigue,

Essayed the State to overthrow.

I'm of a breed

That's low indeed,

Yes, low, sirs, very low !

Then leave me to *my* standard, ye—

Nobles by button-hole, I see—

Whose noses sniff the coming gale ;

Who every sun—that's rising—hail.

I honor a plebeian tribe,

For I can *feel*, as well as gibe ;

And flatter none but sons of woe :

I'm of a breed

That's low indeed,

Yes, low, sirs, very low !



70.—THE BELLY-MEMBER,

OR

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SESSION OF 1818, RENDERED TO THE ELECTORS OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF . . . BY MONSIEUR . . .

It is scarcely possible to give in English the exact meaning of the term *Ventru*, applied satirically to Deputies who occupied a certain portion of the Chamber, called *le ventre*, and were the close adherents of the Government. They fed abundantly upon Ministerial good things, in every sense of the words.—Villèle and d'Argenson both headed Opposition parties at this epoch ; but the former was looked upon as the more successful leader.—The fifth stanza refers to the presentation of numerous addresses in favor of recalling the political exiles. These brought on lively debates, but were quashed by the order of the day.

Le Ventru.

Electors of my Province, all,

'Twere fitting that ye knew,

How through the sessions I have served
 My prince, my country, you.
 The State hath not decayed, 'tis clear ;
 And I—I'm fat and blooming here.
 Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
 What capital dinners the Ministers give !

True to the *Belly*, I obeyed
 Instructions, and was seen
 Sitting ten paces from Villèle,
 From d'Argenson fifteen :
 For I, well stuffed with truffles, entered
 That belly where such dainties centered.
 Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
 What capital dinners the Ministers give !

Since Government must have some folks
 Who speak, within its reach,
 And some to cough the speaker down
 Who makes too good a speech,
 I've spoken, o'er and o'er again ;
 I've coughed, and coughed with might and main :
 Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
 What capital dinners the Ministers give !

If fettered be the press, 'tis but
 My promise coming true ;
 If well I've spoken of the brave,
 I had for that my cue :
 I may have voted in one day
 Just ten times ay, and ten times nay :
 Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
 What capital dinners the Ministers give !

Inquiries all—to please the Court—
 I've done my best to stay :

On all petitions I have called
The "order of the day :"
In the King's name I've raised a shout
That helped to keep the banished out.
Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
What capital dinners the Ministers give !

Proofs that the money's well laid out
On the police, I've quoted :
And, no less Frenchman than a Swiss,
I for the Swiss have voted.
Let's keep, and for sufficient reason,
These friends who serve the house in season.
Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
What capital dinners the Ministers give !

Of course, you'll raise the means to pay—
In spite of croakings sinister—
The belly-men, the Alien,
The Alien, the Minister :
The people in our utmost need
Somewhat more sparingly must feed.
Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
What capital dinners the Ministers give !

I'm named Crown-lawyer ; and in short,
I've done as well as others :
I've found employment for three sons,
And places for two brothers ;
For future sessions too, I trow,
I've scores of invitations now.
Oh, what dinners the Ministers gave—as I live,
What capital dinners the Ministers give !

71.—WINTER.

L'Hiver.

The birds have flitted all away ;
Winter with us forbad their stay :
For he his icy cloak hath wound
Our cities and our fields around.
Gay glittering flowers, of his design,
All sparkling on my windows shine :
What blustering at my door he makes !
My dog—with cold see how he shakes !
My fire is slumbering in the grate ;
Let's wake it, ere it be too late,
And warm ourselves !

O traveller ! do not rashly roam ;
Be prudent, and regain thy home :
Ay, from the crackling logs I know
More piercing still the cold will grow.
I brave its rigor ne'ertheless ;
Rose, in well-wadded, fur-lined dress,
Here bids me in herself behold
A genial shelter from the cold.
Ah, Rose ! thy hands will surely freeze ;
Come, take thy place upon my knees,
And warm thyself !

The gloom is deeper—o'er the snow
The car of night is rolling slow :
Yes, Rose ! our guardian Love must be,
Since day's decline we gladly see.
But look ! a couple comes this way—
A joyous friend—a beauty gay :
Enter without the watchword, both ;
To see you Mirth is nothing loth ;



OLD WINE, YOUNG LASSES.

Then here's a fig for Etiquette—

She's only in the way !

Ring ding, ring ding,

Ring, ding, ding—

Old wine—young lassie—

Sing, boys, sing !

We'll take our cue from Love,

The god so free and easy,

Who table-cloth for napkin uses

When his mouth is greasy.

Ring ding, ring ding,

Ring, ding, ding—

Old wine—young lassie—

Sing, boys, sing !

Let them be served on gold—

The wealthy and the great :

A pair of lovers only wants

A single glass and plate.

Ring ding, ring ding,

Ring, ding, ding—

Old wine—young lassie—

Sing, boys, sing !

Who's happy on a throne ?

You can't sit double there !

Snug table—little truckle bed—

'Tis better far to share.

Ring ding, ring ding,

Ring, ding, ding—

Old wine—young lassie—

Sing, boys, sing !

If Poverty, who's here

A constant guest of ours,

Wear nothing but a ragged gown—
 Let's set it off with flowers.
 Ring ding, ring ding,
 Ring, ding, ding—
 Old wine—young lassie—
 Sing, boys, sing !

But no ! in such a case,
 Let's throw the gown aside—
 And Lizzy's natty little figure
 Will be better spied.
 Ring ding, ring ding,
 Ring, ding, ding—
 Old wine—young lassie—
 Sing, boys, sing !



73.—MY LITTLE CORNER.

1819.

Mon petit coin.

No ! in my corner let me dream ;
 The world no joy supplies :
 Forth from your gallies, good my friends,
 A weary convict flies :
 And through the desert that I trace
 I fly as free as Bedouins' race.
 Here in my little corner blest,
 For pity's sake, friends, let me rest !

The arm of power I brave, and weigh
 Our rights, our fetters, here ;

On kings in solemn judgment sit,
O'er subjects drop a tear.
Far off, with bold prophetic eye,
A smiling future I espy :
Here in my little corner blest,
For pity's sake, friends, let me rest !

With fairy wand, in doing good
Is here my chief delight ;
Proud trophies raising, palaces
I banish from my sight :
Those who from me their thrones derive
To be beloved will seek and strive.
Here in my little corner blest,
For pity's sake, friends, let me rest !

Here doth my soul on borrowed wings,
A joyous seraph, fly ;
And see our kings, all downward hurled,
In flames eternal lie :
One of their race escapes alone ;
His glory I myself have known.
Here in my little corner blest,
For pity's sake, friends, let me rest !

Vows for my country thus I form,
That Heaven approving hears :
Respect my dreams—to *me* your world
Of little worth appears :
Mine be the Muses' favor, lent
To days upon Parnassus spent !
Here in my little corner blest,
For pity's sake, friends, let me rest !

74.—THE DEVIL'S DEATH.

This is one of our poet's frequent attacks on the Jesuits, whom he cordially hated, and unsparingly satirized.

La mort du diable.

Something miraculous my story
In a few stanzas briefly paints :
For this, give St. Ignatius glory,—
Patron of petty Saints.
By trick, of which he scarce could boast,
If shame might light on saintly head,
He made Old Nick give up the ghost :
Alack, the Devil's dead !

Satan at table finds him snug,
And cries, " A bout you can't decline !"
The willing saint some holy drug
Pops into Satan's wine.
He drinks ; the colic grips him fast ;
He swears, makes faces, writhes in dread,
Bursting, like heretic, at last :
Alack, the Devil's dead !

" He's dead ! he's dead !" the Monks exclaim ;
" No *Agnuses* will now be wanted !"
The Canons' cry—their cry's the same—
" Who'll have ' *Oremus* ' chanted ?"
The Conclave in despair is tost :
" Our wealth is gone, our influence sped ;
Yes, yes, our father we have lost :
Alack, the Devil's dead !

" Love serves us ill, compared with Fear,
Who once put forth for us his might :

You'll scarcely find Intolerance here ;
 Her faggots who'll relight ?
 Forthwith would Truth have brilliant scope,
 If from our bondage Man were led ;
 God would be greater than the Pope !
 Alack, the Devil's dead !"

Up runs Ignatius ! " Mine," quoth he,
 " His place, his privileges make :
 None cared for Satan—seeing me,
 Monarchs themselves shall quake.
 Thefts, wars, plagues, massacres—rich crop
 I'll reap from these, o'er Earth outspread ;
 Heaven shall but live on crumbs I drop :"
 Alack, the Devil's dead !

" Ah ! honest man," they cut him short,
 " Come, let's anoint thee in thy gall !"
 Presto, his Order, Rome's support,
 Found it could Heaven appal.
 A choir of Angels, pitying spirits,
 " Let's mourn the fate of mortals," said,
 " For St. Ignace from hell inherits !"—
 Alack, the Devil's dead !



75.—THE HUNTER AND THE MILKMAID.

Le chasseur et la laitière.

" The lark, scarce wakened, pours her lay,
 To usher in a brilliant day ;
 Fair Milkmaid, with the Hunter seek
 Some bower—of love he fain would speak :

Come, dearest, trip it o'er the dew ;
He'll pluck Spring flowers—and all for you."

"Gay Hunter, I my mother fear ;

No, no, I must not loiter here."

"Thy mother and her faithful goat
Behind that bank are far remote :
Come, hear a song that's new and soft ;
Dames at the Castle sing it oft—
The girl that tunes it may be sure
The most inconstant to secure."

"I sing one—'tis as tender, too—

Hunter, I can't waste time with you."

"Come then, and learn to tell the tale
Of jealous Baron's ghost so pale,
That to its tomb the beauty bore,
Whose husband it had been before :
This story on a gloomy night
Will make the hearers shake with fright !"

"Hunter, that story well I know :

I can't be loitering—let me go !"

"Prayers I can teach thee, then, to say,
That the wolf's fury charm away ;
Or witches' malice can defy,
That on us turn the evil eye :
Dread, lest some hag, whom sorrows wring,
Should cast her spell upon thy Spring !"

"Nay, have I not my beads to tell ?

Hunter, I won't stay—fare thee well !"

"So, eh ! but mark this cross of mine ;
Count its rich rubies—how they shine !
If hung at some young maiden's breast,
The eyes of all would on it rest ;

Take it—nor heed the price, I pray—
Save the sweet price I'd have *you* pay !"
" 'Tis charming—ah ! I hear you now :
This is not wasting time, I vow !"

76.—HOME-SICKNESS.

La nostalgie, ou la maladie du pays.

" Young rustic, come to Paris, come with us," I heard you say,
" For this thy noble spirit yearns—its impulses obey !
Our wealth, the care we'll take of thee, thy studies, and the stage,
These soon will blot thy country lot from out thy memory's
page."

I came, as you had bid me come ; but look upon my face—
Scathed by so many fires, no sign of Spring thereon you trace :
Ah ! give me back my village home, and the hills my native
place !

Along my veins the fever holds its dull and chilling course ;
But heedful still of your advice, I follow you, perforce,
To gay saloons where women reign as they were sovereign queens,
Though of home-sickness I, alas ! must die amid such scenes.
Vainly by study may my words be polished up with care ;
Vainly I see your shows of Art, bewildered by the glare :
Ah ! give me back my village home, and the pleasant Sundays
there !

'Tis true that at our country wakes good cause have you to sneer,
Our thread-bare tales, our songs that jar so coarsely on the ear ;
For, working wonders, just as though 'twere done by fairy sprite,
Your Opera would at once confound our sorcerers in their might.
The very skies, when they bow down in homage to the Lord,

Might from your concerts borrow sounds of musical accord :
Ah ! to my village-wakes and songs fain would I be restored !

Our lowly, straw-thatched roof, our church that crumbles to
decay—

Some touches of disdain for these I cannot keep away,
Whilst here I mark your stately piles, that crowd upon my sight,
And more than all, your pompous Louvre, with gardens trim
bedight.

O magic palace ! a mirage one might declare the glow
Of colors that the setting sun at times will o'er thee throw :
Ah ! to my village, with its cots and steeples, let me go !

Convert the savage worshipper of idols, wood or stone—
About to die, he turns him back to gods that were his own :
Yonder my dog beside the hearth is listening for my tread ;
My mother oft with tears recalls the parting words we said.
A hundred times, the avalanche, the storm above my head,
I've fancied that I saw, and bears and wolves, the shepherd's
dread :

Ah ! give me back my village home, and my crook, and oaten
bread !

But how is this ? O Heavens, what sound for me oppressed with
fear !

"Go, with to-morrow's dawn, away !" Your pleasant words I
hear—

"Thy native air is all that thou dost need, thy tears to dry ;
Go, bloom again beneath the sun that warmed thy youthful sky !"
Then, Paris, fare thee well, I go ; thy smooth and brilliant chain,
That fetters many a stranger's steps, no longer can retain :
Ah ! village home—ah ! native hills—I see ye once again !

77.—THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE.

1819.

The spoliation alluded to in the third stanza was the restoration, to their former owners, of the choicest pictures and statues in the Louvre—a measure insisted on by the Allies, at the downfall of Napoleon.

Les enfans de la France.

Queen of the world ! O France, my country, now
At length lift up thy cicatrised brow :
Though soiled and rent thy children's standard lies,
Their glory rests untarnished in thine eyes.
When o'er their valor Fortune cast a spell ;
When from thy hands thy golden sceptre fell ;
Thy very foes the cry were prompt to swell—
“ Honor to the Children of France !”

Thy grandeurs, France, thou couldst, at need, resign ;
And make thy name o'er ills triumphant shine :
Fall though thou may'st, 'tis like Heaven's bolt, in air
That lifts itself again, still muttering there.
The Rhine, through banks now ravished from thy sway,
Winds with regret his tributary way ;
And from his bed of reeds we hear him say,
“ Honor to the Children of France !”

Barbarian coursers did their footmarks trace
Profanely on thy fields—those marks to efface,
Hath Heaven on thee e'er looked more kindly down ?
See, how our fields the plenteous harvests crown !
Prompt to avenge of well-known theft the shame,
Lo ! the Fine Arts uphold their altars' fame ;
And, graven there in deathless strokes, proclaim
“ Honor to the Children of France !”

To History's accents let thine ear be lent;
 To thee what ancient people hath not bent?
 What modern people, envying thy renown,
 Hath not before it many a time bowed down?
 In vain hath England to the balance brought
 Her gold, that kings—for conquest—humbly sought:
 Dost thou not hear the words by ages taught,
 “Honor to the Children of France?”

God, who condemns, or slaves or tyrants' ways,
 Would have thee free, and free for all thy days.
 Let not thy pleasures longer be a chain;
 The Loves from Liberty a smile should gain!
 Throw by her *lance*—'tis thine her *torch* to take,
 And teach the world: a hundred tribes shall break
 Their fetters, whilst this chorus they shall wake—
 “Honor to the Children of France!”

Queen of the world! O France, arise, arise!
 The proudest laurels yet shall be thy prize.
 Yes, it must be; a fruitful palm-tree blooms,
 From age to age to shield thy children's toms:
 Ah! may the passer-by, (such hope is sweet)
 Struck with the love I bore my country, greet,
 Some day, *my* tomb, and *there* these words repeat—
 “Honor to the Children of France!”



78.—THE DAY-DREAM.

La Rêverie.

Far from an Iris—fickle maid,
 A lord had robbed me of the jade—

One soft spring-day, beneath the trees,
My heart was dreaming at its ease.
Bereft of one so lax in duty,
It dreamed it saw another beauty,
Who flew my sorrow to allay—
Come, charmer, come—this way, this way !

The fair one wore a tender air—
Tender, though pride withal was there :
And through the copse where I was lying
Methought I heard her gently sighing.
A princess was she—in her tone
She breathed but tenderness alone,
Far from the pomp that courts display.—
Come, charmer, come—this way, this way !

I listen—she bewails her fate,
Bowed down by grandeur's weary weight ;
Aside all hesitation throwing,
I tell her how my passion's glowing.
Tears fill my eyes, amazed, delighted,
To find so many charms untied
With such attire, so rich, so gay.
Come, charmer, come—this way, this way !

To marvels that seem so divine
My flattered senses I resign,
When all at once, with ravished ear,
Accents most musical I hear.
" Ah ! if 'tis thou my fair princess,
With roses of thy tenderness,
Plant thou my pathway day by day !"
Come, charmer, come—this way, this way !

But no—my gaze a lassie met,
Of neighboring village the coquette,

Who seemed, in fustian bodice decked,
My suit unlikely to reject.
So fair the lassie is to see,
So short her petticoat—ah, me !
Grandeur, to you I've nought to say.
Come, charmer, come—this way, this way.



79.—VERSES ON THE DAY OF WATERLOO.

Couplets sur la journée de Waterloo.

Old soldiers tell me, " We may thank thy Muse,
That now the people *popular* songs can sing :
Laugh thou at laurels faction may refuse ;
To *our* exploits again thy numbers string.
Sing of that day, which traitors dared invoke—
That latest day of ruin, though of fame."
I said, my moist eyes drooping as I spoke,
" Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name."

In Athens, who of Cheronea's day
Would sing, the whilst his tuneful lyre he swept ?
Doubting her gods, crest-fallen Athens lay,
And, cursing Philip, o'er her fortunes wept.
On such a day our glorious empire fell ;
Then, charged with chains for us, the Alien came ;
Degenerate Frenchmen deigned to greet him well :
Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name.

" Giant of battles, he at length must fall !
Hasten, brave people," cry the despot train ;
" Freedom herself shall spread his funeral pall,
And, saved by you, by you alone we'll reign."

The giant sinks—the dwarfs, forgetful, swear
 In slavish yoke the universe to tame ;
 Alas for glory, doubly cheated there !
 Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name.

But hold ! the scions of another age
 Even now the causes of my grief demand ;
 Why should this wreck, in truth, *their* thoughts engage ?
Their buoyant cradles floated safe to land.
 May *they* be happy ! their ascending star
 Of that disastrous day blots out the shame :
 Still, were that day but some vain dream afar,
 Ne'er should my verse be saddened by its name.



80.—THE ORANG-OUTANGS.

Les Orangs-outangs.

The Orang-outangs of Europe once,
 If Esop we believe,
 Such spokesmen were, that we from them
 Our advocates receive.
 Thus one of *them* once spoke in Court :
 “ Search, Sirs, through history’s pages ;
 Man to Orang-outangs, has been,
 A monkey, in all ages.

“ First, living on what we let fall,
 We taught him how to pick
 Good fruit : then, copying us, he walked
 Erect, and with a stick.
 On Heaven, when he’s alarmed, he palms
 Our very coin, grimace :

Man with Orang-outangs has held
For aye the monkey's place.

"In love he apes us—but *our* shes
To us are faithful duly ;
Our bare-faced cynicism's all
He's imitated truly.
'Mongst us Diogenes acquired
His free-and-easy tone :
Orang-outangs, Sirs, have for aye
Man as their monkey known.

"What troops of us mankind have seen,
In wings and centre banded,
With guard, van-guard, and skirmishers,
By veteran chiefs commanded !
We'd Alexanders by the score,
Long ere the Trojan War :
Good sirs, Orang-Outangs in Man
Their monkey always saw.

"Since 'tis the first of arts—with stick,
Or sword, or lance—to slay ;
And since we teach it—tell me why
Man is our king, I pray.
Ye gods, *your* image copying *us* !
O sacrilegious thought !
Yes, gods, Orang-outangs have aye
Mankind, like monkeys, taught."

"What, what !" says Jove, "apes, beavers, bees,
All dinning in my ear—
'Your Man, he's but an ill-licked cub ;
Where gat you aught so queer ?'

Beasts, I must make you dumb—since me
 Man wheedles, if a flunkey ;
 And long time yet, Orang-outangs
 Must see in him their monkey."



81.—THE HONEST VETERAN.

Le bon vieillard.

Sons of joy, whom Bacchus here assembles,
 This my visit to your songs is due :
 Though my voice is cracked with age, and trembles,
 Bid me welcome—I'm a singer too.
 Tidings I can tell you of old times ;
 With the good Panard I've "heard the chimes !"
 Friends of wine, of beauty, and of fame,
 Let a veteran's lays your favor claim !

What ! for *me* a prompt and hearty greeting !
Me you're pledging in your generous bowls !
 Hardier grows my age, this kindness meeting ;
 Aye I've feared to sadden joyous souls.
 Oh, may Pleasure o'er you spread her wings ;
 'Tis not now that Time his reckoning brings !
 Friends of wine, of beauty, and of fame,
 Let a veteran's lays your favor claim !

I, like you, have on caresses doted ;
 Ask your grandmammas what part I bore :
 Mansions had I, fair ones, friends devoted—
 Fair ones, friends, and mansions are no more.
 Nought but recollections could I keep ;
 Now at times I turn aside to weep.
 Friends of wine, of beauty, and of fame,
 Let a veteran's lays your favor claim !

Stranded oft, our discords never scared me
From the France whose sunbeams softly fall :
With the little wine the storm hath spared me
Wounded pride hath mingled not its gall :
Nay, I've chanted at the vintage, where
Once the produce I was wont to share.
Friends of wine, of beauty, and of fame,
Let a veteran's lays your favor claim !

Comrade once of warriors known in story,
Not as Nestor would I speak—I'd pay
All my share in all those days of glory,
To have fought with you one single day :
Your immortal palms—I own it true—
Bid me hail a standard that is new !
Friends of wine, of beauty, and of fame,
Let a veteran's lays your favor claim !

What a future is your prowess building !
Drink to her whom latest, last, I've sung :
Sunshine, children, shall my tomb be gilding ;
Blest by Freedom, earth again be young.
Kindly swallows of a genial Spring,
I have lingered but with you to sing :
Friends of wine, of beauty, and of fame,
Let a veteran's lays your favor claim !



82.—THE FIFTY CROWNS.

Les cinquante écus.

Thank God, I am an heir !
The charming trade

Of a holder of funds
For me was made ;
To labor surely could not be my bent :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent.

Friends, the estate is mine ;
If splendor please,
I can live royally
And at mine ease ;
Honors escheated for my use are meant :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent.

To enjoy the rich man's rights
Without delay,
A carriage will I have,
Well built and gay ;
To fly my creditors my true intent :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent.

Adieu to the poor wines
Grown round Surène !
The best Bordeaux, Mursaulx,
And famed Champagne
To my expectant lips at last are sent :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent.

Deck yourself, Lizzy, love !
Let wealth aspire

To put on every day
Some new attire ;
No more on tinsel must for you be spent :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent.

Old relatives, and friends
Trusty and free,
Sister, so young and gay,
My guests are ye !
Food, lodging, dresses, shall be gladly lent :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent !

Friends, leisure, wine, and love !
I would bespeak
Your aid, to crown my hopes,
For one short week ;
The stock shall follow where the interest went :
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns,
I've fifty crowns of rent.



83.—THE WINE OF CYPRUS.

Le vin de Chypre.

Wine of Cyprus ! how my fancy thou dost steep in youthful dew,
Bringing back the little rosy god with bandaged eyes anew :
Jove, and Mars, and Venus, Juno, and Minerva I behold,
Whom my creed refused to recognize as deities of old.

Ah! if writers in our midst have been all Pagan in their books,
So that I the worship have abused, that now so pleasant looks,
'T was because they were not drunken with this wine that maketh
wise—

'T was the goodly wine of Cyprus that to gods of eld gave rise.

Yes, to Grecian worship, as it once was in our classes taught,
I'm returning—such a mighty change has Bacchus in me wrought ;
O ye Muses, O ye Graces, dance around me as I sing ;
Smile, O Phoebus ; and caress me, O ye Zephyrs on the wing !
Come, ye Fauns and Sylvan deities, Bacchantes, Dryads, come ;
Form a chorus all about me ; let me hear its joyous hum :
But on Naiads in my cellar, nay, I would not set my eyes—
'T was the goodly wine of Cyprus that to gods of eld gave rise.

Thank the bottle water-proofed with tar to keep its flavor prime,
I can fancy that I'm sailing to the altars of old Time—
Altars where to Beauty's self, bedecked with myrtle for a crown,
Under skies of purest azure, ravished mortals bowed them down.
We the children of a northern clime where angry tempests roar,
Let us picture to ourselves the charm of that delicious shore :
Men may well have taken pleasure in the peopling of such skies—
'T was the goodly wine of Cyprus that to gods of eld gave rise.

Nose in air, good father Hesiod once was making it his aim
His divinities to christen, each with mighty-sounding name ;
But he found invention flagging, and he thought he'd turn an ode,
When from Cyprus came a swelling skin of wine to his abode.
Tipsy gets my Greek upon it, and on Pegasus would climb,
Flushed with nectar, that is famous for awakening the sublime :
Full the skin was, I have told you ; an Olympus it supplies—
'T was the goodly wine of Cyprus that to gods of eld gave rise.

We—to fabulous divinities, the relics of old days—
Devils—little tempting I must own—in opposition raise :

Troops of witches, ghouls, and wizards, flights of vampires and
the rest,

Pastimes, loveable and lovely, that the Middle Ages blest.

Out on spirits of the damned! and out on ghosts and burial
ground!

Out on all that's horrible—there is contagion in the sound!

Bats, avaunt! give up to gentle doves your places, I advise,—

'T was the goodly wine of Cyprus that to gods of eld gave rise.

Homer, Æschylus, Menander, and Anacreon, herein

Deeply drank, and from it found their immortality begin:

Ah! then, pour it out for me, that so my own ephemeral lyre

With the melody it makes, perchance, the future may inspire.

Never, never! But, conducting down the troop that waits on
Love,

Hebe quits for me, a moment, her own proper sphere above:

Smiling on me, she, the bearer of the cup, her office plies—

'T was the goodly wine of Cyprus that to gods of eld gave rise.

84.—THE OLD FLAG.

1820.

Le vieux drapeau.

My old companions in our days

Of glory greet me here;

Drunk with remembrances, the wine

Hath made my memory clear:

Proud of my own exploits and theirs,

My flag my straw-thatched cottage shares.

Ah! when shall I shake off the dust

In which its noble colors rust?

Beneath the straw, where poor and maimed

I sleep, 'tis hid from view:

That flag, for twenty years, from fight
To fight, triumphant flew ;
And decked with laurels and with flowers,
Blazed forth before all Europe's powers.
Ah ! when shall I shake off the dust
In which its noble colors rust ?

All, all our blood, that it hath cost,
This flag repaid to France ;
Our sons, on Liberty's broad breast,
Have sported with its lance :
Let it once more make tyrants own,
That Glory is plebeian grown !
Ah ! when shall I shake off the dust
In which its noble colors rust ?

It's eagle is laid low, worn out
By many a distant deed :
Up with the Gallic cock !—that, too,
The thunderbolt could speed !
France shall forget her late distress,
And, proud and free, that emblem bless.
Ah ! when shall I shake off the dust
In which its noble colors rust ?

Weary of Victory's wandering course,
The laws it then shall aid :
Of soldiers once, beside the Loire,
Good citizens it made.
Our troubles this can hide alone—
Along our borders be it shown !
Ah ! when shall I shake off the dust
In which its noble colors rust ?

But it is here, beside my arms ;
One glance I'll dare bestow ;

Come forth, my flag ! my hope ! and bid
My tears no longer flow—
When tears bedew the warrior's eye,
In pity Heaven will hear his cry ;
Yes ! yes ! I *will* shake off the dust
In which thy noble colors rust !

85.—THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Colibri.

The Powers below, good friends, I've bent
To own my sway :
Hither a little Imp they've sent,
In token that they're quite content,
And will obey.
He's a humming-bird ; by night,
On my pillow see him light—
Kiss me, gentle, darling sprite !
Kiss me, my humming-bird !

Waking and humming, as the day
Dawns, breaks, and beams,
His tiny body glancing gay
With emerald, azure, golden ray,
All brightly gleams.
Flowers will nod to parent stem—
Fluttering, poised, like one of them,
Smiles Aurora on my gem :
Kiss me, my humming-bird !

Is my aid sought for ? at my call
Forthwith he flies :
He waves his wings, and from them fall
Wealth, honors, love, days gladsome—all,
All he supplies.

If my thirsty spirit sigh,
He can fill my goblet high,
When my mouth has drained it dry :
Kiss me, my humming-bird !

Mark, how he can my bidding do
On sea or shore ;
And from Golconda or Peru
Bring to our ports, to greet my view,
Their glittering ore.
But away with golden heaps,
Whilst a nation silent weeps,
And to death, unheeded, creeps !
Kiss me, my humming-bird !

A coronet I see him bind
Upon my brow :
A palace with tall columns lined
He gives me ; guards, and love—such kind
As Courts allow.
But, away ! their tales I know,
Earth, in spite of Glory's show,
Utters many a cry of woe—
Kiss me, my humming-bird !

For gifts, let's ask the lowly shed—
The well-closed door—
Songs—wine—sweet roses round us spread—
Peace, such as theirs who cloisters tread—
These—nothing more !
Thus my Eden I arrange ;
These—but see my bird—how strange—
To a piquant houri change !
Kiss me, my humming-bird !

86.—THE JESUITS.

DECEMBER, 1819.

At the date of this caustic satire, the Jesuits were overrunning the country, and were making strong efforts to obtain the direction of the Public Schools. Capuchins also, says Béranger, had made their appearance in the Provinces, and a few had ventured to show themselves in Paris. This explains his dubbing them Cossacks, in his fifth stanza.—Clement XIV. and Pius VII. are the two Popes referred to in the second. Clement, who abolished the Order of Jesus, died within a year, not without strong suspicions that he had been poisoned.—The Court christening of the third stanza is that of a child of the Duke D***, on which occasion the Duchess of Angoulême played the part of god-mother.

Les Révérends Pères.

“Men of the sombre hue, whence come ye here?”

“Issuing forth from below, we appear ;
In us the wolf and the fox we combine ;
None can the rules of our Order divine.
Sons of Loyola are we ; ye may know
What into exile compelled us to go :
But be ye silent—behold, we return,
Lessons to teach, that your children must learn ;
For your boys, your sweet little boys to train,
We flog them, and flog them, again and again.

“We by a Pope were abolished one day ;
Quickly he died—of the colic, men say :
We are restored by a Pope—when he dies,
Proudly as relics his bones will we prize.
Thanks to confession, o’er all we can tread :
Talk not of Henry the Fourth—he is dead !
Ho, for good Catholic Monarchs alone ;
None but Fernando the Seventh we’ll own !
For your boys, your sweet little boys to train,
We flog them, and flog them, again and again.

" Now the great man at the head of affairs
Shows that his favor our Brotherhood shares :
Yes, at a christening at Court we've been found—
As we were bon-bons, distributed round.
Thus condescending, the favorite tries
If he can piously use us as spies :
Till a few laws are repealed we'll abet him ;
Then—for the sake of his soul—overset him.
For your boys, your sweet little boys, to train,
We flog them, and flog them, again and again.

" If a great change be not speedily made,
If to the rabble attention be paid,
Soon like a torch will the charter be burning,
Soon into straw will the Sovereign be turning.
But from on high inspiration we draw :
What we must have is a Charter of straw ;
Litter for beggarly priests it will make—
Ours are the harvests—the tithes they may take !
For your boys, your sweet little boys, to train,
We flog them, and flog them, again and again.

" Safely entrenched in a palace we stand—
'Tis of some note—where our movements are planned :
Monks, with their gowns trimmed and fitted anew,
Serve us in place of a menial crew.
All, who in Missions are occupied, still
Travel for us, and our orders fulfil :
Capuchins have we, for Cossacks ; and they
How to take Paris rehearse every day.
For your boys, your sweet little boys, to train,
We flog them, and flog them, again and again.

" Lastly—to recognize us and our sway—
Mark ye the souls we've seduced in our way !

Escobard soon shall see, under our blows,
 How all your schools will be brought to a close.
 Give to the Pope what his right he declares ;
 Bear ye our crosses, and make us your heirs ;
 Jesuits are we—yes, tremble with fear,
 Tremble, all Frenchmen, our blessing ye hear !
 For your boys, your sweet little boys, to train,
 We flog them, and flog them, again and again."



87.—THE YOUNG MUSE.

A REPLY TO CERTAIN VERSES ADDRESSED TO ME BY MADEMOISELLE ***,
 AGED 12 YEARS.

La jeune Muse.

What ! you, for verse, refuse
 The joys your age should feel !
 Flattered by you, my Muse
 Before the Loves would kneel.
 The Loves are children too,
 Of winning voice, I trow ;
 But, alas ! only twelve years old are you ;
 And I—I'm *forty* now !

Of laurels wherefore speak ?
 Watered with tears they live :
 Fame doth not songsters seek,
 When laurels she would give.
 Spring's favorite flower's our due—
 This tempts us, I'll allow :
 But, alas ! only twelve years old are you ;
 And I—I'm *forty* now !

Young bird ! unfold thy wing,
 The grove to render gay ;
 And songs still sweeter sing,
 To charm some future day.
 To prompt those strains anew,
 How gladly would I vow :
 But, alas ! only twelve years old are you ;
 And I—I'm *forty* now !

Yes, you'll no more delight
 In crowns of flowers for *me* ;
 In far more flattering plight
 You then shall Genius see.
 Then may you kindly view
 Such incense as I pour ;
 For *fifty* years old shall I be, when you
 Have scarcely lived a score !



88.—THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

Les feux follets.

O summer night, O hamlet still,
 Clear sky, soft perfumes, gurgling rill !
 Ye lent a charm to my tender age ;
 Now that's all changed, my grief assuage.
 Sick of the world, relief I find ;
 All here my childhood brings to mind—
 All—ay, the Will-o'-the-wisps to night,
 That once with glimmering, dancing light
 Had turned my steps in hasty flight.
 Ah, happy ignorance—mine no more—
 Will-o'-the-wisps, dance, as of yore !

Tales of their mocking spite were told
In the long, long, winter-nights of old :
How that these meteors guarded fast
Wonders afield, and treasures vast.
Ghosts and hobgoblins—demon fry—
Sorcerers and hags of evil eye—
These were the creed, in days gone by,
They taught me ; whilst in fancy's view
Huge dragons round the turrets flew.
But age has spoiled Illusion's reign—
Will-o'-the-wisps, dance, dance again !

One evening—I was scarcely ten—
Wandering—oh ! how I trembled then—
I saw yon glimmer through the damp,
And hailed it as old Granny's lamp.
I knew a bit of cake was there ;
And ran, and ran with joyous air,
Till shepherd's voice cried out " Beware !
That light, rash boy—no more advance—
Lights up a ball where corpses dance !"
Ay, 'tis of life an emblem true—
Will-o'-the-wisps, dance, dance anew !

Again by me, when just sixteen,
O'er the old Vicar's tomb was seen
That light : my words found sudden way,
" Your Reverence, for your soul I'll pray !"
When quick, methought, I heard him say,
" O hapless child, hath Beauty's school
Made thee, so young, a dreaming fool ?"
That evening, taken by surprise,
I *did* believe in angry skies.
Oh, speak ; I'll listen as before—
Will-o'-the-wisps, dance, as of yore !

In love with Rose the guileless-hearted,
A little gold had bliss imparted :
Lo ! one of these same meteors lured me,
As though a treasure it insured me.
I followed, bold—but, ah ! I found
A pond was hollowed in the ground ;
And tumbling in, crept out half-drowned.
“ Laughed not the goblins at thy fall ? ”
Methinks, I hear the witless call—
No—but Rose took a luckier swain—
Will-o'-the-wisps, dance, dance again !

My soul from thousand errors freed,
I'm old before my time, indeed :
Vapors, that but some moments shine,
See you 'tis bleathed, this head of mine ?
Sages perchance have oped my eyes ;
But more I loved the morning's rise,
When less familiar with the skies.
The torch of knowledge will destroy
Those darling sylphs, our childhood's joy ;
Ah ! that I still were scared by you—
Will-o'-the-wisps, dance, dance anew !

89.—ROSETTE.

Rosette.

What ! your own spring you never heed,
But talk of tenderness indeed,
To me, whose youth bowed down appears
Beneath the weight of forty years !
Once I but needed, for my part,
Some poor grisette to fire my heart :

Ah ! wherefore can I not for you,
As for Rosette, feel love anew ?

Superbly clad, in carriage gay,
You are paraded day by day :
Rosette, in dresses fresh and neat,
Would laughing trip along the street ;
Whilst, just to frighten me, her glances
To ogling seemed to make advances.
Ah ! wherefore can I not for you,
As for Rosette, feel love anew ?

In this boudoir, with satin decked,
Mirrors by scores your smiles reflect :
Rosette possessed one glass alone ;
I thought it was the Graces' own.
No curtains closed around her head ;
The sunrise cheered her little bed :
Ah ! wherefore can I not for you,
As for Rosette, feel love anew ?

Your sparkling wit might well inspire
With its bright flashes many a lyre :
I blush not to confess it true,
Rosette her letters scarcely knew ;
And when at loss her words to choose,
Love, as interpreter, would use.
Ah ! wherefore can I not for you,
As for Rosette, feel love anew ?

With yours compared, her charms were few ;
Her very heart less tender too :
Nor looked she with so soft an eye
On happy lover listening by.

But still *she* charmed me ; for, in sooth,
Hers was my much-regretted youth !
 Ah ! wherefore can I not for you,
 As for Rosette, feel love anew ?



90.—THE SHOOTING STARS.

There is an old and fanciful superstitious notion, prevalent especially in rural districts, that a star falls whenever breath leaves the human body. The idea is thus worked out by our poet.

Les étoiles qui filent.

“ Shepherd, thou say’st the star that rules
 Our fate in Heaven is bright.”

“ Yes, but ’tis there, my son, concealed
 Within the veil of night.”

“ The secrets of that azure calm
 ’Tis said thou canst explore—
 Shepherd, what is yon star that shoots,
 Shoots, and is seen no more ?”

“ My son, a mortal has expired ;
 His star that moment fell :
 He quaffed the circling cup, and sang,
 The tide of mirth to swell.
 Now sleeps he sound, beside the bowl
 He chanted heretofore.”

“ Shepherd, again a star that shoots,
 Shoots, and is seen no more ?”

“ A charming creature’s star was that,
 So pure, so bright, my son ;
 A maiden’s, joyous, fond, and true,
 By fondest lover won.

- The altar ready stood—her brow
The bridal garland bore."
- "Again, again, a star that shoots,
Shoots, and is seen no more?"
- "That rapid star, my son, bespeaks
A babe of lordly line:
On his rich cradle, empty now,
The gold and purple shine.
Their poisonous draughts, as 'twere his food,
Would rival flatterers pour."
- "Shepherd, another star that shoots,
Shoots, and is seen no more?"
- "A favorite's star fell then, my son,
With such portentous glare:
He deemed it statesmanlike to jest
At all our load of care.
But now their god of clay they spurn,
Who once his portrait wore."
- "Again, another star that shoots,
Shoots, and is seen no more?"
- "A rich man's patronage we lose,
And needs, my son, must weep;
The hungry, who with others gleaned,
With *him* were free to reap.
This very night, assured of aid,
The houseless sought his door."
- 'Look, look, another star that shoots,
Shoots, and is seen no more?"
- "That? 'tis a mighty king's—but go,
Thy purity alone
Hold fast, my son; nor be *thy* star
By size or splendor known!

If without profit thou shouldst shine—
 Of thee, when all is o'er,
 They'll say, 'tis but a star that shoots,
 Shoots, and is seen no more.' "



91.—SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Le printemps et l'automne.

Two seasons mark out life for those
 Who know life's pleasant uses :
 For them will Spring its roses bring—
 Autumn its goodly juices.
 Hearts waken up, as days grow long ;
 They're short—new wine we try :
 Adieu, the bottle, in the Spring—
 In Autumn, Love, good-bye !

'T were better these two charming tastes
 To intermix, I'm thinking—
 But my health's such, I fear too much
 Of loving or of drinking.
 And Prudence warns me to my days
 This system to apply—
 Adieu, the bottle, in the Spring—
 In Autumn, Love, good-bye !

'T was merry May when first I saw,
 And bowed before Rosette :
 From her caprice I got no peace ;
 Six months with that coquette !
 To pay her out, at length I hailed
 October drawing nigh—

Adieu, the bottle, in the Spring—

In Autumn, Love, good-bye !

I take, throw off, re-take Adèle,

Quite free and unconcerned :

"I must away," quoth she, one day—

'T was long ere she returned.

'Mid trellised vines she heard me sing—

"Time runs his round," sang I—

"Adieu, the bottle, in the Spring—

In Autumn, Love, good-bye !"

But ah ! there's one enchantress still,

Who varies all at pleasure :

With love the gipsy makes me tipsy—

With wine she holds the measure.

She changed at will my days' routine—

To sad confusion brought 'em ;

She makes me cling to wine, in Spring—

And stick to Love, in Autumn.



92.—BAD WINE AND GOOD REASONS.

Le mauvais vin, ou les car.

O wretched Wine ! thou'rt welcome here ;

Thou canst not give me cause for fear :

Though flatterers of our host may say

They find in thee a real bouquet,

Water, poor stuff—thy proper fate—

The painted flowers upon my plate !

For trashy wine, hurrah, hurrah !

'Tis for our health the best by far.

Because—if thou shouldst bid me drink,
I might no more of doctor think,
Who's ever telling me, "Take care ;
Enough of pleasure, and to spare !
Hymn Bacchus, as the priest who preaches
Of Heaven—though Heaven he never reaches."
For trashy wine, hurrah, hurrah,
'Tis for our fair ones best by far.

Because—if thou shouldst make me seedy,
A Spanish dame who's somewhat needy,
Might well to-night, were I in train,
My senses and my pocket drain :
And then Lisette, who keeps my purse,
Would find her lot so much the worse.
For trashy wine, hurrah, hurrah !
'Tis for our reason best by far.

Because—if thou shouldst fire my brain,
With verses armed that cost no pain,
And lusty song, perchance I might
Down on a Congress rashly light ;
And thus, as demagogue, in jail
To end my orgy scarce could fail.
For trashy wine, hurrah, hurrah !
'Tis for our mirth the best by far.

Because—in jail there's little laughing—
But thou, the wine I shrunk from quaffing,
Art gone ! and here before me placed
Foams nectar that the gods might taste :
I'll take all risks ; pour, pour me some ;
I'm a philosopher become :
Pour, pour—I nothing fear ; hurrah !
Good wine for me is best by far.

93.—THE DEATH OF KING CHRISTOPHE;

OR, NOTE PRESENTED BY THE NOBLES OF HAYTI TO THE THREE GREAT ALLIED
POWERS, DECEMBER, 1820.

At the date of this song Congresses were in fashion; and many had already been held by the Sovereigns and their ministers, for the settlement of European affairs.—Naples and Spain especially were in a revolutionary state; hence the hints in the fourth stanza.—The allusions to the Trinity and the Holy Ghost may, at first sight, seem to savor of blasphemy; but Béranger remarks, in a note, that in the manifestoes of the Holy Alliance, over which the Emperor Alexander presided, the Holy Ghost and the Trinity were habitually invoked.

La mort du Roi Christophe.

Christophe is dead; and all the noble train
Turn from our realm to you:
O Francis, Alexander, William, deign
For us your pity, too!
'Tis not a question of some neighboring state—
'Tis evil marching with a stride so great:
Quick, quick, a congress, ho! one, two, three, four!
Five congresses, ay, congresses a score!
For this good Christophe, Princes, vengeance take;
A king right worthy your regrets to wake!

He falls: 'tis after he his wrath has shown
Against those silly wights,
Who turn the storm aside, and prop the throne—
By limiting its rights.
Many a philosopher did he refute:
He had some cannon, and they were not mute.
Quick, quick, a congress, ho! one, two, three, four!
Five congresses, ay, congresses a score!
For this good Christophe, Princes, vengeance take;
A king right worthy your regrets to wake!

Nought could those double Trinities avail,
The Holy, and the Royal !
Our nation now hath bidden Freedom hail,
In manner most disloyal.
What subjects for that Holy Spirit these—
For him who dictates each of your decrees ;
Quick, quick, a congress, ho ! one, two, three, four !
Five congresses, ay, congresses a score !
For this good Christophe, Princes, vengeance take
A king right worthy your regrets to wake !

With Spain deal gently—there your master found
His course 'twas hard to run :
Naples with milk and honey may abound ;
Still, the volcanoes shun !
We'll give you stuff to cut and come again ;
Here let fresh breezes waft you o'er the main.
Quick, quick, a congress, ho ! one, two, three, four !
Five congresses, ay, congresses a score !
For this good Christophe, Princes, vengeance take ;
A king right worthy your regrets to wake !

Don Quixotes of the arbitrary creed,
Zounds, courage ! on, anew !
This monarch once your brother was—indeed,
All kings are of one hue !
Some great catastrophe to bring about,
Would be to work your secret projects out.
Quick, quick, a congress, ho ! one, two, three, four !
Five congresses, ay, congresses a score !
For this good Christophe, Princes, vengeance take ;
A king right worthy your regrets to wake !

94.— FAREWELL TO GLORY.

DECEMBER, 1820.

The relapse, under the restored Bourbons, from the high excitement and military enthusiasm of the Empire, is vividly pictured in the original of the following satire. Intelligent readers will note the hit at those of the Marshals who consented to serve Louis XVIII., and will remember that, at this date, Napoleon (the poet's Gulliver) was yet living at St. Helena.

Les adieux à la gloire.

Sing we to Beauty and to Wine,
For all the rest is naught :
Mark, mark, how soon mankind forget
The hymns that Freedom taught !
A nation of the brave
Bows down, once more a slave :
Epicureans, bid me join your throng !
France, to whom quiet brings not ease,
Wills not that I, in times like these,
With trumpet blast should dare exalt my song.
Adieu, poor Glory, then, adieu !
Let's disinherit History, too—
Come, Cupids, come, and fill our cups anew !

What ! sons of Mars could shameless beg
With livery to be suited ;
Whilst for their standards, all in tears,
My Muse, herself, recruited ?
Ah ! if I chance to spy
Young Beauty tripping by,
Beneath her kisses shall my voice be dumb :
Or let me flatter with such grace,
That they for me rake up some place ;

Yes, black or white, Court-jester I'll become !
 Adieu, poor Glory, then, adieu !
 Let's disinherit History, too—
 Come, Cupids, come, and fill our cups anew !

Our Judges, all of them, abet
 The outrage of our foes :
 And Justice with a tyrant's hand
 On Themis deals her blows.
 Of satire I'm afraid—
 Not daring to upbraid,
 Garlands of flowers my cup and lyre must bear :
 I've braved tribunals to my cost ;
 In their infernal mazes tost,
 Cerberus I hear, but see not Minos there.
 Adieu, poor Glory, then, adieu !
 Let's disinherit History, too—
 Come, Cupids, come, and fill our cups anew !

The tyrants whom we keep in pay,
 What feeble dwarfs they seem !
 Gulliver sneezes—and the sound
 A thunder-clap they deem.
 But what a picture's here !
 Tempests no more we fear ;
 'Tis but our Pleasures that can shipwrecked be :
 O ye oppressed, more softly sigh !
 What matters, while we're feasting high,
 If the world suffer, or from suffering's free ?
 Adieu, poor Glory, then, adieu !
 Let's disinherit History, too—
 Come, Cupids, come, and fill our cups anew !

Uneasily does Freedom dream,
 Whene'er she's lulled to sleep—

Let us insensible become,
 Our joyous tone to keep.
 When all their courage lose,
 Poor feeble dove, my Muse
 Back to her roses, drooping, wings her way :
 With eagle proud no more would vie,
 Her own soft trade content to ply—
 Hark ! Bacchus calls—his summons I obey.
 Adieu, poor Glory, then, adieu !
 Let's disinherit History, too—
 Come, Cupids, come, and fill our cups anew !

95.—JACQUES.

The miserable condition of vast numbers of the French peasantry is here painfully, but forcibly, depicted.

Jacques.

'Yes, on thy slumber I must break ; a stout old bailiff, Jacques,
 Is prowling through the village now—his bully at his back :

'Tis for our tax that he has come—alack, poor soul, alack !

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;

The King's Collector comes this way !

" Look up, look up, the daylight dawns ; I never knew thee fail
 To wake before the dawn of day ; remember how for sale
 They seized upon old Remi's goods, whilst morning yet was pale,

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;

The King's Collector comes this way !

" Not one sou left ! good Heavens, 'tis he ; I hear him at the gate :
 Hark, how the dogs are barking, too ! To pay him all our rate,
 Ask but a month's delay—oh, if His Majesty could wait !

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;

The King's Collector comes this way !

" Poor, wretched creatures, 'tis this tax that strips us bare indeed ;
Six young ones have we, and thy sire, and our ourselves to feed—
Thy spade, my distaff, all we have, to help us in our need !

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
The King's Collector comes this way !

" Besides, our rent is raised so high, that one small rood of land,
With this poor hovel, tumbling down, is all we can command :
Manured by Want, its little crop is reaped by Usury's hand.

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
The King's Collector comes this way !

" Hard work, small gains, are ours alone ; and as for pork—such
cheer

When shall we hope that we can taste, for every thing seems dear
That's good and nourishing ? Salt, too, our only sugar here !

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
The King's Collector comes this way !

" Wine—ah, it would revive at times thy strength and spirits well ;
But wine to such a fearful price our heavy taxes swell :
Still thou shalt have one draught, dear love—my wedding-ring
I'll sell.

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
The King's Collector comes this way !

" What ! can'st thou, Jacques, be dreaming there, by thy good
angel's aid,

Revelling in riches and repose ? Ah, what are taxes laid
On Wealth ? 'tis but some rats the more his granaries invade.

Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
The King's Collector comes this way !

" He's coming in—how's this ? O Heavens, I would my fears
were vain—

Thou dost not speak—and ah, how pale ! last night thou didst
complain,

Thou who art wont to bear so much, yet murmur not at pain !
 Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
 The King's Collector comes this way !"

She calls him ; but in vain she calls : 'tis o'er, that care-worn
 life—

Death's a soft pillow unto those, whom constant toil and strife
 Have worn away—O pitying souls, pray for his widowed wife !
 Rouse thee, Jacques, rouse up, I say ;
 The King's Collector comes this way !



96.—THE SCIENCES.

Les Sciences.

Weary of lights that dazzling play,
 And oft have lured my steps astray,
 Learning I'd half a mind to choose,
 And pack off Cupid and the Muse.
 But ah ! o'er such a wavering soul
 Science can have but slight control :
 I'll stick to Liz and La Fontaine—
 Stay with me, Love ; O Muse, remain !

Nature was my Armida—fair
 Her gardens, and I deemed them rare,
 Till bolder chemist, taking arms
 Against illusion, spoiled their charms.
 In gases marvellously knowing,
 All in his furnace he'd be throwing ;
 With him my Fairy's wand were vain—
 Stay with me, Love ; O Muse, remain !

I long for gossips' tales of old,
When by some learned Doctor told
That at his voice the dead appear,
The laws of life to render clear.
Size, shape, material, springs—all these
In a mere lamp the Doctor sees ;
I'm happy, so the light be gay—
O Love, O Muse, stay with me, stay !

But what, if Heaven should chance to kick at
These heaps of reckoning they're so quick at !
A slip the compasses may make,
And lead to many a grave mistake.
One age the laws of Physics changes ;
O'er things gone-by, ours backward ranges.
Lest the sun abdicate, I fear—
O Love, O Muse, stay with me here !

Let's drink of Poesy, drink deep—
Love closer to our hearts will creep :
This relic of ambrosial juice
The gods bequeathed for mortals' use
But whence this chill that on me weighs ?
'Tis the cold evening of my days !
Ah ! promise o'er my tomb to play—
O Love, O Muse, stay with me, stay !

97.—THE TWO COUSINS;

OR, LETTER FROM A LITTLE KING TO A LITTLE DUKE.

1821.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that Napoleon's son, christened King of Rome, and the Duc de Bordeaux, son of the Duc de Berri, are the little king and the little duke here spoken of. Young Napoleon was cousin to the Bourbons of France, and cousin-german to the Duc de Bordeaux, through his mother, who was daughter to a princess of Naples. The literal fulfilment of the prophecy herein contained is a remarkable proof of the poet's political sagacity: the Duc de Bordeaux, an exile from France, is, or certainly was for many years, under the protection of the Court of Austria, as the Duc de Reichstadt was in 1821.—The Bees and the Lilies are the well-known respective devices of Napoleon and the Bourbons.—There are several points in this remarkable composition, which will be lost upon the careless reader. Such, for instance, is the allusion, in the fourth stanza, to the *bourlet*, or padded cap, worn by French children, and to the scandalous fate of Pius VII. In the next stanza, the Legion of Honor and the Order of the Holy Ghost are sufficiently hinted at—the former identified with Napoleon, the latter with the Bourbons.

Les deux cousins.

Hail, my little cousin-german, hail !
Exiled hither, still I dare address thee :
Kindly Fortune doth for thee prevail ;
Newly born, her smile did surely bless thee.
Fair my natals also were and proud ;
'Tis a fact no Frenchman will deny ;
Kings before my cradle lowly bowed—
At Vienna ne'ertheless am I !

Rocked was I by those, who now for thee
Fulsome verses, odes, and songs indite ;
Like confectioners, they're sure to be
Partisans of each baptismal rite.

Water, when thy Christian soul they lave,
Shall a common, worldly stream supply ;
Mine was brought for me from Jordan's wave—
At Vienna ne'ertheless am I !

Judges and dishonored peers, who now
Wondrous things about thy prospects say,
Did in my time solemnly avow,
That the Bees should on the Lilies prey
Ay ! amongst the nobles, who aver
All plebeian virtue is a lie,
Did my nurse find some to flatter her—
At Vienna ne'ertheless am I !

I reposed upon a bed of laurels—
Thee the purple doth alone enwrap :
I with sceptres played, instead of corals—
Wore a crown, instead of padded cap.
Treacherous substitute ! a single slip
Threw the Pope himself, all crownless, by :
But our prelates served me with the lip—
At Vienna ne'ertheless am I !

For the Marshals—I can scarcely deem,
They will clear the path thou may'st pursue ;
Honor's sacred star for them, 'twould seem,
Still is dearer than the *Cordon Bleu*.
For his fortunes and for mine, my sire
Did on their devotedness rely :
They their pledges surely kept entire—
At Vienna ne'ertheless am I !

Whilst thou growest up, beside the throne,
Whilst I vegetate, debarred of power,
Those confounded courtiers disown ;
Bid them recollect my natal hour.

Say to them, "I, too, the turn may share ;
 Let my cousin's fate remembered be :
 You to him did once allegiance swear—
 At Vienna ne'ertheless is he !"



98.—MY FUNERAL.

Mon enterrement.

This morning—how, I scarce can say—
 I saw about my room at play
 A swarm of Cupids—hushed I lay.
 "He's dead !" I heard them cry so merry all,
 "'Twere worth our while to give him burial !"
 Ah ! how between my sheets I cursed
 These gods, my very leaders erst :
 If credence to the rogues I give,
 Pity me, friends—I've ceased to live.

My wine they broach—each has a drink—
 They tip my servant girl the wink—
 One takes to drawling through his nose
 The office for my soul's repose—
 As driver of the hearse one goes—
 Whilst one, the gravest, for my mutes
 Orders a band of tiny flutes.
 My carriage waits—it will not stay—
 Pity me, friends—I'm borne away.

With laugh and chat, in double row,
 Playing their tricks, the Cupids go.
 The pall, where tears (of silver) shine,
 Bears cup, and lute, and flowers, in sign

Of joyous orders that were mine :
 Whilst, hat in hand, the passer-by
 Says, " Sad, or merry, all must die !"
 The Cupids haste—each hurries each—
 Pity me, friends—my grave I reach.

The troop arrived, in place of prayer
 They chant my merriest couplets there ;
 And then a laurel crown decree,
 Sculptured in marble—ay, for me !
 Yes, well my relics proud might be !
 All to my glory is converted
 In place so soon to be deserted :
 A god's I half believe my doom—
 Pity me, friends—I'm in my tomb.

But no—good fortune to my aid
 Just then brought Liz, the fickle jade ;
 She snatched me from the threatened shade :
 And quick, but how I scarcely know,
 I felt new life within me glow.
 O ye, in whom your age excites
 Abuse of life and its delights,
 Who ever of this world complain,
 Pity me, friends—I live again.

99.—THE STORM.

Another lamentation over the prostrated condition of France under the
 Bourbon rule.

L'orage.

Ay, dance, dear Children, dance away ;
 Storms to your age no ills can bring :

Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
Ay, dance, and sing !

You, gentle girl, you, tiny boy,
If school and books ye can evade,
To your own songs would dance with joy
Beneath the green elm's shade.
This poor world fears in vain
That fresh ill o'er it lowers ;
Let thunder growl again ;
Go, crown yourselves with flowers !

Ay, dance, dear Children, dance away ;
Storms to your age no ills can bring :
Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
Ay, dance, and sing !

The lightning through the clouds may plough ;
It hath not struck your youthful eyes :
The bird is silent on the bough ;
Still your gay songs arise.
Ye are of heart so light,
That soon, I half suspect,
Your eyes in frenzy bright
Will Heaven's pure blue reflect.

Ay, dance, dear Children, dance away ;
Storms to your age no ills can bring :
Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
Ay, dance, and sing !

Your fathers suffered many pains ;
Be not like them by knaves trepanned !
With one hand did they break their chains,
With one avenge their land.

They fell from Victory's car,
Without disgrace o'erthrown :
Heirs to their fame ye are—
They heaped up fame alone.

Ay, dance, dear Children, dance away ;
Storms to your age no ills can bring :
Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
Ay, dance, and sing !

To ill-toned blasts, that rang around,
Your eyes, alas ! did ye uncloze :
'Twas the Barbarian's trumpet sound,
That told you of our woes.
The din of arms to hear,
The shattered roof to see,
Was yours—we shed the tear—
You smiled in infant glee.

Ay, dance, dear Children, dance away ;
Storms to your age no ills can bring :
Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
Ay, dance, and sing !

You'll triumph o'er the stormy blast,
Wherein our courage drooped and died ;
The bolt, that on our heads was cast,
A beacon-light supplied.
If God, your friend, indeed,
Deemed chastisement *our* due,
Again he sows the seed
Of future joy for *you*.

Ay, dance, dear Children, dance away ;
Storms to your age no ills can bring :

Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
 Ay, dance, and sing !

Children, the storm, redoubled, shows
 That Fate in angry mood draws near :
 Little ye reck of Fate, whose blows
 I, at *my* age, must fear.
 If death must be my doom
 Whilst singing woes of ours,
 Ah ! lay upon my tomb
 Your coronets of flowers !

Ay, dance, dear children, dance away ;
 Storms to your age no ills can bring :
 Hope gaily leads you forth to play ;
 Ay, dance, and sing !



100.—THE INFINITELY LITTLE,

OR THE RULE OF THE GREY-BEARDS.

In translating this little piece, one point is of necessity lost. The last line of each stanza runs thus: "Mais les Barbons regnent toujours;" and the similarity of sound in the words *Barbons* and *Bourbons* cannot be rendered in our tongue. This sarcastic little ode was one of the unforgiven offences against the Court, that conducted Béranger to prison for the second time.

Les infiniment petits, ou la Gêrontocratie.

I've faith in magic—t'other night
 A great magician brought to light
 Our country's destiny—the sight
 Was in a mirror plain.

How threatening was the picture ! there
Paris and all it fauxbourgs were :

'Tis 1930, I declare—

But still the dotards reign.

A set of dwarfs have got our place ;
Our grandsons are so squat a race,
That if beneath their roofs I trace

Such pigmies, 'tis with pain.

France, but the shadow of a shade
Of France that I in youth surveyed,
Is now a petty kingdom made—

But still the dotards reign.

How many a tiny, tiny mite !

What little Jesuits full of spite !

A thousand little priests unite

Small Hosts to bear in train.

Beneath their blessing all decays :

Through them, the oldest Court betrays

The little school in all its ways—

But still the dotards reign.

All's little—workshop, lordlings' hall,
Trade, Science, the Fine Arts, are small:
On tiny fortress vain the call

Small famines to sustain.

Along their badly closed frontier

Poor little armies, when they hear

Their little drums, on march appear—

But still the dotards reign.

At length in this prophetic glass,
Crowning our woes, is seen to pass
A Giant—Earth can scarce, alas !

The heretic contain :

The pigmy people quick he reaches,
 And, braving all their little speeches,
 Pockets the kingdom in his breeches—
 But still the dotards reign.

101.—THE FIFTH OF MAY.

1821.

There are two explanatory notes appended hereto by the author. In the first he observes that, of all the nations of Europe, the Spaniards have the fairest cause of complaint against Napoleon. In placing his soldier, therefore, on board a Spanish vessel, he designed to show to what degree the misfortunes of the "Great Man" had caused the people of every country to look with complacency upon his fame.—In the second note, that applies to the latter part of the fourth stanza, Béranger remarks, that from several species of the laurel a most virulent poison is extracted; and recalls also the fact that when Napoleon died, many persons believed that he had been poisoned. We are glad to add that the poet hints at no assent on his own part to so absurd a rumor.

Le cinq Mai.

The bark was Spanish; homeward was I borne,
 From far-off coast where I had roamed forlorn;
 Wreck of an Empire in its fall sublime,
 Hiding my griefs in India's burning clime.
 But the Cape's past; five years have flown away;
 Time and fresh scenes once more have made me gay—
 France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise;
 And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.

"Land!" shouts the watch—"St. Helena!" yes, there
 Ye gods, the Hero mourns in dumb despair:
 That isle, brave Spaniards, has subdued your hate—
 Come, curse with us his jailers and his fate!

Nought for his freedom, nought, alas, can I ;
 Nor in these days a glorious death can die !
 France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise ;
 And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.

Perchance he slumbers—war's resistless shell,
 That thrones by scores aye shivered where it fell :
 Can he not now, aroused in fearful ire,
 Burst on the brows of monarchs—and expire ?
 Nay, Hope recoils before that rock ; nor there
 Jove's secret councils may the Eagle share !
 France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise ;
 And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.

Treading his footsteps, Victory spent her force ;
 She flagged—he recked not—onward still his course.
 Betrayed—ay, twice, the Hero bides his fate ;
 But, oh ! what serpents on his pathway wait :
 Poison from laurels is distilled, we know ;
 The Conqueror's crown Death only can bestow !
 France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise ;
 And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.

Let but a wandering bark be signalled nigh,
 "Ha ! is it he," the trembling Princes cry,
 "Come, o'er the world to re-assert his sway ?
 Quick ! men-at-arms, by millions we'll array."
 And he, bowed down with pain and grief, perchance,
 Is breathing here his farewell vows for France !
 France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise ;
 And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.

- Lofty in mind, in genius lofty, why,
- Why on a sceptre stooped he to rely ?
 Towering above the thrones of Earth, it seemed
 From this bare rock as though his glory beamed :

A world that's new—a world that's all too old—
Both, like a light-house, might its rays behold.
France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise ;
And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.

But look, good Spaniards ! on the cliffs appear
Colors half-mast—Heavens, how I quake with fear !
What, he, to die ! nay, widowed then art thou,
O Glory—mark, his foes are weeping now !
Silent we speed from that drear isle afar—
Blotted from Heaven is Day's own chosen star !
France, poor old soldier, on my view shall rise ;
And a son's hand in death shall close mine eyes.



102.—THE COURT-DRESS,

OR A VISIT TO HIS HIGHNESS.

L'habit de Cour.

Never answer for any one more ;
I've a mind to turn courtier—I !
Come, old Jew, hand me out from your store
Things you pick up when Chamberlains die.
A great Prince would his favor bestow ;
To besiege his abode I must press :
To His Highness's palace I go ;
And I've come just to buy a court-dress.
Ah ! lucky day !
Good luck—I say.

Ambition is tugging my ear,
With a hint that I'm moving too slow ;

Whilst my richly-trimmed coat seems to fear
 Lest I bow not sufficiently low.
 Already folks deference show ;
 Already they hail my success :
 To His Highness's levee I go ;
 And I really have on a court-dress.
 Ah ! lucky day !
 Good luck—I say.

Not enjoying an equipage yet,
 'Twas a-foot that I modestly went ;
 But ere long some prime fellows I met,
 On my breakfasting with them intent.
 If, however, I could not say nay,
 On my hurry I laid a great stress :
 " To His Highness's I'm on my way ;
 You'll respect, sirs, I beg, my court-dress."
 Ah ! lucky day !
 Good luck—I say.

Breakfast done, I slip off—but in vain—
 By a friend of long standing I'm prest—
 'Tis his wedding—at table again
 Am I seated, a jovial guest.
 Bumpers quick after bumpers go round,
 And we joyously chant—ne'ertheless,
 To His Highness's court I was bound,
 And I wore, all the time, my court-dress.
 Ah ! lucky day !
 Good luck—I say.

In despite of the sparkling Champagne,
 On my honors at last I was bent ;
 And I managed the palace to gain,
 Though I stumbled along as I went.

In the crowd whom but Rose should I spy,
At the door with young Cupid—no less ?
Rose is well worth His Highness, thinks I,
And I need not with her a court-dress.

Ah ! lucky day !

Good luck—I say.

Far away from the Court, where the jade
Comes to ogle, at times, the grandees,
To her garret she lured me—'twas made
That our love might be there at his ease.
There my coat felt so horribly heavy,
By the side of dear Rose, I confess,
That forgetting His Highness's levee,
I abruptly threw off my court-dress.

Ah ! lucky day !

Good luck—I say.

Thus it chanced that the transient fume
Of a foolish ambition was spent :
Cap and bells I am glad to resume,
And again the old tavern frequent.
There I sleep, if I'm mellow, quite free
From all humors that thwart and distress ;
If you're wishing His Highness to see,
You are welcome to take my court-dress.

Ah ! lucky day !

Good luck—I say.

103.—LISETTE'S GOOD FAME.

La vertu de Lisette.

What ! ye venture, Court-ladies, of *Lis*
And her virtuous fame to make sport ?

Granted, she's a grisette—ye but quiz
What's a patent of rank at Love's Court.
With the flash of her eye, men-at arms,
And the Bar, and the Church are aflame :
Lizzy says not a word of your charms—
Never trouble yourselves with her fame !

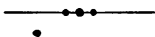
What, if some of her conquests may be
'Mongst the rich ! must ye taunt her ? 'tis bold,
When the Jews at their parties can see
How ye worship their calf set in gold.
Certain services done by good looks
On the State may secure you a claim :
The police may have Liz on their books—
Never trouble yourselves with her fame !

Embers seldom are wholly put out ;
There's a spark in them yet that will shoot :
An old Marquis, whose life is devout,
Would imperil at Court his repute.
Over Dukes he will precedence take,
All his merits enhanced by her name :
What a favorite Lizzy will make !—
Never trouble yourselves with her fame !

And, my lady-disparagers now,
If this honor she chance to achieve,
At her levee, pray, will ye not bow ?
What relationship make us believe !
Why, if priests chuckle o'er her success,
If at profiting by it they aim ;
To the Jesuits should she confess—
Never trouble yourselves with her fame !

Ay, believe me, monarchical Dames,
That you babble of virtue, as though

It were one of those ancestral names
 That your lacqueys announce, where you go.
 Mounted high on her stilts, Etiquette
 Raises souls that should grovel in shame :
 Heaven guard thee from Court, O Lisette !—
 Never trouble yourselves with her fame !



104.—THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

The story of Dionysius and the sword of Damocles is too well known to need detailing. Louis XVIII. is here made a modern Dionysius, having been, like his prototype, excessively fond of verse, and himself a frequent dabbler in rhymes.

L'épée de Damoclès.

Damocles' sword has been oftentimes sung—
 Lately I dreamed that above me it hung,
 Gracing perforce Dionysius's board,
 Under this naked and menacing sword.
 "Ho !" I exclaimed, "let me meet my fate here,
 Goblet in hand, and soft strains in my ear !
 Pshaw ! I can tipple and sing, my old Denys,
 Quizzing thy rhymes—so a fig for thy menace !

"Yeomen," I cried, "of the mouth, carve away ;
 Cup-bearers, pour out your liquors, I pray !
 Sorrows of others—they trouble not thee ;
 Tip us, O Denys, a couplet on me !
 All of our sighs thine Apollo disperses,
 Making us gay in our saddest reverses.
 Pshaw ! I can tipple and sing, my old Denys,
 Quizzing thy rhymes—so a fig for thy menace !

" Since thou wilt rhyme without mercy or stint,
 Take from our Country a bit of a hint !
 She is, believe me, the chief of our Muses,
 If for her bards monarchs seldom she chooses :
 Frail though her laurel, its sap is so rare
 That its least blossom will perfume the air.
 Pshaw ! I can tipple and sing, my old Denys,
 Quizzing thy rhymes—so a fig for thy menace !

" Pindus's glory thou think'st to acquire,
 If with its laurels, still scathed by thy fire,
 Gold can conceal thee from History's Muse,
 Or to sweep dungeons those laurels can use.
 But at thy name, Clio, rising in scorn,
 Shall with our fetters thy coffin adorn !
 Pshaw ! I can tipple and sing, my old Denys,
 Quizzing thy rhymes—so a fig for thy menace !"

" Hate can at least knock abuse on the head,"
 Quoth the good King, as he severs the thread :
 Whack comes the sword, right upon my bald pate ;
 " Thus," he cries, " Denys his vengeance can sate."
 So then I'm dead ; but my dream to complete,
 Goblet in hand, down below I repeat,
 " Pshaw ! I can tipple and sing, my old Denys,
 Quizzing thy rhymes—so a fig for thy menace !"



105.—BRENNUS,

OR, THE PLANTING OF THE VINE IN GAUL.

Brennus.

" What, ho ! brave Gauls," said Brennus once, of old,
 " This day a festival in triumph hold !

The fields of Rome my exploits well repay :
I've brought a cutting from their vines away.
Let's link together—never more to part, -
Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art !

"Debarred ourselves of its all-potent juice,
We conquered Rome that we might learn its use :
The budding tendrils with their leaves must now
Serve in our land to wreath the Victor's brow.
Let's link together—never more to part,
Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art !

"Blest with this purple grape, in future days
Nations on *you* shall look with envious gaze :
Engendered in the sun, its nectar's fire
Full many a son of Genius shall inspire.
Let's link together—never more to part,
Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art !

"Leaving our shores with peace and plenty crowned,
A thousand vessels o'er the waves shall bound ;
Wines for their cargo—garlands on the mast—
Wide o'er the world by them shall joy be cast.
Let's link together—never more to part, ' '
Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art !

"Women, who rule us with despotic sway,
Ye who prepare our armor for the fray, '
Ah ! let its juice be added to the store
Of healing balms, that in our wounds ye pour !
Let's link together—never more to part,
Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art.

"Be we united—thus, our neighboring foes
Shall learn, when danger threatens our repose,

How the frail props that lend our vines support
 Can beat them off, if other arms fall short.
 Let's link together—never more to part,
 Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art!

"Bacchus! a people hospitably prone
 Prays that thy lustre round them may be thrown:
 Grant that the exile seated at our feast
 Forget his country—for awhile at least.
 Let's link together—never more to part,
 Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art!"

Then Brennus, offering to the gods a prayer,
 Dug with his spear a hole, and planted there
 His cutting of the vine—the Gauls elate
 Saw France before them, and her destined fate.
 Let's link together—never more to part,
 Thanks to the vine—Love, Honor, Glory, Art!



106.—UGLINESS AND BEAUTY.

Laideur et Beauté.

Too great her beauty! 'tis o'erwhelming;
 Beneath that mask there's such dissembling:
 Yes, I would have her ugly—quite—
 I'd have her—yes, a perfect fright.
 Love her I must in beauty's bloom—
 O Heaven, thy wondrous gift resume!
 Even from below assistance would I claim;
 So she were ugly, and my love the same.

Lo ! Satan at the word I see—
The sire of ugliness is he :
“ Come, come,” he cries, “ I’ll hideous make her ;
Thy fiercest rivals shall forsake her :
Changes I’m rather fond of ringing—
But here thy fair one comes, and singing !
Roses, decay ! pearls, drop from out your frame !
She’s ugly now, and still thy love’s the same !”

“ I ugly !” thunderstruck she cries,
And promptly to a mirror flies :
At first she doubts—at last, o’ercome
With terror and despair, is dumb.
“ I’ve heard thee swear I was thine all,”
Quoth I, as at her feet I fall :
“ To me alone he would devote thy flame ;
If uglier still, I’d love thee just the same.”

Her eyes bedimmed in tear-drops melt :
What pity for her grief I felt !
“ Ah ! give her back her charms so winning !”
“ So be it,” answers Satan, grinning.
At once, like morning freshly breaking,
I saw fresh beauties in her waking ;
More striking still her loveliness became,
More striking still, and still my love the same.

Quick at the mirror her alarms
She quiets—safe are all her charms—
Though on her cheeks some tears I spy,
Grumbling aside, she wipes them dry :
And then, as Satan flits away,
The traitress, too, but stops to say,
“ Since Heaven gives beauty, to love *him* were shame,
Who, fair or foul, still loves us just the same.”

107.—OLD AGE.

La Vieillesse.

Time is pressing us hard, and his mark
On our foreheads in wrinkles will mould
Though of youth there may linger a spark,
Ay, my friends, we are doomed to grow old.
But of flowers fresh-revived at our feet,
More than all we can pluck, to behold—
To live only for all that is sweet—
Nay, my friends, this is not to grow old !

'Tis in vain that our spirits to cheer
Wine is quaffed, and the chorus is trolled ;
At the board with friends hearty and dear,
Some are sure to remark we grow old.
But to feel to the last of our days
That the vine can new blossoms unfold—
Though they tremble, our voices to raise—
Nay, my friends, this is not to grow old !

If our incense we burn for a flirt,
Who was wont not to be overcold,
Soon perchance we may hear her assert,
That she finds we are growing too old.
But in all things less rashly to spend,
And to relish far more what is doled—
From a mistress to fashion a friend—
Nay, my friends, this is not to grow old !

Ne'er so long as our passions survive,
Ne'er so late as they play uncontrolled,
Since old age in the end must arrive,
At the least let's together grow old !

From the corner that gathers us here
 To chase ills, hanging o'er us, we're told—
 All together to close our career—
 Nay, my friends, this is not to grow old !



108.—FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

This song, written in the month of November, 1821, was copied and distributed in Court, on the day of the first trial of the author for a libel on the Government, and an offence against religion and good morals.—The first line of the third stanza refers to the fact, that the Ministry had compelled the Council of the University to deprive Béranger of the small appointment, which he had held in it for twelve years. Béranger observes, however, that he had been warned that it would be taken from him, if he persisted in publishing his second collection of songs, then just put out.—Bellart was the law-officer of the Crown, who conducted the prosecution.

Adieux à la campagne.

O sun, so soft with Autumn's fading light !
 O yellow trees, ye gladden yet my sight !
 Adieu the hope, that hatred still may spare
 The flight, too lofty, that my songs *would* dare :
 In this retreat, where Zephyr will return,
 I dreamed—ay, e'en that I a name might earn.
 Heaven, vast and pure, one smile in pity deign !
 O echoing woods, repeat my farewell strain ! .

Why, like the bird, in freedom did not I
 Amid these bowers permit my songs to die ?
 Shorn of her grandeur, France was forced to bow
 Beneath the yoke of knaves her haughty brow ;

I against them any shafts of satire sped,
Though Love to themes for me more safe had led.
Heaven, vast and pure, one smile in pity deign !
O echoing woods, repeat my farewell strain !

Even now their wrath my indigence would spite,
Whilst my blithe spirit to their Court they cite,
Masking their vengeance with a pious grace—
What ! would they blush mine honesty to face ?
Ah ! God hath not their heart, to curse me prone ;
Child of false gods, Intolerance is known.
Heaven, vast and pure, one smile in pity deign !
O echoing woods, repeat my farewell strain !

If I o'er tombs have bidden Glory wake ;
If for great warriors orisons I make ;
Did I, for price of gold, at Victory's feet,
The spoiling of weak States applauding greet ?
'Twas not, in truth, the Empire's rising sun,
That on this spot my Muse's homage won !
Heaven, vast and pure, one smile in pity deign !
O echoing woods, repeat my farewell strain !

Yes, let Bellart, with joyous, zealous pains,
In hope to humble me, mete out my chains !
Tamed though she be, before the eyes of France
The darksome dungeon will my verse enhance :
From its stern bars my lyre will I suspend ;
Thereon shall Fame her eyes attentive bend.
Heaven, vast and pure, one smile in pity deign !
O echoing woods, repeat my farewell strain !

At least may Philomel my prison bless !
Her did a monarch, too, of old, oppress.

Away! I hear my jailer's sullen call:
 Fields, waters, meadows, flowers, adieu to all!
 My chains are ready; but by Freedom fired,
 I go to chant her glorious hymn untired.
 Heaven, vast and pure, one smile in pity deign!
 O echoing woods, repeat my farewell strain!



109.—DENUNCIATION.

INTENDED FOR AN IMPROMPTU REPLY TO CERTAIN VERSES SENT ME DURING
 MY TRIAL.

Dénonciation.

I've been denounced; now I denounce—
 Yes, verses I denounce—for, learn, sirs,
 Their author's wit proclaims him fit
 In court to take his turn, sirs.
 He treats you here, so that 'tis clear,
 A hundred times on you he's jested—
 May it please your Honors on the Bench
 To have that man arrested.

He's laughing at the chains with which
 The press you seek to fetter now, sirs;
 The brave, he's sure, will fame secure—
 Can you all this allow, sirs?
 He dares to vaunt the voice whose chant
 Consol'd the brave, when ills they breasted—
 May it please your Honors on the Bench
 To have that man arrested.

He showers his flatteries upon those
 Who persecutions have to bear, sirs;

His song might tell our country's woes—
 'Twere treason, you're aware, sirs.
 Wreak vengeance on *his* wit for that
 With which *my* Muse he hath invested—
 May it please your Honors on the Bench
 To have that man arrested.



110.—LIBERTY.

FIRST SONG COMPOSED IN THE PRISON OF SAINT-PELAGIE, JANUARY, 1822.

Marchangy, named in the second verse, was counsel for the Crown at Béranger's first trial.

La Liberté.

Since to dangle some links
 Of a chain was my fate,
 I've for Liberty felt
 The most rancorous hate.
 Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
 Down with Liberty, down, say I !

'Twas Marchangy, true sage,
 Kindly forced me to see
 How the slave in our eyes
 Should legitimate be.
 Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
 Down with Liberty, down, say I !

On this deity lavish
 Your praises no more !
 She leaves the world swaddled
 In bands, as of yore.
 Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
 Down with Liberty, down, say I !

Of her old civic tree
What remains ? for our backs
Tyrant's rod—or a sceptre
That majesty lacks.
Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
Down with Liberty, down, say I !

Ask the Tiber ; he tasted
Full oft in his time
Of the sweat of the freeman,
Of Papacy's slime.
Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
Down with Liberty, down, say I !

Common sense is in vogue ;
But if lodged in man's pate,
He's a galley-slave only,
Revolting at Fate.
Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
Down with Liberty, down, say I !

Worthy turnkeys, sweet friends,
Jailers merry and free,
To the Louvre, yes, the Louvre,
Bear this greeting for me—
Fie, fie, Liberty, fie !
Down with Liberty, down, say I !

111.—THE CARRIER PIGEON.

1822.

The Greeks were at this period making efforts to free themselves from the Turkish yoke.

Le pigeon messenger.

Sparkled my wine ; my youthful mistress' song
Hymned gods of old, in Greece forgotten long :
'Twixt Greece and France a parallel we drew,
When to our feet a pigeon drooping flew.
Beneath his wing a note my Nœris found,
With which to haunts long-cherished he was bound :
Drink of my cup ; then, safely sleeping, rest,
O faithful messenger, on Nœris' breast !

He falls, exhausted by a flight too long ;
Again we'll free him when he's fresh and strong.
Is he on some commercial errand bent ?
With words of love to distant beauty sent ?
Or bears he to the nest, that lures him home,
The latest vows of those who exiled roam ?
Drink of my cup ; then, safely sleeping, rest,
O faithful messenger, on Nœris' breast !

But hold ! these few words show me that he seeks
Our land of France, with tidings for the Greeks :
They come from Athens ! glorious must they be ;
Let's read—the right of relatives have we.
Athens is free ! O friends, what glad surprise !
What laurels from the dust shall flowering rise !
Drink of my cup ; then, safely sleeping, rest,
O faithful messenger, on Nœris' breast !

Athens is free ! to Greece fill, fill the cup ;
Nœris, behold, new demi-gods spring up !
In vain would Europe, trembling in her age,
Spoil these great elders of their heritage :
They conquer still ; to Athens, ever fair,
To worship *ruins* none shall now repair.
Drink of my cup ; then, safely sleeping, rest,
O faithful messenger, on Nœris' breast !

Athens is free ! Pindario Muse, again
With lyre and voice assert thine ancient reign !
Athens is free—in spite of barbarous foes ;
Athens is free—in vain our kings oppose.
Aye to her lessons is the world inclined—
An Athens yet in Paris may it find !
Drink of my cup ; then, safely sleeping, rest,
O faithful messenger, on Nœris' breast !

Yes, beauteous traveller to Hellas' shore,
Repose awhile, then seek thy mate once more :
Away ! and soon, to Athens carried back,
Vulture and tyrant brave upon thy track ;
And hastening thence, to many a trembling king
On tottering throne, fresh shouts of Freedom bring !
Drink of my cup ; then, safely sleeping, rest,
O faithful messenger, on Nœris' breast !

112.—MY CURE.

ST.. PÉLAGIE.

These singular verses were addressed by Béranger to certain inhabitants of Sémur, who, he tells us, had sent him some Chambertin and some Romanée wine, by way of helping him "to work off his foolish notion of attempting to cure incurable people." The donors, he adds, had prescribed for him internal applications of this medicine, to be continued during his stay in prison.

Ma guérison.

The wine, I trust, is working well:
Yes, all is for the best—
By it my reason is restored,
In prison though I rest.

After one draught of Romanée—
The inward bath my senses lulling—
I cursed my Muse, that in her lay
Jests on the great she aye was culling.
A fresh attack I might bewail,
But—wondrous dose, deny 't who can?—
Incense to them I had on sale,
After one draught of Chambertin.

The wine, I trust, is working well:
Yes, all is for the best—
By it my reason is restored,
In prison though I rest.

After two draughts of Romanée,
I blushed to think of all my crimes;
Groups round my chamber seemed to play
Of those whom Power had blessed betimes.

The sentence that my Judges past
To touch my lawless soul began :
Marchangy I admired at last,
After two draughts of Chambertin.

The wine, I trust, is working well :
Yes, all is for the best—
By it my reason is restored,
In prison though I rest.

After three draughts of Romanée—
My thoughts no more on tyrants harping,
The Press's fetters knocked away—
Save at the Budget none were carping.
In priestly garments, to and fro,
Methought that Toleration ran—
The Gospel something more than show,
After three draughts of Chambertin.

The wine, I trust, is working well :
Yes, all is for the best—
By it my reason is restored,
In prison though I rest.

At the last draught of Romanée,
My eyes grew moist with joyous showers;
Freedom I saw—her crown was gay,
With olives, ears of corn, and flowers.
The mildest laws most strictly bound ;
The future showed a settled plan ;
Bolts drawn and open doors I found,
At the last draught of Chambertin.

The wine, I trust, is working well :
Yes, all is for the best—
By it my reason is restored,
In prison though I rest.

O Chambertin, O Romanée !

Under your auspices when morn

Gives promise of a brilliant day,

Of Love and Hope, Illusion's born.

This sprite, for wand to enforce her sway,

Receives from Fate, when lent to man,

At times a twig from Romanée,

At times a twig from Chambertin.

The wine, I trust, is working well:

Yes, all is for the best—

By it my reason is restored,

In prison though I rest.



113.—THE SYLPHIDE.

La Sylphide.

Reason may at times in fault appear ;

Reason's torch is not for ever clear :

She that you were fables did declare,

Charming Sylphs, inhabitants of air !

But, her heavy ægis turned aside—

Scarcely through it could my gaze have pried—

I a Sylphide lately chanced to see :

Airy Sylphs, my guardian angels be !

Yes, on breasts of roses were ye born,

Children ye of Zephyrs and the Morn :

In your changes, brilliant without measure,

Lies the secret of our varied pleasure.

Breath of yours our flowing tears can dry ;

Pure you make the azure of the sky ;

This my Sylphide's charms have proved for me :
Airy Sylphs, my guardian angels be !

I her origin have rightly guessed,
When at ball or banquet she was dressed,
So that I her infantile attire
Most, for what it wanted, would admire.
Buckle loosened, ribbon out of place,
To the graceful gave another grace ;
Of your sisterhood most perfect she :
Airy Sylphs, my guardian angels be !

Your capricious winning little ways,
How in her new beauties do they raise !
She, perchance, may be a spoiled child too ;
But, at least, the child is spoiled by you :
I have looked, despite her listless air,
In her eyes, and Love was dreaming there.
Patron saints of tenderness are ye—
Airy Sylphs, my guardian angels be !

But her loveable and child-like air
Hides a spirit, that may well compare,
For its brilliance, with the dreams you bring,
Ever smiling, to our life's gay Spring.
From the sparkles of a living light
To the skies she bore me in her flight :
Ye, who lent her your own wings so free,
Airy Sylphs, my guardian angels be !

Shooting meteor, far away, alas !
Far from us, too quickly did she pass :
Shall I once more see her at my side ?
Doth some Sylph detain her as his bride ?

No ; for like the Queen Bee's is her throne—
 Her's an empire, mystic and unknown :
 Thither, borne by one of you, I flee ;
 Airy Sylphs, my guardian angels be !



114.—THE GETTER-UP OF PLOTS.

SAINT PELAGIE.

This witty song was written by way of thanking certain friendly inhabitants of Burgundy, who had sent the author, during his imprisonment, some of the choicest wines of their Province.—It must be borne in mind that every article intended for prisoners undergoes examination by the police.—The trick of trapping persons into political plots has been often alleged against the police of Paris.—In a note to the fourth stanza, Béranger names Probus, the Roman Emperor, who is said to have introduced the vine into Burgundy, as the Emperor intended in his verse. This thin disguise was perhaps requisite to guard the writer from further political vengeance, and rather adds pungency to the real allusion.

L'agent provocateur.

In hat daubed o'er with wax—in coat
 Of fabric somewhat slight,
 To represent his Province meant,
 Comes this Burgundian Knight.
 But though respectable in age,
 In well-known name arrayed—
 Hush, hush, he tends to babbling, friends—
 To get up plots his trade.

They who have sent him say that he
 Can bring the troubled peace :
 But I've my fear—to get in here,
 He passed by the police.

And with them many a man of note
Is an informer made :
Hush, hush, he tends to babbling, friends—
To get up plots his trade.

But round he goes ; and to the Chiefs
Of France our praise we mete ;
Already now Hope's radiant brow
Athwart the bars we greet.
A saucy bard must yield at last,
Nor can such charm evade—
Hush, hush, he tends to babbling, friends—
To get up plots his trade.

In song he'd make us laud a soil
Rich in the joyous vine ;
An Emperor toast, whom Frenchmen boast
The foremost of his line
Yes, he, for Probus that just prince,
A flattering strain might aid—
Hush, hush, he tends to babbling, friends—
To get up plots his trade.

Deal justly with this traitor, then ;
At table let's remain ;
Nor drinking cease, till the police
Have got him back again.
Return through us, good wine, and thus
In that foul sink be laid—
Hush, hush, he tends to babbling, friends—
To get up plots his trade.

115.—MY MUSE'S EPITAPH.

ST. PELAGIE.

Marchangy, already alluded to, and so flatteringly mentioned in the fourth stanza of this ode, conducted, on the part of the Crown, the prosecution which caused the poet's imprisonment. The eloquent Dupin was his principal defender.

L'építaphe de ma Muse.

Stop, one and all, a moment, passers by ;
Stop, read my epitaph—I made it, I !
France and her deeds have been my chosen theme ;
The vine I've sung, and sung Love's frenzied dream ;
Mourned for the people, victimized by Wrong,
Nor failed to lash King's Councillors in song.
I was his Muse, Béranger used to say—
Pray for my soul, poor sinners, kindly pray !

Thanks to my aid whose wildness he controlled,
Poor as a beggar, he himself consoled—
He who had never learnt their forms and rules,
Nor nurtured been by Muses of the schools.
For when a lute I gave him first of old,
He in his shell was shivering with the cold ;
Seedy his coat ; with flowers I made it gay—
Pray for my soul, poor sinners, kindly pray !

Dear did I make him to the valorous hearts
That mourn—to them a solace he imparts :
Were Love concerned, no less was I employed—
A fowler he—'twas I the birds decoyed ;
Hearts here and there were captured, it is true ;
But 'twas my hand that limed the twigs with glue.
The birds themselves to me would homage pay—
Pray for my soul, poor sinners, kindly pray !

A serpent . . . (Heavens ! how at the word appears
 Marchangy, crawling through a score of years !)
 A serpent—one that's sure to change his skin,
 Soon as he sees a brilliant Spring begin—
 Flew at us, crushed us, and in fetters bound,
 Fetters that now the Law's chief grace are found.
 Debarred of freedom, lo, I pine away—
 Pray for my soul, poor sinners, kindly pray !

Despite the wondrous eloquence that fell
 From Dupin's lips—our cause he pleaded well—
 The hideous serpent, finding that to bite
 A file was useless, swallowed it outright.
 'Twas thus I died ; but first, the news I learned,
 That Satan yesterday had Jesuit turned :
 The world below I picture with dismay—
 Pray for my soul, poor sinners, kindly pray !



116.—THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

SONG SUNG TO MY FRIENDS ON MY BIRTH-DAY, THE 19TH OF
 AUGUST, 1822.

Béranger's grandfather was a tailor ; and the Fairy's predictions in the
 second stanza are but allusions to actual incidents of his life.

Le tailleur et la Fée.

Here in Paris, in seventeen hundred and eighty—
 Where want is so rife, and where gold is so weighty—
 At a tailor's, my grandfather old and forlorn,
 Just hear what occurred to me then newly born.
 In my cradle with flowers unadorned, not a sign
 Announced that an Orpheus' fame should be mine :

But my grandfather, hasting my tears to allay,
In the arms of a Fairy surprised me one day ;
And this Fairy was singing her gayest of airs,
As she hushed up the cry of my earliest cares.

So the good old man says to her, anxious in mind,
"For this infant, I pray you, what fate is designed?"
"With my wand," she replies, "I his destiny mark:
He shall serve at an inn, be a printer, a clerk ;
And I add to my presage a thunderbolt hurled
On thy son, that should hurry him out of the world ;
But God has his eye on him, willing to save—
With a song the bird flies, other tempests to brave."
And the Fairy was singing her gayest of airs,
As she hushed up the cry of my earliest cares.

"All the Pleasures, those Sylphs in whom youth takes delight,
Shall awaken his lyre in the dead of the night:
In the cot of the poor he shall bid them be gay—
From the palace of wealth driving ennui away.
But his language is sad ! what sad cause can there be ?
Glory, Liberty, all, swallowed up shall he see ;
Then return into port to tell over the tale
Of the wreck, as a fisherman scared by the gale."
And the Fairy was singing her gayest of airs,
As she hushed up the cry of my earliest cares.

"What ! have I," the old tailor exclaimed with a groan,
"From my daughter received a song-maker alone ?
Better daily and nightly the needle to ply,
Than amidst empty sounds, feeble echo, to die !"
"Thou art wrong," cries the Fairy, "such fears to express ;
Splendid talents achieve not so great a success :
For his light-hearted songs shall to Frenchmen be dear,
And shall serve the poor exile in sorrow to cheer !"

And the Fairy was singing her gayest of airs,
As she hushed up the cry of my earliest cares.

I was yesterday weak and morose, my good friends,
When, behold ! the kind Fairy her look on me bends :
And she carelessly pulls off the leaves of a rose,
As she cries, " How, already, old age on thee grows !
But at times the mirage in the desert appears ;
And just so in old hearts gleam the joys of old years :
Now to honor thy fête thy good friends are in train—
Go, with them live another age over again !"
And the Fairy then sang me her gayest of airs,
Chasing off, as of yore, all my troublesome cares.



117.—PARIS JACK.

Jean de Paris.

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour ;
But to Paris be sure to come back,
Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
To thy Paris hasten back !

From old time 'tis recorded in print
How his sabre Jack always would bare,
When he heard ignoramusses hint
That their cities with *his* could compare, . .
Proclaiming on his soul,
In verse as well as prose,
That round the towers of Notre Dame
The earth revolving goes.

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour ;
But to Paris be sure to come back,
Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
To thy Paris hasten back !

If he clear the Great Wall in his jumps,
If with Mandarin's wife he succeed,
If he call them a set of old frumps,
If to Paris he gallop full speed—
'Tis but in hopes that he
With Chinese wonders there,
In his old porter's lodge, some day,
May make the gossips stare.

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour ;
But to Paris be sure to come back,
Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
To thy Paris hasten back !

"Gold I want, and in plenty, and quick !"
Jack exclaims, as he lands in Peru :
Much he's urged to that country to stick—
"I a trader !" quoth Jack, "it won't do—
Ten mistresses I've left—
Your metal's vile—no, no,
For Paris, ay, an alms-house there,
All riches I forego."

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour ;

But to Paris be sure to come back,
Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
To thy Paris hasten back !

To the war all alive he repairs,
For the Cross, or the Crescent, a match :
Fights and pillages, ravishes, swears,
Then to Paris sends off a despatch—
“ My glory from the Louvre
Up to the Boulevards tell ;
And busts of me, six sous apiece,
Let Savoyard boys sell !”

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour ;
But to Paris be sure to come back,
Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
To thy Paris hasten back !

He pretends that in Persia one night
Said a queen to him—“ King thou shalt be”—
“ Very well—but my pains to requite,
Come,” quoth Jack, “ just to Paris with me !
There for a week of fêtes,
The wonder of the town,
I’ll at the Opera sport myself
That all may see my crown.”

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour ;
But to Paris be sure to come back,
Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
To thy Paris hasten back !

Paris Jack, it is we in this ditty
 Who are painted, aye gaping with wonder;
 When we travel, so grand is our city,
 We are never from Paris asunder.
 Now as of old, what love,
 A love that ne'er can fade,
 For walls like these wherein Old Nick
 His paradise hath made!

Laugh and sing, sing and laugh, Paris Jack,
 Don thy gloves, and set off on thy tour;
 But to Paris be sure to come back,
 Whether stuffed in the pocket, or poor.
 Ah, Jack of Paris, Paris Jack,
 To thy Paris hasten back!



118.—THE GOBLINS OF MONTLHERL

Les lutins de Montlhéri.

Plodding a-foot, full late the hour,
 It chanced that in Montlhéri's Tower
 Refuge I took from pelting shower
 And driving blast.
 Humming a tune, upon my ear
 Broke a loud laugh—I froze with fear—
 Forth came a voice that sounded near,
 "Our reign is past!"

Will-o'-the-wisps with lurid lights
 Flit through the gloom—the voice unites
 With cries of goblins and of sprites,
 In numbers vast.

Hark ! a shrill clarion—'tis the call
To their nocturnal festival ;
But loud the voice above them all,
 " Our reign is past !

" Revels no longer may be ours ;
Goblins, away ! by Reason's powers
From out our haunts in ruined towers
 Now are we cast.
The world new oracles hath sought ;
Our prodigies have come to nought,
Since miracles by man are wrought—
 Our reign is past !

" Of us the gods of Greece were bred
Who the charmed senses captive led,
With youth—on flowers and incense fed—
 For aye to last.
Gaul, still untutored, in that day
For us the rites of blood would pay—
Alas ! even rustics now may say,
 Our reign is past !

" When knights and minstrels were renowned,
Kings, Saints, the Loves,—'t was often found—
At Fairies' feet by us were bound
 In fetters fast.
We ruled, as Magic waved his staff,
The wrath of Heaven, on his behalf—
But hark ! I hear the Wizard's laugh—
 Our reign is past !

" By Reason exorcised, our flight,
Goblins, for aye, let's take to-night !"
The voice was hushed—O wondrous sight !
 I saw, aghast,

That the walls crumbled, and the crew
From their loved haunt all hurrying flew;
Whilst faint the cry in distance grew,
"Our reign is past!"

119.—THE CAPTIVE DAME AND THE CAVALIER.

A ROMANCE OF CHIVALRY.

La Prisonnière et le Chevalier.

"Ah! if by chance some Cavalier,
Loving and loyal, should appear,
And triumph o'er the jailer here
Who guards me in this turret drear—
How should I bless that Cavalier!"

Loving and loyal as could be,
A Cavalier she chanced to see.
"What crabbed jailer, Dame," quoth he,
"Holds in this tower a dame like thee?
Prelate or Knight, which may it be?"

"It is my spouse, good Cavalier,
Who of my truth thus shows his fear:
Old jailer, in this tower so drear
He lets me lie all lonely here.
Save me," she cries, "good Cavalier!"

Quick at the word, the youthful knight,
Strong in his guardian angel's might,

Eludes the watchful jailer's sight,
And boldly climbs the turret's height—
Huzza, huzza, O gay young knight !

The captive dame compels the knight
His troth all loyally to plight :
They see the truckle-bed invite
To vengeance for the jailer's spite—
Enjoy your bliss, O gay young knight !

Now dame and cavalier, good bye !
His steed they mount that's waiting nigh,
And, in the jailer-husband's eye
Flinging the keys, away they fly.
Fair dame, brave knight, good bye, good bye !

Honor to all good cavaliers,
And their true dames ! A fig for fears
Of Hymen's jailers' eyes or ears !
Where dungeon frowns, or palace cheers,
Heaven aye protects good cavaliers.



120.—FRIENDSHIP.

VERSES SUNG TO MY FRIENDS ON THE 8TH OF DECEMBER, 1822, THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY CONDEMNATION BY THE COURT OF ASSIZES.

L'Amitié.

On beds of roses Love reposes ;
But when dark clouds hang round,
Sing we to Friendship, who on watch
At prison-doors is found.

A tyrant too, Love costs us tears,
That Friendship's aid restrains :
He makes more heavy, she more light,
The burden of our chains

On beds of roses Love reposes ;
But when dark clouds hang round,
Sing we to Friendship, who on watch
At prison-doors is found.

Bastilles we have, a hundred-fold ;
My Muse in one was locked :
But scarcely had they drawn the bolts,
Ere Friendship gently knocked.

On beds of roses Love reposes ;
But when dark clouds hang round,
Sing we to Friendship, who on watch
At prison-doors is found.

Ah ! blest, who from his fetters freed
Can hate and pity dare ;
And to remembrance of his pains
Add that of Friendship's care !

On beds of roses Love reposes ;
But when dark clouds hang round,
Sing we to Friendship, who on watch
At prison-doors is found.

What can Fame do for him who falls ?
Friends, strive no more for show ;
But let the price of marble tombs
To stuff our pillows go !

On beds of roses Love reposes ;
 But when dark clouds hang round,
 Sing we to Friendship, who on watch
 At prison-doors is found.

In quiet met, let us, loved friends,
 The murderous winters cheat :
 He, who has jailers dared, may dare
 Old Time himself to meet.

On beds of roses Love reposes ;
 But when dark clouds hang round,
 Sing we to Friendship, who on watch
 At prison-doors is found.



121.—THE BLUE-BOTTLE CROWN.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

The king-maker of the second stanza can be none other than Napoleon.

La couronne de bluets.

From Heaven I come, and my visit there
 Saves many a tear of ours :
 O Beauty, imprudent, tho' chaste, beware,
 And play no more with flowers !
 Yesterday, mark me, with eye made dim
 By wine, and paunch well rounded,
 Jove leered on our world ; and it seemed to him
 That crowns too much abounded. ●

"This is coming it far too strong," he cried,
As he gave his wrath full head :
"What ! another brow with a crown supplied,
When the maker of Kings is dead !
At that brow my thunder-bolt must be hurled ;
The weak at last I'll free :
King's subjects, and subjects kings, in the world
I've sworn some day to see !"

His council that moment I enter—(where
May not the rhymer stand ?)
He's apt to take aim without *who goes there*?—
But I beard him, hat in hand.
"Jove ! they are false, thy balance and weights ;
From thy decree I appeal :
Has thy Court, whence Justice eternal dates,
No Keeper of the Seal ?

"Bring thy spectacles, ancient Sire, to bear
On the head we've crowned below :
There candor smiles ; the soft eye there
Can but kind looks bestow.
Since the deaf amongst us find thy thunder
Dumb, when thou send'st it down—
Wilt thou, O Jove, rend'nought asunder
But a poor blue-bottle crown ?"

"Ho, ho !" quoth he, "I was rash—elsewhere
My heated bolt I'll throw."
"Throw on ; but aim not at our world just there ;
Aim above it, or else below !"
Proud to have had in your cause such luck,
From the turrets of Heaven I sped :
As for Jove—I heard that his bolt had struck
• A brace of pigeons dead.

122.—MY LITTLE BOAT.

SONG SUNG TO MY FRIENDS ASSEMBLED FOR MY FETE.

Ma nacelle.

Over the tranquil seas
Floating at eve and morn,
Wherever Fate inclines the breeze,
My bark is borne.
Doth the sail to it expand ?
Off, away, I quit the strand.
Then onward float, my little boat ;
Soft Zephyr, still be kind !
Ay, little boat, still onward float ;
A port we'll find.

As passenger I've taken
The lively Muse of Song ;
And joyous strains 'tis hers to waken,
Gliding along ;
For the wanton maid at hand
Hath a lay for every strand.
Then onward float, my little boat ;
Soft Zephyr, still be kind !
Ay, little boat, still onward float ;
A port we'll find.

When storms the fiercest play,
When hundred bolts are falling,
Rocking this shore, and with dismay
Monarchs appalling ;
Pleasure yonder takes her stand,
Beckoning on the other strand.
Then onward float, my little boat ;
Soft Zephyr, still be kind !

MY LITTLE BOAT.

Ay, little boat, still onward float;
A port we'll find.

The sky is changed, and lo!
A far-off sun's bright beam
Ripens the vintages that glow
In toper's dream:
Let the new wine of that land
Be our ballast from its strand.
Then onward float, my little boat;
Soft Zephyr, still be kind!
Ay, little boat, still onward float;
A port we'll find.

A coast—wide spread its fame—
Now in its turn invites;
The half-draped Graces there proclaim
Love's sacred rites.
Heavens! the fairest of the band
Sighs—I hear her—on that strand.
Then onward float, my little boat;
Soft Zephyr, still be kind!
Ay, little boat, still onward float;
A port we'll find.

But now—from rocks afar
Whereon the laurel grows—
Perfidious rocks—what happy star
A refuge shows?
Friendship is it; she hath planned
Welcomes for me on this strand.
Then onward float, my little boat;
Soft Zephyr, still be kind!
Ay, little boat, still onward float;
A port we'll find.

123.—THE OLD SERGEANT.

1823.

At this date, the old soldiers of the Revolution and the Empire were still mourning over the substitution of the white flag of the Bourbons for their beloved Tricolor. Nor did the inglorious invasion of Spain under the Duc d'Angoulême help to soothe their wounded military spirit.

Le vieux Sergent.

From his dearly loved daughter, who spins at his side,
All the pain of his wounds the old sergeant would hide ;
And with hand that a bullet half useless has made,
Rocks the cradle wherein his twin grandsons are laid.
Seated tranquilly there at the porch of the cot,
After combats so many such refuge his lot,
“ Nay, to live is not all,” he repeats with a sigh,
“ O my children, God grant you with honor to die !”

But what hears he? yes, yes, 'tis the roll of a drum !
A battalion he sees—in the distance they come :
Through his temples, grey-haired, the hot blood is astir—
The old racer responds to the prick of the spur.
But alas ! in a moment he mournfully cries,
“ Ah ! the standard they carry seems strange to these eyes !
Yes, if e'er to avenge your own country ye fly,
O my children, God grant you with honor to die !

“ Who,” pursues the old hero, “ shall give us anew,
On the banks of the Rhine, at Jemmappes, at Fleurus,
Peasants, such as of yore the Republic could rear,
Sons who swarmed at her voice to defend her frontier ?
Starving, barefooted, deaf to all coward alarms,
How they marched, keeping step, to seek glory in arms !
To retemper our steel the Rhine wave we must try—
O my children, God grant you with honor to die !

"How they glittered in battle, our uniforms blue,
 Though their lustre was tarnished by conquest 'tis true !
 Then how Liberty mixed with the grape-shot we poured
 Sceptres broken in pieces, chains snapped by the sword !
 Nations then, become queens by those triumphs of ours,
 On the brows of our soldiers hung garlands of flowers ;
 Happy he who survived not that jubilee cry !
 O my children, God grant you with honor to die !

"But such worth all too soon by our Chiefs was obscured ;
 To ennoble themselves, from the ranks are they lured :
 And with mouths blackened still by the cartridge, prepare,
 Basely fawning on tyrants, their homage to swear.
 Freedom, too, with her arms has deserted—they turn
 From one throne to another, fresh prizes to earn :
 And our tears flow as fast as our glory ran high ;
 O my children, God grant you with honor to die !"

Here his daughter, to soothe him, was fain to break in,
 And in notes low and soft, without ceasing to spin,
 Sang the airs now proscribed, that were wont with a start
 To awaken all Kings, and chill Royalty's heart.
 "People," softly he murmurs, "ah ! would that these songs
 Might in turn—for 'tis time—bid you heed to your wrongs !"
 Then repeats to the babes who yet slumbering lie,
 "O my children, God grant you with honor to die !"



124.—FAREWELL TO FRIENDS.

Adieux à des amis.

And must I really say adieu,
 Good friends, though when away from you

No resting-place more sweet for me
Marked down upon my map I see ?
Even now amidst our jovial cheer,
O Heaven ! I think to-morrow's here !
"Coachman," quoth Wisdom, "crack your whip !"
And look ye, friends, away I slip !

Despite the sermons sages preach,
One might, with pleasures in one's reach,
Oppose to travel's wearying round
The leisure that with joy is crowned ;
But there's a restless ardor glowing,
That sets each human creature going.
"Coachman," quoth Fortune, "crack your whip !"
And look ye, friends, away we slip !

"Go not to see thy mistress fair—
Thy visits to the tavern spare !"
A doctor, not the most discreet,
Such ill-timed counsels will repeat :
But in Lisette such charms I meet ;
And good wine is so passing sweet—
"Coachman," quoth Folly, "crack your whip !"
And look ye, friends, away I slip !

Perchance on my return, ere long,
I'll sing you here another song ;
Before me seems even now to dawn
That pleasant day's auspicious morn.
Joy, who my praises often wakes,
With ready hand my bundle takes—
"Coachman," quoth Hope, "crack, crack your whip !"
And look ye, back again I slip !

125.—THE INVALID.

APRIL, 1823.

Le malade.

Sharp is the pain that racks my aching breast ;
My feeble voice in anguish is repress :
Yet all revives ; already doth the bee
Haste to the flowers that deck the hawthorn-tree.
God with his smile hath nature kindly blessed ;
Soon in their splendor will the heavens be dressed.
Come back, my voice, aye soft and pure, though weak ;
There are some bright days still, of which my song should speak !

My Esculapius hath o'erturned my glass ;
Joy is no more ; dark shadows o'er me pass !
Yet now Love comes ; and comes the month preferred
By Love—now pilfers for her nest the bird :
Whilst through the Universe, that teeming grows,
The stream of life voluptuously flows.
Come back, my voice, tender for aye, though weak ;
There are some pleasures still, of which my song should speak !

What songs my country asks ! let us, in shame,
Avenge the Tricolor's forgotten fame :
With unknown names France decks herself anew ;
To the dead eagle still our tears are due .
The stormy tribune, too ! what dangers there
Await the virtues, that to tempt it dare !
Come back, my voice, courageous, though thou'rt weak :
There are some glories still, of which my song should speak !

Freedom proscribed mine eye prophetic sees :
Again she comes—down, despots, to your knees !

To stifle her, would Tyranny in vain
 Invoke the North on us to fall again :
 Home to his den retreats the frightened bear,
 Far from the sun, whose beams he longed to share.
 Come back, my voice, aye free and proud, though weak ;
 There is a triumph still, of which my song should speak !

Alas ! what say I ? yes, the Earth awakes,
 Fair and adorned, as Spring upon us breaks :
 But in our hearts our courage slumbering lies ;
 " I bide the time," each fettered victim cries.
 Whilst Greece expires, and trembling Europe fears,
 None dare revolt, except alone our tears !
 Come back, my voice, consoling, though thou'rt weak ;
 There are some martyrs still, of whom my song should speak !



126.—THE GALLIC SLAVES.

ADDRESSED TO MANUEL.

1824.

Something has been said, in our notice of the poet's life, of his enthusiastic attachment to his friend Manuel.

Les esclaves Gaulois.

One night of old, some Gauls, poor slaves,
 When all around them slept,
 The cellars taxed, wherein his wines
 Their cruel master kept.
 " Aha !" says one, as fear takes wing,
 " What somersets in turn we fling !
 Certes, when master sleeps, the slave becomes the king—
 Come, let's get drunk !

" Our master confiscated, friends,
This wine, the very day
When Gauls were banished from their land,
And law was swept away.
Let Time our fetters rust—good sign
He puts upon this glorious wine :
'Tis right we share the spoils of those who, exiled, pine—
Come, let's get drunk !

" Say, could ye find the lowly stones
That mark our warriors' tombs ?
No widows there kneel down in prayer ;
In Spring no floweret blooms.
Their names are blotted out—on high
No more the lyre uplifts them : fie !
A fig for stupid fools, who for their country die !—
Come, let's get drunk !

" But Liberty again conspires
With what remains of Worth—
' Aye will ye sleep, dull souls,' she cries,
' See, Morn awakes the earth !'
Go, boasted Goddess ! wouldst thou snare
Martyrs and madmen ? look elsewhere !
Gold can seduce thee now ; and Glory now can scare—
Come, let's get drunk !

" Let's brood no more o'er ills endured ;
For us no hope remains :
Altars for anvils tyrants use
In rivetting our chains.
All-potent gods, must weak mankind
In you—whom priests can yoke and bind
To kingly cars of state—their bright exemplars find ?—
Come, let's get drunk !

"The gods let's laugh at, sages hiss,
Our lords and masters flatter;
Give them our sons for hostages—
Shame's now no killing matter.
Nay, Pleasure shall our rights assert,
And Fate's severest blows avert;
Then gaily let us trail our fetters through the dirt!—
Come, let's get drunk!"

The master hears their tipsy rout,
And to his lackeys bawls,
"Quick, with your whips there, stop the fun
Of these degenerate Gauls!"
Gauls, who on bended knees await,
From growling tyrant's beck, your fate—
Poor Gauls, of whom the world hath stood in awe so late,
Come, let's get drunk!

L'ENVOI.

Dear Manuel, if in these old days
Aught like our own appears,
'Tis that thy daring eloquence
Meets dull, ungrateful ears.
But still our country thou wouldst save,
Disgusts and dangers nobly brave,
And justly stigmatize the cry of senseless knave—
"Come, let's get drunk!"

127.—THE JACK.

Le tournebrotte.

Dearly I love the dinner-bell, what though
 Few places hear it ring ;
But reasons much more cogent one may show,
 Why we the jack should sing :
At house of prince or cit, how many a foe
 Together doth it bring !
To its soft tic-tac the contracting hosts
Shall sign, some day, a peace—between two roasts.

Let these, like by-gone days, in feuds be rich
 Concerning Music's art ;
Let Italy's Amphion from his niche
 Pull down the great Mozart :
Give me the jovial strain, in sign of which
 The jack can play its part !
To its soft tic-tac the contracting hosts
Shall sign, some day, a peace—between two roasts.

Whilst the ambitious to her rolling wheel
 Fortune by thousands ties ;
In the mud plunges them, head over heel,
 Or whirls them to the skies :
It is the spit—this truth I can't conceal—
 Whose turning charms mine eyes !
To its soft tic-tac the contracting hosts
Shall sign, some day, a peace—between two roasts.

A watch, describing with most wondrous skill
 The course our hours pursue,
Rules the small circle of our days ; but still,
 It fails to charm them too.

The jack does better—well the jack can fill
 Moments, alas, too few !
 To its soft tic-tac the contracting hosts
 Shall sign, some day, a peace—between two roasts.

Of nought but jacks the golden age had need,
 We from old tales opine :
 For her own use 'twas Friendship then, indeed,
 That did their spring design ;
 Hail, those wound up by *her* ! though glory's meed,
 O Treasury-jack, be thine !
 To its soft tic-tac the contracting hosts
 Shall sign, some day, a peace—between two roasts.

128.—PSARA.

OR, THE OTTOMAN'S SONG OF VICTORY.

The object of this composition, says a note, was to arouse public indignation against the Cabinets of Europe, that had allowed the massacre of so many thousand hapless Greeks. The incidents are matters of history. Chios and Psara are but variations in the pronunciation of Scio and Ipsara.

Psara.

“ El Allah ! to the Prophet be the glory and the praise !
 Victory is ours : here on this rock our standards let us raise ;
 Vainly would its defenders immortalize their fall
 By crumbling o'er their fated heads the heavy-bastioned wall.
 Yes, Victory hath declared for us ; and our terrific steel
 Upon the Cross, for all its crimes, due punishment shall deal ;
 This race invincible 't were well to root out, branch and stem :
 No Kings in Christendom will stir to take revenge for *them* !

"What! Chios, couldst thou not contrive one single soul to save,
 Who hither might have come, of all thy tales of woe to rave?
 Then Psara trembling might have bent low at her masters' knees:
 But now, thy sons, thy palaces, thy hamlets—where are these!
 When in thy rebel isle, bestrewn with thousands of the dead,
 The Pestilence that 'mid them stalked our soldiers saw with
 dread,

Its aid alone thy dying sons would venture to bespeak:
 No Kings in Christendom, they knew, for *them* would vengeance
 wreak!

"But, lo, the pleasant festivals of Chios are renewed;
 Psara succumbs—behold around, her best defenders strewed:
 Come, reckon up the gory heap of heads, that yonder lies
 In the seraglio, to greet the Christian envoys' eyes.
 Ho, for the pillage of these walls! for beauty, wine, and gold!
 Outrage, O virgins, will improve your charms a hundredfold;
 When all is o'er, the sword from taint shall purge your souls
 anew:

No Kings in Christendom will stir to take revenge for *you*!

"Europe, herself to slavery condemned, in thought had said,
 'Here let a nation, to be formed of freemen, rear its head!'
 But quick a cry, 'Peace, peace!' is heard in tones that anger
 bode;

'Tis from the Chiefs whom God in scorn on Europe hath bestowed.
 Bad was the pattern Byron set—with danger was it fraught;
 So to their lips his early death a smile of pleasure brought.
 Christ's very temple for the scene of foul abuse let's take:
 No Kings in Christendom will think of vengeance for *His* sake!

"Thus not an obstacle is left, our fury to withstand;
 Psara exists no longer—God blots it from the land.
 The victor, taking his repose 'mid ruins round him spread,
 Sees in his dreams the gushing streams of blood he still must
 shed:

Oh ! that the remnant of the Greeks, some day, Stamboul may see
Hung from the yard-arms of our ships—and hail with frantic
glee !

For Greece herself—we'll bid her slink, back to her ancient
tomb :

No Kings in Christendom will think of vengeance for *her* doom !”

’Twas thus the horde of savages their hymn of triumph sang ;
When hark ! “ the Greeks ! the Greeks !” a cry of terror ’mid
them rang.

The fleet of Hellas to the isle hath sudden found its way,
And for the flood of Psara’s blood the Mussulman must pay.
But O ye Greeks, united be ! or traitors, more than one,
Astray will lead you, though a course of triumph ye may run ;
Nations, perchance, if fall ye must, to loud lament might wake :
No Kings in Christendom would stir to vengeance for *your* sake !

129.—THE SEAL ;

OR, A LETTER TO SOPHY.

1824.

It must be borne in mind that the inquisitorial government of Venice was the first that organized a police ; and that the establishment of the Black Cabinet in the French post-office, wherein the secrecy of letters was so often violated, dates from the reign of Louis XIV. His successor, at times, amused himself with the scandalous gossip, which was thus extracted from private correspondence. After the Revolution of July, the Black Cabinet was suppressed.

Le cachet.

From thee it came, this seal, where I behold,
Ingenious symbol, ivy twined in gold :

Seal, where on stone the graver's art portrayed
Young Love, whose finger on his lip is laid.
He's sacred, Sophy; but in vain he stands
Offering his succor to thy lovers's hands;
Scarce will my pen to him, mistrustful, bow:
For Love himself there are no secrets now!

Askest thou why, so far from one so dear,
Whose pining soul a letter serves to cheer—
Why I should think some hostile hand will dare
Profane the god who seals our secrets there?
I fear not, lest to jealousy a prey,
Some madman, Sophy, should such crime essay:
What I *do* fear I tremble to avow:
For Love himself there are no secrets now!

A monster, Sophy, of perfidious eye,
Stained Venice' laws, of old, with crimson dye:
Still doth it clutch its homicidal pay;
Still into kingly ears it breathes dismay.
All will it see, all hear, and all will read;
Searches for evil, or invents at need:
Of brittle seals the wax it melts, I trow:
For Love himself there are no secrets now!

These words, O Sophy, traced for thee alone,
Its prying eye shall read, before thine own;
What here in tender confidence I tell
It will pervert, some venal plot to swell;
Or say, perchance, "For our sarcastic court
This loving couple's life will furnish sport;
And help to smooth the crowned and weary brow."
For Love himself there are no secrets now!

I throw aside my pen, in dire alarm;
Thy grief, in absence, it had served to charm:

The wax is lighted for the seal in vain—
 Broken 'twill be—I shall have caused thee pain.
 The same great king La Vallière could betray,
 And this foul scheme hand downwards to our day :
 Curse ye his dust, who breathe the lover's vow ;
 For Love himself there are no secrets now !

130.—CLAIRE.

Claire.

Who may the maiden be, tripping by—
 Laughing her air, and her footstep light ?
 How in her smile, and her sparkling eye,
 All that is graceful and good unite !
 She's a young seamstress—the rest by her side
 Mark how she blooms, and themselves despair :
 Beauty like hers is a father's pride—
 Yes, she's the grave-digger's daughter, Claire.

Claire has a home in the burial ground—
 See you the sun on her window play ?
 Hark ! hear you not a low murmuring sound ?
 'Tis from her dove-cot it comes this way.
 Yonder what flutters about the tombs,
 Dazzlingly white ? what a lovely pair !
 Whose are those doves with the snow-white plumes ?
 Pets of the grave-digger's daughter, Claire.

Passing at eve by her cottage wall,
 Up to the roof with a vine o'erhung,
 Snatches of song on your ear may fall—
 Listen you must, 'tis so sweetly sung.

Ditty of love, or a carol gay—
 Smiling or pensive you linger there :
 “ Who the enchantress ? ” you well may say—
 She ? ’tis the grave-digger’s daughter, Claire.

Oft in yon thicket at dawn of day,
 Under its lilacs, her laugh is ringing ;
 There where the flowers in a rich bouquet,
 Still wet with dew, to her hand are springing.
 There, how superbly the myrtle is growing !
 There, in the plants what a thriving air !
 Roses are there ever freshly blowing—
 All for the grave-digger’s daughter, Claire.

But for the morrow gay scenes are planned—
 Under her roof many guests rejoice ;
 Claire on a fiddler bestows her hand—
 Handsome and young—he’s her father’s choice.
 How will her heart in the dance to-morrow
 Throb ’neath the silk and the gauze she’ll wear—
 Children, and toil, but no touch of sorrow,
 Heaven give the grave-digger’s daughter, Claire !



131.—THE POET-LAUREATE.

VERSES FOR THE FETE OF MARY

1824.

Le poète de cour.

They’re buying pipe and lyre !
 ’Tis then full time for me,
 Like others, to aspire
 Court-Laureate to be.

What ! to thee, Mary, tune a song again ?
 No, no, in truth I may not dare obey :
 Nerved is my Muse to try a bolder strain,
 And towards the Court at length she wings her way.
 I'll wager they would raise a loan to buy
 A new Voltaire, if one to life should spring ;
 Ready for sale to Government am I—
 Mary, for thee no longer can I sing.

They're buying pipe and lyre !
 'Tis then full time for me,
 Like others, to aspire
 Court-Laureate to be.

If I should speak to please thy simple ear,
 Some folks would smile at my attempts to please ;
 Love now-a-days small notice draws, I fear :
 Friendship herself is banished by grantees.
 All patriotic notions now are hissed ;
 To reckon readily's the only thing :
 An ode I'm writing to an egotist—
 Mary, for thee no longer can I sing.

They're buying pipe and lyre !
 'Tis then full time for me,
 Like others, to aspire
 Court-Laureate to be.

Moved by thy voice, I fear, lest from my lips
 Praise of the gallant Greeks should haply gush,
 Brave Greeks, whom Europe's leaguings to eclipse,
 Lest before them she still be forced to blush.
 Thy generous soul must sympathize in vain ;
 In vain their sorrows must thy feelings wring :
 I greet in song the happy land of Spain—
 Mary, for thee no longer can I sing.

They're buying pipe and lyre !
 'Tis then full time for me,
 Like others, to aspire
 Court-Laureate to be.

But, Heavens ! how would my calculations fail,
 If of thy hero any hints I breathed :
 Glory he left us on so vast a scale,
 That we're embarrassed by what he bequeathed.
 Whilst thy fond hands, to decorate his bust,
 Laurels, in sign of well-placed homage, bring,
 I serve with praise a person most august :
 Mary, for thee no longer can I sing.

They're buying pipe and lyre !
 'Tis then full time for me,
 Like others, to aspire
 Court-Laureate to be.

Thy doubts, dear Mary, tell me whence they came,
 That thus to change should be thy lover's lot ?
 Country and honor, liberty and fame,
 Are merely words, and men discount them not.
 To offer flattery to the great I'm learning,
 And songs for *thee* on *them* might satire fling ;
 No, no, where'er my heart would fain be turning,
 Mary, for thee no longer can I sing.

They're buying pipe and lyre !
 'Tis then full time for me,
 Like others, to aspire
 Court-Laureate to be.

132.—THE NEGROES AND THE PUPPET-SHOW.

A FABLE.

Les nègres et les marionnettes.

A captain was to market bound,
With negroes in his ship ;
They died of ennui, score by score ;
“ Pest,” quoth he, “ here’s a slip !
Fie, lubbers, fie ! this is not fair ;
But I can cure you of your care.
Come, come and see my puppets play ;
Good slaves, amuse yourselves, I pray.”

Their mortal sorrows to beguile,
A stage is rigged in view ;
Punch, all at once, before them stands—
For negroes something new.
At first they know not what to think,
But sily to each other wink :
Then through their tears smiles force their way ;
“ Good slaves, amuse yourselves, I pray.”

Look how the constable will plague
The hump-backed king before him ;
Who, for example, knocks him down,
And coolly then puffs o’er him.
All they forget—nor chains can feel—
Our friends laugh out in boisterous peal.
Man gladly casts his cares away ;
“ Good slaves, amuse yourselves, I pray.”

The devil comes : well pleased, they note
The rebel angel’s hue ;

He bears off Punch ; this puts their grief
 Still further out of view.
 A black triumphant at the close !
 What rapture this last scene bestows !
 Poor souls, they dream of glory's ray !
 " Good slaves, amuse yourselves, I pray."

Thus steering to the Western World,
 Where Fate will sterner frown,
 The bursting of despondent hearts
 By puppets is kept down.
 Each king, whom fear hath sobered, thus
 Would playthings lavish upon us—
 Ah ! weary not of life's dull day !
 Good slaves, amuse yourselves, I pray.



133.—THE BIRTHDAY.

L'anniversaire.

My little Héloïse, d'ye know
 That you were born one year ago ?
 The past hath been your blithest year,
 Though smiles your future life shall cheer.
 See ! they have brought you garlands gay ;
 Do put them on, and let me pray,
 Since you look charming in this crown,
 For *plaything* you'll not pull it down.

A child, who old can scarcely grow,
 Knowing to whom your birth you owe,
 Predicts that you to please will learn—
 'Tis Love—you'll know him in your turn !

From him for scores of reasons flee,
 Your foster-brother though he be ;
 Your rose-trimmed bonnet he would take,
 A *plaything* for himself to make.

Hope, with her brilliant wings outspread,
 Is gaily fluttering o'er your head !
 With *her* prismatic tints endowed,
 What smiling forms around you crowd !
 Yes, to her gentle dreams resigned,
 Joys in abundance shall you find,
 If for each age, till all is o'er,
 Some *plaything* still *she* keep in store.



134.—AWAY, YOUNG GIRLS!

Passez, jeunes filles.

Heavens ! what a bevy, young and fair,
 Flits to and fro before me there !
 In Spring they 've all a jaunty air :
 All ? hold, I've had *my* day !
 I'll tell them, o'er and o'er, my age ;
 Hearts will be rash in life's first stage :
 I'll don the mantle of a sage—

Away, young girls, away !

Look, Zoe eyes me ! Don't you tell—
 But, Zoe, your mamma knows well,
 When called to meet her by Love's spell,
 If I the laggard play.

Severe her calls on lovers are—
 Love 's nothing if not pushed too far—
 Follow the counsels of mamma !

Away, young girls, away !

Your grandmamma passed down to me,
 Dear, gentle Laura, Love's decree ;
 And though ten years my senior, she
 Still prompts me to obey.
 Tempt me not, Laura, if you please,
 Or in saloon, or 'neath the trees—
 Grandma' with eye still jealous sees—
 Away, young girls, away !

What, Rose, you 're smiling on me too !
 Did nought befall you ? is it true,
 That a high-born gallant with you
 One night was caught astray ?
 But to the morning night gives place—
 You, husband-hunting, gaily race—
 I'm still too young for you to chase—
 Away, young girls, away !

Haste, haste away ! fair madcaps, go !
 Soft genial fires within you glow ;
 Ah ! lest on me a spark you throw,
 Take heed, take heed, I say.
 Passing a powder-magazine,
 Whose walls by Time are sapped I ween,
 Up with the hand your light to screen !
 Away, young girls, away !



135.—THE IMAGINARY VOYAGE.

1824.

Le voyage imaginaire.

On humid wings the Autumn hurrying near
 Dooms me again fresh suffering to bewail :

Victim of poverty, and pain, and fear,
I see the roses of my joy turn pale.
Snatch me, oh, snatch me from Lutetia's slime ;
Fain would mine eyes behold a brighter sky :
I dreamed of Greece whilst yet in boyhood's prime ;
'Tis there, 'tis there, that I would wish to die.

'Tis vain—no more translate me Homer's lays—
A Greek I *was*—Pythagoras spake well—
At Athens born, in Pericles' proud days,
I stood by Socrates within his cell ;
I praised the marvels Phidias' hand supplied ;
Ilissus' flowering borders charmed mine eye ;
I woke the bees upon Hymettus' side ;
'Tis there, 'tis there, that I would wish to die.

Dazzle my sight, ye gods, one single day,
And warm my heart with that unclouded sun !
Freedom, far off, I hail ; and hear her say,
" Haste, Thrasybulus has the victory won."
Away ! the barque prepares her sail to bend ;
Safe o'er thy bosom. Ocean, let me fly !
At the Piræus let my Muse descend !
'Tis there, 'tis there, that I would wish to die.

Soft are the skies that Italy can show ;
Alas, that slavery taints their azure hue !
Then onward, helmsman, prithee, onward go,
Where morning dawns so brightly on the view !
Those waves, what are they ? what the rock-bound land ?
What brilliant soil, that yonder I descry ?
Lo, tyranny expires upon the strand !
'Tis there, 'tis there, that I would wish to die.

A rude barbarian at your port receive,
Virgins of Athens ! deign my voice to greet :

137.—VERSES,

ON A PRETENDED LIKENESS OF ME, PLACED AS A FRONTISPIECE TO AN EDITION OF MY SONGS.

Couplets sur un prétendu portrait de moi.

Little fanciful portrait, designed
To be placed in the front of my book,
Dost thou think the whole world is so kind
As to welcome thy quizzical look ?
If thou darest, the bays thou canst don—
Modest bays—not too thick—they may be :
Or a chaplet of roses put on—
No, thou art not a portrait of me !

For my likeness I never would sit ;
Then for whom thou art meant, come, explain—
Canst thou be but some hypocrite, fit
Even Virtue's attractions to feign ?
Petty saint, full of tricks—the devout
At Mont Rouge before such bend the knee—
What a sign for my Muse to hang out !—
No, thou art not a portrait of me !

Or, perchance, thou dost tragedy write,
Reckoned, rhymed, polished up with due pain,
In whose parts, academical quite,
All the fire of a Talma were vain ?
What ! can my common drinking songs claim
Noble image like this that I see ?
On all stately heroics 't were shame—
No, thou art not a portrait of me !

With conceit is thy countenance fraught :
Have we here but the Licenser's frown—

That exciseman who confiscates thought,
At his will, to the use of the crown ?
In my pack I've prohibited stuff,
That the barrier could not pass free :
But thy phiz for a stamp were enough—
No, thou art not a portrait of me !

If this fright were like me in the least,
By thy glory not much would be earned—
Stand in awe, lest some sanctified priest
In his zeal have thee publicly burned !
In the future I trust I may live,
Though the present dispenses with thee ;
What I pen my best likeness will give—
No, thou art not a portrait of me !

138.—CORONATION OF CHARLES THE SIMPLE.

This song was one of the moving causes of the second prosecution of our poet ; the incidents in the life of Charles III., surnamed the Simple, bearing a general resemblance to those of Charles X., against whom this bitter satire was levelled.—At the coronation of the latter, which took place at Rheims, was renewed the ancient custom of setting flights of birds at liberty.—In the fourth stanza, “ the article ” referred to, is that one of the Charter, which secures the free right of worship. This was said to have been very repugnant to the bigotry of Charles X., who was with difficulty persuaded to swear to it.—A very severe law against sacrilege was in existence, prior to the Revolution of July.

Le sacre de Charles-le-Simple.

Frenchmen, to Rheims who throaging crowd,
Montjoie, St. Denis ! shout aloud !
The holy cruse with oil once more
Is filled ; and, as in days of yore,

Sparrows by hundreds tossed on high
Through the Cathedral joyous fly—
Vain symbols of a broken yoke,
That from the king a smile provoke.
“Be wiser than ourselves ;” the people cry—
“Look well, O birds, look to your liberty !”

Come, since old usages prevail,
From Charles the Third I'll date my tale.
He, Charlemagne's successor, rightly
Was called the Simple, for unknighly
His course through Germany he wended,
No laurels gaining, when it ended.
Still, crowds his coronation throng :
Flatterers and birds have sung their song—
“No silly signs of joy !” the people cry—
“Look well, O birds, look to your liberty !”

In tawdry lace bedizzened bravely,
This king, who gulped down taxes gravely,
Walks 'mid his faithful subjects—they
Had, in a less auspicious day,
To rebel standard all adhered,
By generous usurper reared.
Their tongues some hundred millions buy—
A price for fealty none too high.
“We're paying for our chains ;” the people cry—
“Look well, O birds, look to your liberty !”

At feet of prelates stiff with gold,
Charles's *Confiteor* is told ;
He's robed, and kissed, and oiled ; and next,
With hand upon the Holy Text,
Whilst sacred anthems fill the air,
Hears his Confessor whisper, “Swear !

Rome, here concerned, is nothing loath
To grant release from such an oath."
"Mark, how they govern us!" the people cry—
"Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!"

In belt of Charlemagne arrayed,
As though just such a roystering blade,
Charles in the dust now prostrate lies;
"Rise up, Sir King," a soldier cries.
"No," quoth the Bishop, "and by Saint Peter,
The Church crowns you; with bounty treat her!
Heaven *sends*, but 'tis the priests who *give*;
Long may legitimacy live!"
"Our ruler's ruled himself;" the people cry—
"Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!"

This King, O birds, in wonders dealing,
Will now the scrofulous be healing:
But ye, who're all that renders gay
His wearied escort, haste away,
Or sacrilege you'll be committing,
As o'er the altar you are flitting;
Religion here plants guards—and hers
Just now are executioners.
"Your wings we envy you," the people cry—
"Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!"



139.—THE GOOD OLD DAME.

La bonne vieille.

Thou, my fair mistress, wilt be growing old;
Thou wilt grow old, and I shall be no more:



Time seems for me, so swiftly hath he rolled,
The days I've lost to reckon doubly o'er.
Survive me, thou ! but let thine age of pain
Still, still my lessons faithfully retain :
And, good old dame, in chimney-corner seated,
Still be thy lover's songs by thee repeated !

Beneath thy wrinkles when the eye would trace
Charms, that to me could inspiration lend—
Fond of soft tales, when some of youthful race
Bid thee describe thy much-regretted friend ;
Paint thou my love, if thou canst paint it true,
Ardent—nay maddened—nay even jealous too ;
And, good old dame, in chimney-corner seated,
Still be thy lover's songs by thee repeated !

" Was he worth loving ?" one perchance would know—

" I loved him well," thou wilt not blush to cry :

" Signs of a mean, base spirit did he show ?"

" Never !" methinks I hear thy proud reply.

Ah ! say that he, to love and feeling prone,
Of joyous lute could softer make the tone ;
And, good old dame, in chimney-corner seated,
Still be thy lover's songs by thee repeated !

Thou, whose warm tears for France I taught to stream,

Let new-made heroes' sons fail not to hear

That Hope and Glory were my chosen theme ;

That my sad country I with these would cheer.

To them recall, how the dread north wind's might

Could twenty harvests of our laurels blight ;

And, good old dame, in chimney-corner seated,
Still be thy lover's songs by thee repeated !

Ah, dearly loved one, when my poor renown

Shall haply soothe the sorrows age must bring ;

When thy weak hand my portrait still shall crown
 With the fresh flowers of each revolving Spring;
 Then lift thine eyes to the world we may not see,
 Where we for aye shall re-united be;
 And, good old dame, in chimney-corner seated,
 Still be thy lover's songs by thee repeated !



140.—THE LITTLE MAN IN RED.

1826. •

A tradition, of ancient date, supposed the existence of such an apparition as is here described, and was in vogue with the populace during the reign of Napoleon. The Imp was said to have been seen in the well-known Clock-tower of the Tuileries, whenever new masters were about to take possession of the palace.—Béranger, in 1826, ante-dated, by four years, the expulsion of Charles X. The hit at the Jesuits is but one of many such.

Le petit homme rouge.

Out upon the disaffected !
 In the palace am I kept—
 Forty years I've been the sweeper—
 Near the clock I've always slept.
 Listen, children : from my corner—
 For the sinful life I've led,
 Never gadding out—I've seen him,
 Seen the Little Man in Red.
 Saints of Paradise,
 Pray for Charles the Tenth !

Figure to yourselves the demon
 All in scarlet—think of that—

Squinting, humpbacked, hair in carrots,
 And a snake for his cravat ;
 Hookèd-nosed, and cloven-footed—
 When he's singing thereabout
 With his croaking voice, the Palace
 Looks for turnings inside out.
 Saints of Paradise,
 Pray for Charles the Tenth !

First, in '92 I saw him :
 It was when, alas ! in dread
 Nobles, ay, and prelates, basely
 From a kindly master fled.
 There, in wooden shoes, red cap on,
 Came the monster of those days ;
 And, if on my chair I nodded,
 Struck me up the *Marseillaise*.
 Saints of Paradise,
 Pray for Charles the Tenth !

I went sweeping on, but shortly
 Saw the Imp again appear,
 By the gutter come to fright me
 For good Mister Robespierre.
 He was powdered now ; and smother
 Than a priest's the words he spoke :
 And he hymned the *Supreme Being*,
 As if humoring the joke.
 Saints of Paradise,
 Pray for Charles the Tenth !

With the "days of terror" over,
 I forgot him—songs and all :
 But the sight of him forewarned me,
 Our good Emperor must fall.

Plumed with twenty varied feathers—

Of as many foes to tell—

To a hurdy-gurdy sang he

Henri Quatre, and Gabrielle.

Saints of Paradise,

Pray for Charles the Tenth !

Now I've news to tell you, children ;

But be sure it doesn't spread :

Thrice, at night again returning ;

Have I seen the Man in Red.

With his mocking laugh, and chanting

Like a chorister, he bows

To the floor—then pulls his flapper,

Like a Jesuit's, o'er his brows.

Saints of Paradise,

Pray for Charles the Tenth !



141.—THE NATIONAL GUARD.

ON ITS BEING DISBANDED BY CHARLES X.

It can scarcely be necessary to explain to the reader, that the *ninety-two* and *eighty-seven*, referred to in this song, are the years 1787 and 1792. During the former, the old Bourbon monarchy was still in power ; the latter is identified as one of the worst periods of revolutionary frenzy. —Mont Rouge, mentioned in the last stanza, was noted for its College of Jesuits ; the hint at the possibility of another Massacre of St. Bartholomew, emanating from that quarter, is sufficiently caustic.

La garde nationale.

On all Paris an outrage behold !

For our force, O good friends, they disband :

Is't because we were strikingly bold,
And against their allies made a stand?
Zounds! there's some gloomy project in view:
Our own safety to place beyond doubt,
The old exercise each must go through,
And with aye the same foot must step out.
Nay, friends, don't let us give up yet;
Nor how to keep the time forget!

Of the National Guard, it is true,
The one-half did old soldiers comprise;
On the brave of the Royal Guard, too,
We had oft looked with favoring eyes.
Were it not for this government plan,
Without question the day would have come,
When, whilst they would have quaffed from our can,
We ourselves should have marched to their drum.
Nay, friends, don't let us give up yet;
Nor how to keep the time forget!

Though our voices were heard with a frown;
Ne'ertheless we must raise them again,
Crying, "Down with the ministers, down
With the whole Jesuitical train!"
For their money, I hold that the crowd
Have a right any wishes to make:
To cry fire is it only allowed,
When the house is beginning to shake?
Nay, friends, don't let us give up yet;
Nor how to keep the time forget!

Now I feel 'twas no manner of use
At the Chamber that guard we should mount:
We, for more than one member's abuse,
Should have made the three hundred account!

As their rampart the Charter they hail,
Though such liberties with it they take :
Such a wall it were easy to scale,
By the breaches that in it they make.
Nay, friends, don't let us give up yet ;
Nor how to keep the time forget !

At the palace on duty to be,
Whilst for safety a cartridge we lack ;
Every Swiss well-provided to see ;
This may tempt one, in truth, to look back.
All respect, O Court-people, for you !
To retrace is to blunder, by Heaven !
Yet it seems that you risk '92
In the hope to regain '87.
Nay, friends, don't let us give up yet ;
Nor how to keep the time forget !

Since Mont Rouge o'er us menacing lowers,
And a sort of Saint Barthel'my dreams,
Let's prepare, notwithstanding their powers,
Such repulse for the foe as beseems.
When the ship hurries on to her wreck,
Steered by ignorance over the wave,
In despite of the Captain on deck,
'Tis our duty the vessel to save !
Nay, friends, don't let us give up yet ;
Nor how to keep the time forget !

142.—LINES ON DÉLILLE.

A tribute to the merit and the memory of a brother poet, and a hit at the hard and unpoetical tendencies of his own age.

Couplet.

Our age repudiates Délille,
For 'tis in thought debased :
Nor statue grants him, whom in life
On pedestal it placed.
Thus sages, poets, artists, catch
In vain at glory's ray :
Too oft posterity will snatch
This winding-sheet away.

143.—THE GODDESS.

ON A PERSON WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD SEEN PLAYING THE PART OF LIBERTY
IN ONE OF THE FÊTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

La Déesse.

What ! is it thou, thou whom I saw so fair in other days,
When a whole people round thy car in rapture thronged to gaze ?
They bade thee, whilst saluting thee, the name immortal bear
Of her whose standard thou thyself wert brandishing in air.
Our shouts of joy, the deep respect with which to thee we
bowed,
Thy glory and thy matchless charms, combined to make thee
proud :
Yes, yes, a goddess thou didst move majestic through the crowd,
Goddess of Liberty !

O'er ruins of a Gothic age thy course triumphant lay ;
Our brave defenders round thee pressed to greet thee on thy way :
Then wreaths of flowers were rained in showers, and virgins
chaste and fair

Mingled their own harmonious strains with many a martial air.
I, who, a hapless child, was doomed, as one of orphan race,
To drain the bitter draughts that chance before my lips might
place,

I cried, " Ah ! let me find in thee a mother's fond embrace,
Goddess of Liberty !"

With names of infamous renown that epoch hath been fraught ;
But then, in youth's unconscious age, I could not judge of aught :
In spelling, with my childish tongue, our *country*—tender word—
The thought of foreigners and foes my soul with horror stirred.
All was in agitation then ; all armed them for defence ;
All, all were proud, but Poverty to pride made most pretence.
Ah, give me back ! ah, give me back my childhood's joyous sense,
Goddess of Liberty !

As some volcano quenched beneath its ashes, heap on heap,
This people, after twenty years, was lulled again to sleep :
'Twas then the alien brought with him his balance in his hold,
And twice could say to them, " O Gauls ! come, weigh us out
your gold !"

When in our drunkenness we paid our homage to the skies,
And bowing down to Beauty, bade for her an altar rise,
Thou wert but of some happy dream the image in our eyes,
Goddess of Liberty !

I see thee once again, and now hath Time's too rapid flight
Made dull those eyes, where once the Loves were laughing in
their light :

I see thee once again, and Time hath wrinkled so thy brow
That, as I speak, for thy young days, methinks 'tis blushing now.

Be re-assured ; the car, the flowers, the altar as of yore,
 Youth, glory, virtue, grandeur, hope, and pride, are now no more :
 All, all have perished ; thou art not a goddess as before,
 Goddess of Liberty !



144.—PREDICTION OF NOSTRADAMUS.

FOR A. D. 2000.

Michel de Nostredame, a celebrated astrologist of the days of Catherine de Medicis, published in 1557 his *Centuries*, a collection of bold and curious predictions, to some of which chance has given a singular fulfilment. He died in 1566, when Henry IV. was in his thirteenth year.

Prédiction de Nostradamus.

Nostradamus, who served *Henri Quatre* as a nurse—
 Great astrologer he—has predicted in verse,
 That *anno* 2000, (the date is scarce true,)
 The reverse of the medal shall come into view.
 "Then Paris," says he, "in its joyous career
 At the door of the Louvre shall a supplicant hear—
 'O fortunate Frenchmen, come, lighten my woe ;
 Your alms on the last of your monarchs bestow !"

"Now the voice shall be that of one stricken in years,
 One who scrofulous, tattered, and shoeless appears ;
 Who arriving from Rome, there proscribed at his birth ;
 Shall in urchins from school move, or pity, or mirth.
 'Ho ! beggar !' perchance shall a Senator cry,
 'The mendicant here is forbidden to ply'—
 'I, alas ! only I, Sir, survive of my race ;
 I'm the last of your monarchs : Oh, pity my case !"

“ ‘ But say, dost thou truly belong to that race ?’
‘ Yes,’ he’ll answer, for nought all his pride can efface ;
‘ And in Rome, when ’twas Papacy’s seat, have I seen
Crown and sceptre of gold, that my grandsire’s had been.
But he sold them, to keep up the courage of men
Who were false as his agents, and weak with the pen :
I, for sceptre, the staff of the wanderer own ;
For the last of your Kings be your sympathy shown !

“ ‘ Imprisoned for debt, my old sire, ere he died,
A good honest trade for me dared not provide ;
So I beg : but ye rich, ye bear hard on the poor
In all lands—God has forced me the proofs to endure.
Now, at length, on this flourishing soil I can tread,
Whence so oft, driven forth, have my ancestors fled :
Ah ! in pity look back to our pomp and our show ;
And your alms on the last of your monarchs bestow !’

“ Then shall answer the Senator, ‘ Come, be my guest ;
In my palace amongst us be happy, and rest !
We have no animosity now against kings ;
To our knees what is left of them lovingly clings.
Come, awaiting to know if the Senate’s decree
Will acknowledge a claim on its bounty for thee,
I, whose race from the blood of a regicide springs,
Will in charity succor the last of our kings.’ ”

Nostradamus then adds in his old-fashioned way,
That a hundred a year the Republic will pay
To the Prince ; and that he, a good citizen too,
Some day will be chosen as Mayor of St. Cloud.
2000 in story will thus bear its part
As the date when, presiding o’er Order and Art,
At peace, and beneath Glory’s shadowing wings,
France pitied and succored the last of her Kings.

145.—LOUIS XI.

It is said that this king, in retirement at Plessis-les-Tours with Tristan, the confidant and the instrument of his cruelties, would sometimes stand before the windows of his castle, and gaze wistfully upon the peasants dancing.

Louis XI.

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

Our old King Louis, hid in yonder towers,
 Whose name we breathe all gently and in fear,
Essays to smile, now Spring puts out fresh flowers,
 Upon our gambols here.

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

Whilst on our sward we laugh, and sing, and love,
 Stern Louis keeps himself close prisoner there :
The high he fears—the low—nay, God above ;
 But most, his hapless heir.

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

Look, where a hundred halberds strike the eye,
Beneath our sunny heaven, so soft and clear !
Hark, whilst the guards their watchful challenge cry,
Bolts grating on the ear !

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses gaily bound !
Rejoice, rejoice.
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

He comes—the lowliest cotter's peace of mind
Such king, alas ! with envy might regard.
Like a pale phantom, mark him there, behind
Yon window, thickly barred !

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

How would the monarch's form before us stand,
Pictured in brilliant images ! but now—
See, for the sceptre a weak trembling hand !
For crown a troubled brow !

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

He quakes, he's troubled ; all in vain we sing :
'Tis but the clock that chimes the passing hour ;

Yet ever thus 'tis taken by the King
For sign from 'larum tower.

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !

Look, with his favorite where he glides away ;
Alas ! our mirth but drives him to despair :
Deadly his hate ! " he smiled on us," we'll say,
 " With kind, paternal air."

Happy villagers, dance around !
Lads and lasses, gaily bound !
 Rejoice, rejoice,
 O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound !



146.—THE TEN THOUSAND FRANCS.

LA FORCE, 1829.

Les dix mille francs.

Ten thousand francs, ten thousand francs I'm fined !
Heavens, what a rent for just nine months in jail !
I, who so long a time at home have dined,
Since bread's so dear, and means so sadly fail.
Can't you, dear President, the amount reduce ?
" No ! with your kin, try fasting, for your pranks !
Henri Quatre's sons you've loaded with abuse :
In the King's name pay down ten thousand francs !"

Well, then, I'll pay 't: but what, alas ! becomes
Of all this coin that I could spend with ease ?
Does pay for Deputies lick up such sums,
Or do they go to prompt the Law's decrees !
Look, the Police, with fingers foul and long,
Hands in its budget, and for payment cries !
To public morals since my Muse does wrong,
Two thousand francs we'll reckon for the spies.

If stripped, I still may parcel out mine own ;
Some hungry souls are claiming my regards—
A harp lies rusting there before the throne ;
Colds have ye caught, O Coronation-bards ?
Sing ! and from fortune all you can, Sirs, make !
Estates, rank, titles, crosses—grab at all !
Ay, though the holy phial you should break,
Two thousand francs to flatterers' lot must fall.

Yonder, what hosts of giant forms advance !
Old, or new-made, all ribboned nobles still—
Proud to be servants, prompt to bow, or dance,
Or sign the cross, as suits their masters' will.
A famous slice they cut from every cake ;
For they're high folks—nay scarcely could be higher :
Trimmed to their views, a France for us they'll make !
Three thousand francs these lackeys will require.

Copes, croziers, mitres, shining there amain—
Empurpled hats, and gold and silver ware—
Convents, hotels, crest, equipage, and train—
Sure, Saint Ignace has picked the Treasury bare !
Avenging him, his priest already dooms—
For what I've sung—my soul to endless woe :
Old Nick hath plucked my guardian Angel's plumes—
Three thousand francs must to the Clergy go.

Now for the total ! 'tis well worth the pain—
 Twice two is four—thréé, seven—and three are ten !
 Yes, 'tis correct ; but think how La Fontaine
 Was exiled gratis—things were different then !
 The haughty Louis would have quashed this fine ;
 Nor beggared one who rashly chanced to sing—
 Please, Monsieur Loyal, a receipt to sign—
 Ten thousand francs—here 'tis ! God save the King !



147.—THE PRISONER'S FIRESIDE.

LA FORCE, 1829.

Before the trial which consigned him to this prison, Béranger had been offered a refuge in Switzerland. It had also been hinted to him, that it depended on himself alone to obtain some mitigation of his captivity. The reader will find these points referred to in the fourth and fifth stanzas of this song.

Le feu du prisonnier.

The prisoner's fire ! what solace it bestows
 When Winter's evening, long and dreary, comes :
 Then a good Genius with me warms his toes,
 Gossips, or rhymes, or some old ditty hums.
 Here on the hearth, where living embers lie,
 Woods—waves—a world at once—he bids appear :
 Quick with the smoke away my troubles fly ;
 Stay, stay, good Genius, to divert me here !

Young, he would bid me dream, or smile, or weep—
 Gladdening mine age with sports and boyish glee.
 His finger points, and on the stormy deep
 A ship, three-masted, in the coals I see.

Full soon—for swift the vessel cleaves her way—

Her crew shall hail the Spring where skies are clear :

I only, chained upon the shore, must stay ;

Stay, stay, good Genius, to divert me here !

What now ? an eagle, that above the world

Measures the sun's height, as he soars afar ?

No, a balloon—I see the flag unfurled,

And there the pilot in his tiny car.

If pity's touch that daring heart can move,

For us, pent up in walls, he'll drop a tear !

How pure the air is that he breathes above !

Stay, stay, good Genius, to divert me here !

Glacier and torrent, valley, lake, and herd—

Lo, the Swiss landscape in its beauty glows !

I should have fled—I saw the tempest stirred—

Where Freedom deigned to offer me repose !

I might have crossed the mountains' giant crest,

Where Fancy yet our ancient flag will rear ;

But torn from France, my heart had found no rest ;

Stay, stay, good Genius, to divert me here !

Still on my desert the mirage again !

Genius, amid those woodlands let us stray :

With voice subdued, friends whisper me in vain,

“Be wise, and kneel ; thy chains will fall away.”

Thou, who canst brave the watchful jailer's eye,

And make me young despite my fiftieth year,

Quick, to the hearth again thy wand apply !

Stay, stay, good Genius, to divert me here !

148.—MY CARNIVAL OF 1829.

Bridoie, whose name occurs here in the third line, was the jailer to whose charge the poet was now consigned. Béranger had already passed the carnival of 1822 in the prison of St. Pélagie.—At the opening of the Session of 1828-9, an allusion to his trial had been made in the speech from the throne, as stated in the second stanza.

Mes Jours Gras de 1829.

God preserve you, good King, in his grace !
Though the butt of your anger, alas !
Thank Bridoie, I again in such place
Under bolts must a Carnival pass.
But, if hither I'm forced to repair—
Days of pleasure, so sacred, to miss—
Like a prince I can enmity bear :
My good King, you shall pay me for this.

From the throne when you made a fine speech,
As a wretch, you alluded to me—
That was just in my favor to preach ;
So in that no offence could I see.
But o'erhearing, when sad and alone,
Paris laughing, all joyous and gay,
I resume my satirical tone :
Ay, for this, my good King, you shall pay.

Glass in hand, and full mouth, who are these
Madmen mumming in fifty odd ways ?
Ah ! my friends, ye forget me with ease,
Though perchance ye are singing my lays.
If with them, in their madness my vein
Would have lost all the force of its sting ;
I had toasted your merciful reign :
You shall pay me for this, my good King.

You may know, Sire, that madcap Lisette,
 Whom my fetters such weeping have cost—
 She to-night at the ball will not fret ;
 “Bah !” says she, “what a frolic he’s lost !”
 I was thinking, to please the fair maid,
 Under you, Sire, I’d picture our bliss—
 But, your servant ! Liz turns out a jade :
 My good King, you shall pay me for this.

My old quiver, relaxed in its grip
 By the blows that your Judges let fall,
 Has an arrow still left—on its tip
 “Charles the Tenth,” for direction, I scrawl.
 Though your bars are so close o’er my head,
 Though your walls on me heavily weigh,
 Bent the bow is—the arrow is sped :
 For all this, my good King, you shall pay.



149.—THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

LA FORCE, 1829.

In a note to this song, Béranger remarks that on the 14th of July, 1789, the day on which the Bastille was taken, the weather was unusually brilliant; and that the fortieth anniversary of that day was similarly distinguished by an unclouded sun, though in the middle of a very wet summer. The poet was at this time expiating some of his political satires, in the prison of La Force. In 1789 he was a boy, nine years old. —The *soldier clad in blue*, mentioned in the second stanza, was one of the French Guards of that day. During the assault on the Bastille, many of them escaped from their barracks, and rendered valuable assistance to the people.

Le 14 Juillet.

How the remembrance a poor captive charms !
 I, still a boy, for vengeance heard the cry,

"To the Bastille! To arms! haste, haste to arms!"

Art, trade, and labor, all their hosts supply.

Wife, daughter, mother, in pale groups stand round;

The cannon roar; the rolling drums resound:

Lo! the Bastille is theirs; victory the mob hath crowned!

The sun pours forth a brilliant ray,

To welcome in this glorious day.

Youth and old age, rich, poor, embrace with glee;

A thousand exploits female tongues repeat;

A soldier passing, clad in blue, they see,

And him as hero, hands and voices greet.

Harsh on mine ear the *kingly* titles break;

Now Lafayette their darling theme they make:

France has her freedom gained; my reason is awake!

The sun pours forth a brilliant ray,

To welcome in this glorious day.

An old man on the morrow, grave and wise,

Guided my steps o'er ruins vast and drear:

"My son," quoth he, "a slavish people's cries

Enslaving despots oft have stifled here.

But they, their crowd of captives safe to keep,

Beneath each tower dug out the earth so deep

That this, their ancient fort, one shock could level sweep.

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray,

To welcome in that glorious day.

"Ancient and holy rebel, Freedom here,

Grasping for arms the chains our grandsires wore,

Triumphant, bids Equality appear,

Who comes, from Heaven descending as of yore.

Sisters are they: their lightnings hiss and glow;

Against the Court now thunders Mirabeau;

There would his voice to us another Bastille show!

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray,
To welcome in that glorious day.

“ Each nation reaps where’er the seed we sow ;
Monarchs by scores of all our movements hear !
Subjects around, of us, are whispering low ;
Kings raise their hands to touch their crowns, in fear.
An era teeming with the Rights of Man
Commences here, and the whole globe shall span ;
God in this wreck marks out for a new world his plan.
The sun poured forth a brilliant ray,
To welcome in that glorious day.”

Such was the lesson from that veteran learned,
Thrown in my mind to heedless slumber by ;
Now forty years are past, and lo ! returned
To me, in jail, that epoch of July !
Freedom ! my voice they would forbid to sing ;
Yet with thy glory these dull walls shall ring :
Morning athwart my bars her brightest smiles can fling !
Still shines the sun with brilliant ray,
To welcome in this glorious day.



150.—DENYS THE SCHOOLMASTER.

LA FORCE, 1829.

It were needless to point out the political application of this biting satire.

Denys, maitre d'école.

Denys, chased from Syracuse away,
Would the pedagogue at Corinth play :

He, a monarch from his people hiding,
Sunk so low, consoles himself with chiding.
Master of a school, at least he lords it ;
Makes the law, or, if he please, awards it :
Tyrant still, he still assumes to reign—
Kings from exile no experience gain.

On the dinner that his pupils bring
He, that cruel Syracusan King,
Lays a daily tax that none escapes—
Three fourths is it—honey, nuts, or grapes.
“ Ay,” says he, “ I’ll show them I exact
Dues from all ; and oft I’ve proved the fact :
Kiss the hand—that favor you may earn ”—
Kings from exile nothing ever learn.

Lowest in his class, a sullen fool
Wrote beneath his theme, one day in school,
Words like these, “ Great King, may Heaven confound
All your foes by whom you were discrowned !”
Quick, a prize the flattering booby won—
“ Heavy things are sceptres, O my son ;
Take,” quoth he, “ the rod ; my usher be !”
Kings in exile never learn to see.

Next, another whispers in his ear,
“ Master, there’s a scholar now, I fear,
Copying satires out of some one’s works ;
They’re on you, for look ’ye how he smirks !”
Denys, prompt coercion to employ,
Rapping hard the knuckles of the boy,
Cries, “ I’ll have no writing in the school !”
Kings in exile never learn to rule.

Dreaming of conspiracies, one day,
Fancying, blockhead, ruin in his way,

Denys thinks his empire it endangers
 That his urchins jeer two passing strangers.
 "O good gentlemen," cries he in fright,
 "Step in hither, to avenge my right ;
 Thrash my boys, Sirs—I'm a father to them !"
 Kings—no good can exile ever do them.

Fathers, mothers, grandmamas, at last.
 Thinking the old tyrant flogged too fast,
 Met, upbraided, and then plainly told him
 Corinth now was far too hot to hold him.
 But, that he the ferule still might use,
 Still his country and its laws abuse,
 From a pedant, Denys turned a priest—
 Kings by exile profit not the least.



151.—LOVE'S FLIGHT.

La fuite de l'Amour.

I see already that thy wings are spread ;
 Ah, Love, adieu ! my prime of life hath fled :
 The fickle Graces now, with mocking look,
 Their fingers point at my deserted nook.
 If once I cursed the might that in thee lies,
 Knew I, alas, that thou wouldst thus chastise ?
 Ah, Love ! the more the tears which thou hast cost,
 The more we mourn for thee when thou art lost.

In childhood's slumber calmly I reposed,
 When at thy voice mine eyes were first unclosed ;
 In Beauty I adored thy sovereign sway,
 And in thy chains a willing captive lay.

So young, I knew not yet thy treacherous arts—
 Thy sombre fires—the poison of thy darts.
 Ah, Love ! the more the tears which thou hast cost,
 The more we mourn for thee when thou art lost.

Frozen by age, I may perchance forget
 How many a kiss on Rosa's lips I met—
 But not for Eulalie my plenteous tears—
 But not my sighs wasted on Nina's ears :
 My vows for one I must not now declare—
 For heart-felt love the other was too fair.
 Ah, Love ! the more the tears which thou hast cost,
 The more we mourn for thee when thou art lost.

Fly, then, O Love, my lonely couch ! away !
 Thy smiles even now in pity seem to play ;
 With outstretched arms, her aid would Friendship bring,
 And soothe my sorrows, guessing whence they spring.
 But ward her off—make bright thine arms again—
 Sweet is her solace, though for me 'twere vain :
 For, Love, the more the tears which thou hast cost,
 The more we mourn for thee when thou art lost.



152.—THE DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE.

La fille du peuple.

O daughter of the People, thou, in token of regard,
 Art lavishing thy flowers of Spring upon the People's bard !
 But, from thy cradle, thou wert bound a debt like this to pay,
 Since with his earliest songs 'twas he thy earliest tears could stay.
 Away ! fear not that Marchioness, or any courtly Dame,
 Will dream of using up her charms, to fan in me a flame :

I and my Muse—my Muse and I—the same device may boast—
I'm of the People, as are those whom aye I love the most !

Whilst wandering in my youthful days, ere yet my name was
spread,

To castle of the feudal time if chance my footsteps led,
Ne'er did I some mysterious dwarf beseech to interpose
On my behalf, that so for me the portals might uncloze.
"Soft, loving hearts and Poesy," thus to myself I said,
"From out the walls, so dear of old to troubadours, have fled :
I as a citizen elsewhere must strive to found a right—
I'm of the People, as are those in whom I most delight !"

Fie on saloons, wherein Ennui, rocking herself to sleep,
Yawns amidst all luxurious gawds that round her she can heap !
For, just as fireworks are put out by sudden shower of rain,
So *there* will mirth one moment gleam, and straight 'tis gone
again.

Thou, in fresh bonnet, light-heeled shoes, and dress as white as
snow,

Art, once in every week, well pleased 'mid rural scenes to go :
Come ! thou alone with pleasure canst my Sundays re-invest—
I'm of the People, as are those whom aye I love the best !

What beauty is there, let her be Princess, or simple dame,
Who of good-breeding and of charms more than thyself can
claim ?

Who is possessed of heart more rich in gifts that youth bestows,
Features more noble, and an eye that softer, sweeter glows ?

Yes, yes, a retrospect at length the People seem to take,
And note how I against two Courts have battled, for their sake :
They owed thee to the chorister who chanted of their fame—
I'm of the People, and for aye my mistress is the same !

153.—THE OLD CORPORAL.

1829.

Le vieux Caporal.

All loaded, Comrades ? forward ho !
Quick, shoulder arms—time's up—let's go :
My pipe's alight—embraces past—
Come, give me my discharge at last.
A fool I was, so long to fill
My place—but on you youngsters still
You know I've always kept a father's eye, at drill
Steady, Conscripts, steady—
Tut ! lads, never weep—
Don't be crying, Conscripts—
Mind the step you keep !

A snobbish sub upon me fell—
I cut him down—he soon got well :
Court-martialed—all in order—I,
I, poor old corporal, must die !
Passion and drink my arm had nerved ;
No, not for worlds could it have swerved—
Besides, lads, in his day the Emperor I had served !
Steady, Conscripts, steady—
Tut ! lads, never weep—
Don't be crying, Conscripts—
Mind the step you keep !

Conscripts, you'll scarcely hail the loss
Of leg or arm, for Honor's cross ;
But mine in those great wars I earned
Where kings we topsy-turvy turned.

To stand a drink you'd never fail,
 When of our fights I'd tell some tale—
 Pshaw, comrades, 'tis n't much that glory can avail!
 Steady, Conscripts, steady—
 Tut! lads, never weep—
 Don't be crying, Conscripts—
 Mind the step you keep!

Robin, my village lad, go back,
 Thy sheep at home thy tending lack.
 And see—these gardens—mark their shade—
 April, with us, more flowers displayed:
 Oft in our woods, through morning's dew,
 I've tracked and brought fresh charms to view—
 Good God! and just to think, my mother's living too.
 Steady, Conscripts, steady—
 Tut! lads, never weep—
 Don't be crying, Conscripts—
 Mind the step you keep!

What sobs are those? who's peeping through?
 The drummer's widow? ah! is't you?
 Through Russia, at the rear, in flight
 Her boy I carried, day and night:
 Mother and son, without my care,
 Had, like the father, frozen there—
 Poor widow, for my soul she'll mutter many a prayer.
 Steady, Conscripts, steady—
 Tut! lads, never weep—
 Don't be crying, Conscripts—
 Mind the step you keep!

Why, zounds, my pipe's out—no, not quite—
 There's still a spark—all right, all right!

Come, here's the hollow square—but no,
 No bandage o'er these eyes shall go !
 I'm vexed that such a job 's before you—
 But shoot well up, friends, I implore you,
 So to your native homes may Heaven in time restore you !
 Steady, Conscripts, steady—
 Tut ! lads, never weep—
 Don't be crying, Conscripts—
 Mind the step you keep !



154.—NATURE.

La Nature.

How fruitful Nature to both joy and pain
 Alike gives birth !
 Dark plagues, with blood, tears, ruin, in their train,
 Lay waste the earth.
 But Beauty still attracts us to her feet ;
 Still from the grape is pressed the nectar sweet :
 Flow, generous wines—a smile, O Woman, deign—
 And lo, the universe is glad again !

Each land hath had its deluge : ah ! perchance,
 Some ark still saves
 Mortals, by day, by night, on whom advance
 The threatening waves.
 Soon as the Iris glitters o'er their bark,
 Soon as the dove hath lighted on their ark,
 Flow, generous wines—a smile, O Woman, deign—
 And lo, the universe is glad again !

Another burial-ground ! see Etna rise,
 And fiercely swell ;

He seems from forth his bowels to the skies
 To vomit hell !
But, for a time, at length his rage is past ;
On the racked world his looks are calmly cast :
Flow, generous wines—a smile, O Woman, deign—
And lo, the universe is glad again !

O God ! fresh ills the Eastern vulture brings,
 Ills that appal ;
The Plague o'er men hath spread his deadly wings ;
 They fly—but fall.
Heaven is appeased ; her aid soft Pity lends ;
The sick no more are banished from their friends :
Flow, generous wines—a smile, O Woman, deign—
And lo, the universe is glad again !

We pay for kingly strife, when War conspires
 To crown our woes :
Earth drinks the sons' blood, though the blood of sires
 Still o'er her flows.
But man grows weary of destroying too,
And Nature's voice his passions can subdue :
Flow, generous wines—a smile, O Woman, deign—
And lo, the universe is glad again !

Then, far from blaming Nature, be it ours,
 Chanting of Spring,
O'er Joy and Love, the perfume of her flowers
 Gaily to fling !
Despite the horror that must slaves o'erwhelm,
Amid the ruins of a shattered realm,
Flow, generous wines—a smile, O Woman, deign—
And lo, the universe is glad again !

155.—ROMANCES.

ADDRESSED TO SOPHY,

WHO BEGGED ME TO COMPOSE A ROMANCE TO AMUSE HER.

Les romans.

It is thy wish that I should write for thee
A long romance, that may effective be :
Against that wish my reason must rebel ;
A long romance no more 'tis mine to tell.
When from life's dawn man finds himself so far,
All his romances of the shortest are :
Nor can I hope that long 'twill be my fate
Of love's romance to lengthen out the date.

Ah ! happy he who in his mistress' mind
A sister's friendly sympathy can find !
Joy's wild delirium 'tis to thee I owe ;
From thee the sweets of tenderest care I know.
The well-drawn hero, the pretended sage,
In long romance our pity may engage ;
But with some leaves of Friendship's soft romance
This, when compared, is scarcely worth a glance.

A dull romance our history needs would be ;
But, Sophy, comfort in the thought I see,
That, in the course marked out for thee by Fate,
The Loves and Pleasures shall upon thee wait.
Ah ! may'st thou long, as fair and gay as now,
With crowns of flowers bedeck thy beauteous brow ;
And never be it thine to shed one tear
O'er the romance that life presents us here !

156.—MY CONTEMPORARY.

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MADAME DE M . . .

Ma contemporaine.

As old as I am ? boaster, hold !
Know, Cupid never will believe it ;
For the Fates made our warp, of old,
Too tangled—I'll be bound—to weave it.
Our time was halved—such shares we got,
As chanced those matrons to assign ;
The Springs and Summers were your lot—
The Autumns and the Winters mine.

157.—THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

Le chant du Cosaque.

Noble friend of the Cossack, my courser, come forth
At the signal the clarion sounds from the North !
Swift to fly to the pillage, and fierce to attack,
Death shall borrow thy wings when I leap on thy back.
Though thy saddle and bridle with gold may not shine,
As the price of my conquests, all, all shall be thine.
O my faithful courser, proudly neigh :
Trample down people and kings in thy way !

Peace has fled from the earth ; she has thrown me thy reins :
Lo, the ramparts are crumbled on Europe's old plains !
Come, my greedy hands fill me where treasures abound !
Come, repose thee where Art an asylum hath found !

Thou hast twice in the waves of the turbulent Seine,
When all bloody, refreshed thee—come, drink there again !

O my faithful courser, proudly neigh :
Trample down people and kings in thy way !

Princes, nobles, and priests are beleagured, in fear
That the vengeance of suffering subjects is near :
And they cry to us, " Come, be our masters to-day ;
We'll be serfs, to recover our absolute sway."
I have grappled my lance, and before it they vow
That the cross and the sceptre in homage shall bow.

O my faithful courser, proudly neigh :
Trample down people and kings in thy way !

I have seen the huge ghost of a giant arise :
On our bivouacs glared he with luminous eyes ;
And he shouted, " My reign recommences anew !"
And his battle-axe pointed the West to our view.
'Twas the undying shade of the king of the Huns ;
We obey his command—we are Attila's sons.

O my faithful courser, proudly neigh :
Trample down people and kings in thy way !

All the pomp, in which Europe so proudly is decked,
All the knowledge she boasts, though it cannot protect,
Shall be lost, swallowed up in the dust that shall spread
Thickly round me in clouds, at the rush of thy tread.
Then efface, ay efface, in these on-coming wars,
Temples, palaces, customs, old landmarks, and laws !

O my faithful courser, proudly neigh :
Trample down people and kings in thy way !

158.—FIFTY YEARS.

Cinquante ans.

Wherefore these flowers ? my saint's-day this ?

Ah, no ! they only say,

That half a century o'er my head

Completes its course to-day.

Our days how rapidly they fly !

How idly mine have fled by !

How many a wrinkle seams my brow !

Alas, alas ! I'm fifty now !

Dead hangs the fruit on withered tree ;

All at this age is o'er !

But hark ! a knock ; my part is played—

I stir not to the door.

Some doctor leaves his card, I'll bet,

Where to old Time the lodging's let :

Once I had cried, " Lisette, 'tis thou !"

Alas, alas ! I'm fifty now !

In racking pains old age abounds :

By gout we are opprest—

By blindness, darksome prison-house—

By deafness, standing jest.

Then, Reason's lamp, ere it expire,

Gives but a dull and trembling fire :

Before old age, O children, bow !

Alas, alas ! I'm fifty now !

O Heavens, I hear him ! Death has come,

And rubs his hands in mirth ;

Grave-digging wretch ! he knocks—adieu,

Good gentlemen of Earth !

Plague, war, and famine are below—
 Above, bright stars no longer glow :
 I'll open—God still hears my vow—
 Alas, alas ! I'm fifty now !

Nurse, in Love's Hospital employed,
 'Tis thou, young girl ! by thee
 From nightmare of dark days my soul,
 That slumbers, is set free.
 Scattering the roses of thine age,
 Like Spring, o'er all things—to a sage,
 Some perfume for his dreams allow !
 Alas, alas ! I'm fifty now !



159.—TO MY FRIENDS WHO HAVE BECOME MINISTERS.

The date of this piece should probably be August or September, 1830 ;
 Dupont (de l'Eure) and Lafitte being the parties to whom reference is
 intended. They were members of the first Cabinet of Louis Philippe.

A mes amis devenus ministres.

I've no wish to be any thing—no, my friends, no—
 Places, titles, and crosses on others bestow !
 'Twas not surely for Courts that by Heaven I was made ;
 Of the bird-lime of Kings, timid bird, I'm afraid.
 'Tis my mistress's neat, rounded figure I need,
 And the chat and the laugh, at a snug little feed.
 Just as if in my cradle the straw he had blest,
 God in making me said, " In obscurity rest !"

'Twould but bother a rhymer who lives on the past,
 If her favors Dame Fortune before me should cast :

For I whisper myself—if her crumbs, e'er so few,
Are allotted to me—that they're scarcely my due ;
Or what poor artisan—toil, alas, as he may—
Better claim to these fragments than mine cannot lay ?
Come, I'll rummage my wallet, nor blush at the quest :
God in making me said, " In obscurity rest !"

I was once carried up—'twas in ecstasy's glow—
To the skies ; there I gaze on our world here below :
But the height to my vision confusedly brings
Privates jumbled with Generals, subjects with Kings.
Hark ! there's surely a noise ; is it Victory's shout ?
Hark ! a name ; what it is I can't clearly make out :
Ye, whose glory down there I see trailing its crest,
God in making me said, " In obscurity rest !"

Ne'ertheless, ye should know, pilots ye of the State,
That the honest man's worth at high value I rate,
Who, from palace or cot going forth with a sigh,
Takes the charge of the ship when the tempest is high.
In the distance I bid him " God-speed !"—in my heart
For all high-minded citizens praying apart :
But to doze in the sun, on the shore, suits me best ;
God in making me said, " In obscurity rest !"

You will have a superb mausoleum, no doubt,
I shall under the turf be laid quietly out :
At your grave a whole people in mourning will be—
'Tis the hearse of the pauper that's waiting for me.
Where your star falls to earth why this thronging of men ?
Yours or mine, what will matter the resting-place then ?
'Tis a tomb, after all, that between us will test—
God in making me said, " In obscurity rest !"

From this palace, my friends, give me leave then to go ;
My respect for your greatness I've called but to show :

Fare ye well ! at the door my old lute I shall find,
 With my old wooden shoes—for I left them behind.
 You have Liberty under your roof—yes, she's here,
 Having hastened, your cause by her presence to cheer :
 I'll go sing through the streets your beneficent guest ;
 God in making me said, " In obscurity rest !"



160.—THE REFUSAL.

SONG ADDRESSED TO GENERAL SEBASTIANI.

This little ode was probably written shortly after the Revolution of July, General Sébastiani having been one of the first ministers of Louis Philippe.

Le refus.

A pension from the Court ! the offer came ;
 Mine honor needs not shrink, nor need my name
 The *Moniteur* adorn :
 Wants for myself I have but very few ;
 Yet when the wretched I recall to view,
 I seem for riches born.

Should poverty or woe afflict a friend,
 Honors and rank we may not give or lend ;
 But gold, at least, we share.
 Hurra for gold ! for oft, were I a king—
 Ay ! if five hundred francs it would but bring—
 I'd pawn my crown, I swear.

If in my cell a little gold should rain,
 Quick, God knows where, it vanishes again ;
 I cannot hold it fast.

To sew my pockets up, I should have had
The needles that belonged to my grand-dad,
When he had breathed his last.

Still, let your gold with you, good friend, abide :
Freedom, alas ! in youth I made my bride—
A mistress somewhat rude.

I—who in verse was wont to celebrate
Beauties, nor few nor coy—must meet my fate,
In bondage to a prude.

Freedom ! your Excellency, 'tis a dame
Who blindly dotes on honorable fame—
The proudest minx in town.
She, if in street or drawing-room she spy
The smallest morsel of galloon, will cry,
“ Down with the livery ! down ! ”

Your crowns would but her condemnation prove ;
In fact, why should you by a pension move
My Muse, so true and free ?
I am a sou without alloy ; but throw
Silver in secret over me, and lo !
False money I should be.

Keep, keep your gifts, then ; fears I'm apt to feel :
Yet, if too great for me your generous zeal
Should by the world be found,
Know well who your betrayer was—my heart,
Like lute suspended, ever plays its part :
When touched it *will* resound.

161.—VERSES.

Couplet.

Poor fools, come, come, let's take the field ! in train
Our tinkling bells should ring :
We all, just like those handsome mules in Spain,
March to the ring, ding, ding.
Many the errors of the human race—
Heaven wills to each his share :
On Wisdom's mantle Folly finds a place,
And hangs her bells on there.

162.—HOW FAIR IS SHE !

Qu'elle est jolie.

Ye Gods ! how passing fair is she—
She, who my idol aye shall be !
Her eyes' soft melancholy light
To fondest dreams of love invite !
The balmiest breath of life, that Heaven
Could give, to her was gladly given.
Ye Gods ! how passing fair is she ;
And what a fright you've made of me !

Ye Gods ! how fair is she ! at most
Some twenty Springs she can but boast :
Her mouth a floweret freshly blowing,
Her hair in long light tresses flowing,
With thousand talents decked, alone
She to herself remains unknown.

Ye Gods ! how passing fair is she ;
And what a fright you've made of me !

Ye Gods ! how fair is she ! and yet
On me, on *me* her love is set.
Those features long my envy raised,
That by the gentler sex are praised ;
And till o'er me her spell she threw,
I frightened Love—away he flew.
Ye Gods ! how passing fair is she ;
And what a fright you've made of me !

Ye Gods ! how fair is she ! yet true
Her love for me, and constant too !
A garland, plucked by her, my brow,
Bald before thirty, circles now.
Illusions o'er my charmer thrown,
Away, then ! yes, she's all my own !
Ye Gods ! how passing fair is she ;
And what a fright you've made of me !



163.—VERSES TO MY GOD-DAUGHTER,

THREE MONTHS OLD, ON THE DAY OF HER BAPTISM.

Panard and Collé, whose names occur in the last stanza of this song, were song-writers of celebrity in their day.

Couplets à ma filleule.

Why, where the deuce, god-daughter, got you
The poor god-pa, whom they allot you ?
From this alone your screams arise ;
But freely I forgive your cries.



Besides, you'll blame me, I suppose,
That this poor feast no bonbons shows :
But, child, don't weep ; don't weep I pray ;
God-pa will make you laugh, some day.

From Friendship I this honor claim ;
'Tis Friendship gives you now your name :
And great lord though I may not be,
You'll find an honest man in me.
For presents if you crave indeed,
I may be lacking at your need :
But, child, don't weep ; don't weep, I pray ;
God-pa will make you laugh, some day.

Yes, spite of Fate, who in strict rule
Virtue herself is wont to school,
May we, your god-mamma and I,
Good omens for your life supply !
For while they're journeying here below,
Good hearts no enemies should know.
But, child, don't weep ; don't weep, I pray ;
God-pa will make you laugh, some day.

How at your wedding will I sing,
If still my songs can pleasure bring !
But then, perchance, I'll be thrown by,
Where, mute, Panard and Collé lie.
What ! miss the bursts of heartfelt mirth
To which such day must needs give birth ?
No, child, don't weep ; don't weep, I pray ;
God-pa will make you laugh, some day.

164.—THE RESTORATION OF SONG.

JANUARY, 1831.

From this clever and severe satire we may learn, at how early a period after the Revolution of July, Béranger expressed himself dissatisfied with its results.—The opening lines refer to a remark made by him at the end of July, 1830, "On vient de détrôner Charles X. et la chanson." These words had been repeated from the Tribune, and were consequently well known in Paris.—The "days of December," mentioned in the third stanza, witnessed the trial of the ex-ministers; and at this period the Chamber of Deputies would not hear of its dissolution.—The question of hereditary peerage was still unsettled, and it was thought probable that it would be preserved.—It is scarcely necessary to name M. Guizot as the "doctrinary planet," so often associated by his political enemies with certain reminiscences of Ghent.—In the last stanza but one there is an allusion to Poissy. In the prison at that place, the system of "*travaux forcés*" is in use; and a condemnation to it is therefore tantamount to a condemnation to *hard labor*.—There is a play upon the word "*souci*," in the last stanza, which cannot be given literally in English.

La restauration de la chanson.

Yes, Muse of Song! yes, mistress mine!
I did declare it true,
That with their Charles, and Charles's line,
They had dethroned thee too:
But every law that now they give
Bids thee once more amongst us live.
O Song, take up thy crown again!
—"A thousand thanks, good gentlemen!"

I thought that something new and great
For us they might design:
Perchance that they might elevate
The sphere of '89:

But no, not so—a blackened throne
They are re-plastering alone.
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—“ A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !”

Take note, how, since December's days,
To strengthen its own cause,
The Chamber sounds the Chamber's praise ;
The Chamber shouts applause,
Impressing on itself a sense
Of its own super-excellence.
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—“ A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !”

Fowl-yard of Ministries, confessed
By Frenchmen a disgrace—
Our capons shall secure their nest,
Hereditary race !
The chicks, that Heaven shall send them, may
There, too, their eggs in safety lay.
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—“ A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !”

Long be the Civic Guard extolled,
That pedestal of law !
They, who the public peace uphold,
For rights the sword may draw :
Some one, I'm thinking, up on high
Looks on them with unquiet eye.
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—“ A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !”

The doctrinary planet threw
O'er Ghent its genial light—
Men of July ! that star for you
Would now beam just as bright :

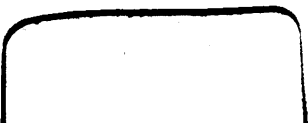
Fie on the cold autumnal sun,
Obscured in vapors, drear and dun !
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—" A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !"

Our Ministers—whom one may rate
At the same value, all—
In our barometer of state
Would have no rise and fall :
Thunders it *there* but slightly—*here*
They cross themselves in sudden fear.
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—" A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !"

To keep, themselves, the road to grace,
How do the coward great
Take pains to leave possessed of place
Men sadly out of date !
But if untouched these fellows go,
It is—in order that if so
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—" A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !"

'Tis thus, O Song ! that they restore
Thee, dearest mistress mine !
Then mount, for aye, the Tricolor ;
And be no livery thine !
No more in prison shall they mure thee ;
At least at Poissy, I'll assure thee !
O Song, take up thy crown again !
—" A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !"

Still *my* worn soil thou should'st not use ;
Pray, let *that* fallow lie : .
My younger rivals, dearest Muse,
Enjoy so bright a sky !



Emblem of joy, the rose is theirs—
 Mine but the marigold, and cares !
 O Song, take up thy crown again !
 —“ A thousand thanks, good gentlemen !”



165.—RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

1831.

ADDRESSED TO MY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS AT PERCENNE, WHERE I PASSED
 A PART OF MY YOUTH, FROM 1790 TO 1796.

It was at this place that Béranger was struck by lightning, and severely hurt.

Souvenirs d'enfance.

O scenes, where Hope my playmate was of yore !
 At more than fifty, 'you again I hail :
 Tokens of childhood can our youth restore,
 As life feels freshened by Spring's balmy gale.

Hail to you, hail, friends of my youthful age,
 Kinsmen, whom oft my grateful heart hath blest :
 Thanks to your kindness, in the tempest's rage,
 Poor little bird, 'twas here I found a nest.

That narrow prison I must see again,
 Where—whilst his niece in budding beauty grew—
 O'er us the old schoolmaster used to reign,
 Proud that he taught us more than e'er he knew.

Here, more than once, apprentice was I made ;
 Ever, alas ! to idle ways I turned :
 But when they taught me the great Franklin's trade,
 I deemed that I a sage's name had earned.

Age at which Friendship, pure and thriving, grows—
 Soil, that a hopeful morning robes in green :
 Thence springs a tree, that oft till evening's close
 Yields—as we march—a staff on which to lean.

O scenes, where Hope my playmate was of yore !
 At more than fifty, you again I hail :
 Tokens of childhood can our youth restore,
 As life feels freshened by Spring's balmy gale.

'Twas in these walls that, on disastrous days,
 The boom of hostile cannon to me came :
 Here hath my voice, attuned to festal lays,
 Been heard full oft to lisp my country's name.

Here of my sabots was the weight forgot
 By dreaming soul, that soared on dove-like wings :
 To feel *Heaven's* thunderbolt was here my lot—
 Making me heed but little that of *kings* !

Beneath this humble roof my Reason woke,
 'Gainst Fate to arm herself, returning here
 To laugh at Glory—wreath of transient smoke—
 That to our eyes, like smoke, will bring the tear.

Kindred, and friends, who saw my life's young dreams—
 Objects of love, that Time but knitteth stronger—
 Yes, yes, my cradle still attractive seems,
 Though she, who rocked it, rocks it now no longer.

O scenes, where Hope my playmate was of yore !
 At more than fifty, you again I hail :
 Tokens of childhood can our youth restore,
 As life feels freshened by Spring's balmy gale.

166.—THE OLD VAGABOND.

Le vieux vagabond.

Here in this ditch I'll breathe my last ;
Weary, infirm, and old—'tis past.
" He's drunk," the lookers-on will swear ;
Let them, so they their pity spare !
Some turn their heads as on they go ;
Some a few pence in passing throw—
Off to the fête, haste, quickly fly ;
Old vagabond, alone, without you I can die !

Yes, of old age I die ; for now,
That hunger kills us, none allow.
I hoped some hospital might cheer
The close of my forlorn career :
But all are full ; each refuge shows,
By crowds within, the people's woes.
The street, alas ! my nurse—'tis right,
Old vagabond, to die where first I saw the light !

In youth, to artisans I made
Request, that I might learn their trade :
" Go, work is scarce," thus would they say,
" For us ourselves ; go, beg your way !"
Ye rich ! who bade me work, a bone
Oft from your feasts for me was thrown :
I found your straw the best of beds ;
Old vagabond, my curse is not upon *your* heads !

I might, poor wretch, have stolen ; no !
'Twere better I should begging go ;
At most the apple was my prey,
That ripening hung beside the way :

Still, twenty times, in dungeon hard,
In the King's name, have I been barred ;
Of treasures I possessed but one—
Old vagabond, alas ! they robbed me of the sun !

What country's his who poor is born ?
What are to me your wines, your corn,
Your glory, your industrious skill,
Your speakers who your councils fill ?
The stranger fattened in your halls—
You opened to his arms your walls—
Fool that I was, tears then to shed :
Old vagabond, *his* hand was wont to give me bread !

Why, as some noxious insect, then,
Did ye not crush me, sons of men ?
Ah ! rather should I have been taught
What good for man I might have wrought !
Sheltered, and adverse winds allayed,
Soon had the worm an ant been made ;
My brethren I had loved—but no—
Old vagabond, I die, yes, yes, I die your foe !

167.—VERSES,

WRITTEN ON A COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPT SONGS.

Couplet.

Were I the king—the king of song I mean,
As oft to style me secret flatterers use—
A young usurper would be plainly seen,
In your collection, by my troubled Muse :

For such good hints, in such good verse set down,
 To the poor *dreaded* people doth it bring,
 That it would shake my sceptre and my crown,
 Were I the king.



168.—LET US HASTE!

FEBRUARY, 1831.

At this date, the Poles were making gallant and unsuccessful efforts to throw off the yoke of Russia.

Hâtons-nous.

Ah ! were I young and brave, a true hussar,
 In brilliant uniform, my moustache curled,
 My sabre at my wrist, athirst for war,
 I'd gallop through the world !
 Away, my courser ! quick, to Poland fly ;
 Snatch we a dying people from despair ;
 Shame on our cowards, who stand idly by !
 Let's haste, for Honor's there !

Were I but young, I surely might appeal
 To a young mistress, bright in youth and grace ;
 " Up, lady ! up ! display the noble zeal
 Found in your loving race :
 Sell all, yes *all* your finery so brave ;
 Your softest sheets, for lint, in pieces tear ;
 Some drops of blood for them essay to save !
 Let's haste, for Honor's there !"

Had I but millions, how much more I'd do !
 I'd aid the bold Sarmatians to obtain
 Powder, by tons—diplomatsists, a few—
 And clothe their troops again.

Europe, on crutches hobbling o'er the ground,
 Gouty and rich, is ready still to swear
 That virtue never can in rags be found:
 Let's haste, for Honor's there !

For them what greater efforts would I make,
 Were I a mighty king ! my ships should swarm
 From Sound to Bosphorus, the Crescent wake,
 And Swedish blood rewarm.
 " Help for thee, Poland !" should the cry ascend :
 When a stout arm doth a long sceptre bear,
 To earth's remotest bounds it can extend—
 Let's haste, for Honor's there !

Were I one day, one single day, the God
 Whom Poland supplicates with voice of wail,
 Ere dawn, the Czar, at my avenging nod,
 Should in his court turn pale.
 How would I love the Poles ! despite old saws,
 To strew their path with miracles my care ;
 Ah, miracles alone can aid their cause !
 Let's haste, for Honor's there !

Haste, let us haste ! but oh, my strength how small !
 Hear, King of Heaven, my sadly murmuring lyre !
 Make me their guardian angel, Thou their all,
 Thou, Freedom's holy Sire !
 Give to my voice, O God ! the trumpet's breath,
 That to the universe I may declare,
 In such loud tones as might awake from death,
 " Haste ye, for Honor's there !"

169.—THE GIPSIES.

Les Bohémiens.

Jugglers, or sorcerers, or thieves,
Ye, of an ancient world the scum,
Jugglers, or sorcerers, or thieves,
Joyous Bohemians, tell us whence ye come?

“ Whence do we come? there's none can tell:
Whence comes the swallow? this d'ye know?
Whence do we come? there's none can tell:
Know ye for certain whitherwards we go?

“ Not bound to country, prince, or laws,
This life of ours should envied be:
Not bound to country, prince, or laws,
Man may, perchance, enjoy one day in three.

“ All independent we are born;
Nor by the Church baptized are we:
All independent we are born,
With fings welcomed, and with minstrelsy.

“ Our early steps are unrestrained—
Where Error all around us stands—
Our early steps are unrestrained,
And free from Prejudice' old swaddling bands.

“ The fools, on whom by tricks we prey,
Put faith in every conjuring book;
The fools, on whom by tricks we prey,
To saints and sorcerers would do well to look.

“ If we find Wealth upon the road,
Merrily will our band ask alms;

If we find Wealth upon the road,
Merrily sing we and put out our palms.

“ Poor birds, whom Providence upholds ;
Yes, spurned from cities let us be !
Poor birds, whom Providence upholds,
We hang our nests up in the forest-tree.

“ Cupid comes groping every night ;
To bind us all pell-mell he strives ;
Cupid comes groping every night,
And binds us all behind the car he drives.

“ No, thou canst not lift up thine eye,
Thou paltry pedant of an hour,
No, thou canst not lift up thine eye
Above the old cock on thine old church-tower !

“ Seeing is having—up ! away !
This wandering life can never pall ;
Seeing is having—up ! away !
For to see all things is to seize on all.

“ But man to man for ever calls—
Whether he kick, or frowsy lie—
But man to man for ever calls,
‘ What, art thou born ? good day ! art dead ? good-by !’

“ When we are dead, God rest our souls !
Babies, boys, girls, graybeards, old crones—
When we are dead, God rest our souls !
Our carcasses they sell to young Sawbones.

‘ Free, then, from pride, we never own
Vain laws ; are not in fetters bowed :

Free, then, from pride, we never own
Or roof, or cradle, or a funeral shroud.

" But let our merriment attest,
Master, or valet, priest, or lord,
But let our merriment attest
That only Liberty can joy afford !

" Yes, let our merriment attest,
Master, or valet, priest, or lord,
Yes, let our merriment attest
That only Liberty can joy afford !"



170.—ADVICE TO THE BELGIANS.

MAY, 1831.

At the above date, several months had elapsed since the revolution which separated Belgium from Holland, and the crown had not yet been offered to Leopold.—In the second stanza is an allusion to the cushions of a throne. This probably refers to an unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Emperor of Russia, said to have been made by means of spring blades, concealed in the stuffing of a seat.

Conseil aux Belges.

Brothers of Belgium, come, to issue bring
Your doubts ! zounds, finish them. and make a king !
These eight months past good courtiers all bemoan,
That so republican your airs have grown.
Stuff for a king can readily be found ;
Jean, Paul, my neighbor, and myself stand round ;
Hatched without sitting, royal eggs abound.
Quick, your doubts to issue bring ;
Make a king ; zounds, make a king !

A prince ! what blessings will he o'er you shed !
First, Etiquette will come with stately tread :
Crosses and ribbons, then—their sale is near—
Then duke, and marquis, baron, count, and peer ;
Next, a gay throne, gold, silk, and pearl inlaid,
Though of its cushions some might feel afraid :
The anointing too, if Heaven but grant its aid.

Quick, your doubts to issue bring ;
Make a king ; zounds, make a king !

Kissing of hands and shows you then shall see ;
Odes, speeches, fireworks, flowers, shall plenteous be ;
And many a man shall sudden sickness feign,
Soon as his Majesty feels some slight pain.
On poor men's caps, on regal crowns, on all,
By God's decree, some kind of vermin fall—
O'er pride supreme tormenting courtiers crawl.

Quick, your doubts to issue bring ;
Make a king ; zounds, make a king !

It shall rain lacqueys, every sort and size ;
Judges, and prefects, and police, and spies :
Soldiers, in force enough to serve their turn ;
Joy, that would colored lamps by hundreds burn.
The budget comes ! For twenty years to feed
Athens and Sparta would cost less, indeed !
The ogre's dined—the bill, good people, heed !

Quick, your doubts to issue bring ;
Make a king ; zounds, make a king !

But what ! I jest ; for well in France 'tis known,
How warmly there I have espoused the throne.
Besides, our history is a guarantee ;
Well-doing princes there alone we see :
The people's sires, they cram them with good fare ;

The more these learn, the less have those of care :
The thirteenth Louis was good Henry's heir !
Quick, your doubts to issue bring ;
Make a king ; zounds, make a king !

171.—THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Les souvenirs du peuple.

Ay, many a day the straw-thatched cot
Shall echo with his glory !
The humblest shed, these fifty years,
Shall know no other story.
There shall the idle villagers
To some old dame resort,
And beg her with those good old tales
To make their evenings short.
“ What, though they say he did us harm,
Our love this cannot dim ;
Come, Granny, talk of him to us ;
Come, Granny, talk of him.”

“ Well, children—with a train of kings,
Once he passed by this spot ;
’Twas long ago ; I had but just
Begun to boil the pot.
On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
I watched him on his way :
He wore a small three-cornered hat ;
His over-coat was grey.
I was half frightened till he spoke ;
‘ My dear,’ says he, ‘ how do ? ’ ”

"O Granny, Granny, did he speak?
What, Granny! speak to you?"

"Next year as I, poor soul, by chance,
Through Paris strolled one day,
I saw him taking, with his court,
To 'Notre Dame his way.
The crowd were charmed with such a show;
Their hearts were filled with pride:
'What splendid weather for the fête!
Heaven favors him!' they cried.
Softly he smiled, for God had given
To his fond arms a boy."
"Oh, how much joy you must have felt!
O Granny, how much joy!"

"But when at length our poor Champagne
By foes was over-run,
He seemed alone to hold his ground;
Nor dangers would he shun.
One night—as might be now—I heard
A knock—the door unbarred—
And saw—good God! 'twas he, himself,
With but a scanty guard.
'O what a war is this!' he cried,
Taking this very chair."
"What! Granny, Granny, there he sat?
What! Granny, he sat there?"

"'I'm hungry,' said he: quick I served
Thin wine and hard brown bread;
He dried his clothes, and by the fire
In sleep drooped down his head.
Waking, he saw my tears—'Cheer up,
Good dame!' says he, 'I go

'Neath Paris' walls to strike for France
 One last avenging blow.'
 He went; but on the cup he used
 Such value did I set—
 It has been treasured." "What! till now?
 You have it, Granny, yet?"

"Here 'tis: but 'twas the hero's fate
 To ruin to be led;
 He, whom a Pope had crowned, alas!
 In a lone isle lies dead.
 'Twas long denied: 'No, no,' said they,
 'Soon shall he re-appear;
 O'er ocean comes he, and the foe
 Shall find his master here.'
 Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
 When forced to own 'twas true!"
 "Poor Granny! Heaven for this, will look,
 Will kindly look on you."



172.—PONIATOWSKI.

JULY, 1831.

This song, together with *Hâtons-nous, Quatorze Juillet*, and *A mes amis devenus Ministres*, was composed for the benefit of the Parisian Polish Committee.

Poniatowski.

What! would ye fly? you, conquerors of the world?
 Hath Fortune blundered before Leipzie's walls?
 What, flying! whilst the bridge, blown up and hurled
 In ruins back, to the hoarse torrent falls!

Men, horses, arms, all plunging pell-mell there,
 The choked-up Elster rolls encumbered by :
 But deaf it rolls to vow, lament, or prayer—
 “ A hand, a hand ! O Frenchmen, lest I die !”

“ A hand, a hand ! a plague on him who craves !
 Onward ! press on ! for whom should we delay ?”
 ’Tis for a hero sinking in the waves ;
 ’Tis Poniatowski, wounded thrice to-day.
 Who cares ? ’tis Terror prompts such barbarous speed ;
 No heart is touched of all that throng the strand :
 The waters part him from his faithful steed ;
 “ Frenchmen, to save me, stretch but forth a hand !”

He dies—not yet—he struggles—swims—once more
 The charger’s mane his clutching fingers feel.
 “ What ! to die drowned ! whilst yet upon the shore
 I hear the cannon, and I see the steel !
 Help, comrades, help ! you boasted I was brave :
 How I have loved you—let my blood declare !
 Ah ! ’tis for France some drops I still would save !
 Frenchmen, a hand, to save me from despair !”

Help there is none ! and now his failing hand
 Droops from its hold : “ Poland, adieu, adieu !”
 But, lo ! a dream, at Heaven’s express command,
 With brilliant image cheers his soul anew.
 “ Ha ! the White Eagle to the combat wakes—
 All soaked with Russian blood, at length it flies ;
 Loud on mine ear a hymn of glory breaks :
 Frenchman, a hand, and I am saved !” he cries.

Help there was none ! no more he lives—the foe
 Along the reedy shore their bivouac made :

That day is distant ; but a voice of woe
 Still calls beneath the waters' deepest shade.
 And now, (great God ! give man a willing ear,)
 That mournful voice is lifted to the sky !
 Wherefore, should Heaven re-echo to us here,
 " A hand, a hand ! O' Frenchmen, lest I die !"

Still 'tis from Poland—her true sons' lament :
 How oft our battles have they helped to gain !
 Herself she drowns in her own heart's-blood, spent
 With lavish flow, her honor to maintain.
As then the Chief—whose mangled corse was found
 In Elster's waves, who perished for our land—
Now shouts a Nation, o'er a gulf profound,
 " A hand to save us, Frenchmen, but a hand !"

173.—MADMEN.

A gentle satire on some of the fashionable *isms* of the day. Béranger looks complacently upon the motives of their originators, without being, himself, deluded by the systems.

Les fous.

Soldiers in lead, as sure we are,
 All trimmed and measured to a par,
 If from the ranks some dare step out,
 " Down with the madmen !" quick we shout.
 They're persecuted—killed—and we
 Have leisure *then* their worth to see :
 Their statues *then* our cities grace,
 In honor of the human race.

How oft perchance a thought aroused,
 Poor maiden, waits to be espoused ;

Fools treat her as one void of reason,
 And sages hint, " Lie hid a season !"
 At length some madman, who can look
 Beyond to-day, in quiet nook
 Meets her, and weds—she teems apace
 With fruit to bless the human race.

I've marked the prophet St. Simon,
 Once wealthy, into trouble thrown—
 Him, who from base to top was skilled
 The social fabric to rebuild :
 In age, engrossed by this his task,
 Aid for this cause he deigned to ask,
 Sure that his scheme must needs embrace
 What best could save the human race.

" Rise, people !" hear we Fourier urge,
 " No more deceived, from slime emerge !
 Work ; but your strength let union teach
 In sphere where each is drawn to each.
 Earth, after such disasters past,
 A marriage makes with Heaven at last :
 The law that keeps the stars in place
 Endows with peace the human race."

To freedom *Enfantin* invites
 Woman, and bids her share our rights.
 " Fie !" say you, " these three dreamers all
 Pulled down by ridicule must fall :"—
 But whilst our globe, sirs, seeks in vain
 The path of happiness to gain,
 Honor the madmen who can trace
 Gay dreams, to please the human race.

Who a new world the first descried ?
 A madman laughed at far and wide !

On blood-stained cross a madman dies—
 For us behold a God arise !
 If day should fail to-morrow duly
 To break—why then, to-morrow, truly,
 Some madman would in such a case
 Light with his torch the human race.



174.—THE ALCHYMIST.

The author remarks, in a note, that this race of charlatans has not entirely disappeared from France ; and, in fact, that it was from a living subject that he took his idea of this scene.

L'Alchimiste.

Thou dost pretend, O Alchymist, albeit poor and old,
 That thou from meaner metals canst bring forth abundant gold ;
 And doing more for me, o'er whom age hath its sadness flung,
 By some mysterious agency that thou canst make me young.
 I to thy hidden science, then, my open purse impart ;
 Thy work is great, and hath a charm for my confiding heart ;
 But 'tis agreed, that each whate'er he prizeth, shall retain—
 Thine all the gold, but give me back my joyous prime again !

Come, on this brasier let thy breath be breathed—we will not
 speak—

Or in thine antiquated book the words thou needest seek :
 Pactolus and Juventa here shall see thy sure art sped,
 And in this crucible their streams of gold and youth shall wed.
 Thine eye is fixed upon the fire ! of what may be thy dream ?
 Already do the smiles of Courts upon thee gaily beam ?
 I, only, to bedeck my brow, would roses put in train—
 Thine all the gold, but give me back my joyous prime again !

Drunk thou must be, or mad with hope ! what sudden frenzy's
 this ?

I hear thy words, " O Kings ! make haste my dusty feet to kiss "

Nor Cortez nor Pizarro won such heaps of shining gold,
For others—not themselves—as I shall in my grasp behold.”
Yet but a little while ago, thou didst for alms beseech ;
And now already full-blown pride is blustering in thy speech :
Buy sceptres, then, and crowns that men to sell by weight are
fain—

Thine all the gold, but give me back my joyous prime again !

Yes, yes, with all their indigence, those gladsome days restore ;
Grant to my soul another frame more vigorous, I implore :
Take from my mind, oh take away the sense of all I know,
And let warm blood about my heart more generously flow !
Then from thy marble palace-walls make thy escape awhile,
And in thy pompous car of state, on velvet cushions, smile
To see me sleep beneath a tree reclined, a happy swain—
Thine all the gold, but give me back my joyous prime again !

Yet ne’ertheless, its proper worth I would to wealth assign,
For still I love, and call perchance too young a mistress mine :
A hundred times at least, with her I’ve had my anxious fears,
Lest on her fingers for us both she’d reckon up our years.
It is the sun that would set off her dark complexion well ;
It is the summer we must have, our tales of love to tell :
She, upon whom I fondly doat, treats fortune with disdain—
Thine all the gold, but give me back my joyous prime again !

But to thy hand what doth at length the crucible supply ?
Nothing ! what, nothing ? then art thou far poorer—older I !
“ No, no,” thou sayest, “ a new moon to-morrow shall we see ;
Then let us recommence, and gods we shall to-morrow be.”
Old man, thou liest ! but, alas ! of errors that can please
I have such need, that still I heed e’en fables false as these.
Look on my forehead bald ; and mark, the wrinkles come amain—
Thine all the gold, but give me back my joyous prime again !

175.—THE STOCK EXCHANGE PIGEONS.

Les pigeons de la Bourse.

Pigeons, who erst to Love's own car
Were harnessed by the Muse,
Say, whither now ye speed your way?
Alas ! to Brussels ye convey
The money-market news.
Thus noble rips and upstart fools,
In all things bent on trade,
Have Venus' gentle messengers,
Into stock-brokers made.

What ! then, on poesy and love
Mankind in vain were nursed ;
And now-a-days for golden pelf,
That withers, ay, even Beauty's self,
With fevered frenzy thirst !
To punish us, O faithful birds,
Our greedy vultures fly !
With love and song upon your wings
Go, seek again the sky !

176.—THE GARRET.

Le grenier.

Once more I hail the asylum where my youth
Learned the strange lessons that to Want belong :
A score of years were mine—friends, friends in truth—
A doating mistress—and the love of song.

Braving the world, its wise and simple men,
 Rich in my Spring, no care beyond the day,
 Joyous I bounded up six stories then—
 That garret-life, at twenty 'tis so gay !

A garret ! ay, who cares may know it all—
Here used to stand my hard and humble bed ;
 My table *there* ; and still upon the wall,
 Stanzas half done, in charcoal, may be read.
 Come back, ye pleasures of my life's bright dawn,
 Whom Time's rude wing, methinks, hath scourged away ;
 How oft for you my watch I used to pawn !
 That garret-life, at twenty 'tis so gay !

But first Lisette should here before me stand,
 So blithe, so lovely, in her fresh-trimmed bonnet ;
 See, at the narrow window, how her hand
 Pins up her shawl, in place of curtain on it !
 Decked is my couch, too, with her flowing dress ;
 Love ! to its smooth folds due attention pay !
 I've heard who found her toilet—ne'ertheless,
 That garret-life, at twenty 'tis so gay !

Once as we feasted—'twas unwonted cheer—
 Whilst loud the chorus of my comrades pealed,
 A shout of triumph reached us, up even here—
 " Napoleon conquers on Marengo's field !"
 The cannon thunder—we, in homage paid
 To deeds so great, another song essay ;
 The soil of France kings never shall invade !
 That garret-life, at twenty 'tis so gay !

Drunk is my reason—I must quit this spot !
 O days much mourned, how distant ye appear !

I'd give what still of life may be my lot,
 For one such month as Heaven allowed me here.
 Dreams of love, glory, folly, joy, to trace—
 Through lengthening vistas to see Hope at play—
 Crowding existence into some brief space—
 That garret-life, at twenty 'tis so gay !



177.—TO M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

In the first line of the fifth stanza, Béranger points to the influence that Chateaubriand exercised upon the poets who succeeded him, suggesting that Byron may be numbered amongst them, and speaks subsequently of himself as directly inspired by the lays of the author of "*René*." We cannot refrain from translating the beautiful tribute that Béranger pays him in prose. It occurs in a note to this ode, found in the latest edition, and runs thus :—" After having recalled to mind the great impulse that he gave to modern poesy, it matters little to M. de Chateaubriand that I should here repeat what, in 1833, I said in my preface, of the particular influence of his works upon the studies of my youth. I deem it more to the purpose to remind the reader, that in 1829 M. de Chateaubriand having honored me with some marks of interest and esteem, was bitterly reprimanded for it by the organs of the power to which France was then given up. I blush to have so feebly acquitted myself of my debt to the greatest writer of the age, more especially when I consider that he has devoted some pages to immortalizing my songs. It is a pleading in their favor, which posterity will, doubtless, read ; but the most eloquent advocate cannot gain every cause. May, at least, the too great liberality of M. de Chateaubriand never give him clients more ungrateful than the song-writer, whom he has kindly been willing to place under the protection of his genius !"

À M. de Chateaubriand.

Wherefore, Chateaubriand, thy country fly,
 Her love, our incense, and our kindly keeping ?

Dost thou not hear how France gives forth her cry,
"One star the less my brilliant skies are weeping?"

Where he may be the tender mother ponders :
Vexed by rude blasts that God alone can stay,
Poor as old Homer was, alas ! he wanders,
And shelter asks at foreign hearths to-day.

Him, once proscribed, the Western World gave back,
Rich in his fame, our lengthened discords o'er ;
A new Columbus in the Muses' track,
To us the treasures of new worlds he bore.

Pilgrim to Greece and soft Ionia's shore,
Then of the Circus and Alhambra singing,
He found us prompt his genius to adore,
Bowling to God whose praise his voice was ringing.

When from his land, that owed him many a lyre,
His own, self-exiled, went in tears away,
He paused 'mid wrecks of Empires, to inquire
If Frenchmen thither had not chanced to stray.

That was the epoch, theme for future story,
When the Great Sword smote nations with affright ;
And, glittering brightly in the sun of glory,
Flashed back on us its dazzling rays of light.

Thy voice resounds, and sudden at thy lay
Youth's noble impulse flushes o'er my brow ;
To way-worn bard I offer to repay
That maddening draught, with cup of water, now.

Wherefore, Chateaubriand, thy country fly,
Her love, our incense, and our kindly keeping ?

Dost thou not hear how France gives forth her cry,
“ One star the less my brilliant skies are weeping ?”

He, who their throne religiously had propped,
Thought, when old Monarchs with their race returned,
To make them—Bourbons—as their child adopt
Freedom, who aye all ancestors hath spurned.

Alms did his Eloquence for those kings implore,
Bountiful Fairy, with her magic powers ;
The more the rust on that old throne—the more
Round it she strewed her diamonds and her flowers.

Still, he bethought him of the rights we claim,
Whilst madmen shouted—“ Lo ! the skies are bright :
Off with this fellow ; blow us out his fame,
Just as a torch is quenched at day's broad light !”

And wouldst thou truly share with them their fall ?
Learn to what height their wild conceit would mount—
Amongst their griefs, to Heaven imputing all,
This, thy fidelity, the ingrates count.

Go, serve the people ! Royalty upbraids
This kindly people—this, whom genius charms—
Who, flushed with conquest at the Barricades,
Bore thee, a trophy, in their maimed arms.

Serve them alone—for them my plea is meant—
Let swift return thy sad farewell succeed :
Holy the people's cause ! great men are sent,
Envoys from Heaven, to aid them in their need.

Wherefore, Chateaubriand, thy country fly,
Her love, our incense, and our kindly keeping ?

Dost thou not hear how France gives forth her cry,
 " One star the less my brilliant skies are weeping ?"



178.—LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MADAME AMEDEV DE V . . .

Couplet.

Long may this album of a songster tell,
 Whose ripened age his tender tone belies ;
 Who saw in thee grace, goodness, candor dwell,
 And was, one moment, duped by thy bright eyes.
 Through love ? Ah ! no—love could no more beguile ;
 But by thy flattering notice led astray,
 He deemed that Beauty's smile
 Was Glory's ray !



179.—MORE LOVES.

Encore des Amours.

Once I was musing, " I am old and lone ;
 Those gods have left me, whom in youth we hail :
 The hope they gave me is for ever gone ;
 To close mine eyes that fickle troop will fail."
 Lo ! as I speak, a fairy comes, and smiles ;
 Soon as she speaks, my ravished senses play ;
 Ah ! 'tis again some beauty full of wiles—
 Not all the Loves, not all have flown away !

Yes, it may prove once more a source of pain,
 But this repose is wearisome to bear ;
 Bowed down, at thirty, by a galling chain,
 More joyous was I, though I felt more care.
 Oh, to my memory what old charms recur,
 With this new queen, whom Heaven hath sent to-day !
 Roses of autumn ! shed your leaves for her—
 Not all the Loves, not all have flown away !

Still with some tears mine eyes at times are fraught ;
 Still can my voice some amorous ditties pour—
 Love we, and sing ! By Beauty am I taught
 To brave the storms that Winter hath in store.
 All smiles around : each flower more brightly blooms ;
 The day more pure, the sky with stars more gay ;
 Through softer airs I hear their rustling plumes—
 Not all the Loves, not all have flown away !



180.—THE POOR OLD WOMAN.

La pauvre femme.

It snows, it snows ! and there, before the church,
 Look ! an old woman at her prayers is kneeling,
 In rags through which these biting breezes search,
 Mutely for bread to passers-by appealing.
 Yes, to Notre Dame her way she's wont to find,
 Groping through summer's sun and winter's snow ;
 Alas, alas ! the poor old soul is blind :
 Come, then, on her our alms let us bestow !

Know ye by chance what that old dame hath been,
 She with pale hue and features thin and long ?

Of some vast theatre the marvellous queen,
All Paris once was ravished with her song.
The young, by her to tears or laughter moved,
Before her beauty would half-maddened grow ;
Her charms the source of many a dream have proved :
Come, then, on her our alms let us bestow !

How many a time, when from the stage retreating,
With rapid feet her coursers homeward flew,
She heard the idolizing crowd repeating
Shouts of applause, that would her steps pursue.
Prompt from her car to aid her in descending,
Pleasure's soft ways again to bid her know,
How many a rival at her door attending !
Come, then, on her our alms let us bestow !

When all the Arts wove crowns for her to wear,
How rich and stately her abode was made !
What crystals, bronzes, columns, glittered there—
Tributes that love to love had freely paid !
What faithful Muses at her feasts would rest—
Long as her wines would prosperously flow ;
In every palace swallows build a nest !
Come, then, on her our alms let us bestow !

Fearful reverse ! disease, in one sad day,
Robbed her of sight, and marred her voice's tone :
Lonely and poor, soon forced to beg her way,
This as her haunt for twenty years I've known.
No hand the needy better could have fed ;
None with more gold more kindliness could show,
Than this same hand to us reluctant spread :
Come, then, on her our alms let us bestow !

O grief ! O pity ! doubly sharp the cold
On her numbed members mercilessly preys ;

Her fingers scarce the rosary can hold,
At which, perchance, she smiled in earlier days.
If, tender still beneath such load of cares,
With pious confidence her heart can glow—
To give her cause to think Heaven heeds her prayers—
Come, come, on her our alms let us bestow !



181.—THE COMET OF 1832.

Certain German astronomers had predicted for this year the collision of a planet with our globe, and the consequent destruction of the latter. The sages of the Observatory were compelled to put forward their calculations, in opposition to those of their brethren of Germany.

La comète de 1832.

God against us, it seems, is launching a comet ;
Great will the shock be—we can't 'scape from it :
Our planet, I feel, is fast crumbling away ;
The Astronomers Royal are wrong to-day.
With the table, I'll bid all the guests adieu—
'Twas but a poor banquet, save for a few :
Off, off to confession, ye timidly-souled ;
Let's have done with the world—'tis sufficiently old !

Yes, away poor globe, through space go bounding,
Thy days and thy nights all in one confounding—
Like a kite, when the string no longer it feels,
Turn, tumble, and turn again, head over heels !
Yes, course it through paths unseen by our eyes,
And shiver thyself on some sun in the skies ;
Should you chance put it out, plenty more you'll behold ;
Let's have done with the world—'tis sufficiently old !

Who shrinks not from vulgar ambition's claims,
From fools decked out with high sounding names ?
To rapine, war, blunders, abuse, who clings ?
To nations of lacqueys, and lackeyfied kings ?
Who is not sick of our gods of plaster,
Sick that the "good time" comes no faster ?
'Tis too much for this limited sphere to enfold ;
Let's have done with the world—'tis sufficiently old !

"All moves on ; without noise, forsooth,
Men are filing their chains," I am told by youth :
"For the press gives knowledge, and gas gives light,
And high seas are laid low by the steam-ship's might.
Twenty years at the most, good sir, we beg,
And a ray from the skies shall then hatch the egg."
Thirty years, the same story, my friends, I've been told ;
Let's have done with the world—'tis sufficiently old !

Far other the words in young life I spoke,
When first in my heart love and joy awoke.
"Earth," said I then, "ah ! thou never must stray
From the circle of bliss where God points thy way !"
But I'm aging, and Beauty rejects my vow ;
Hushed my voice, and no music to cheer me now :
Come, implacable Comet, then ; o'er us be rolled ;
Let's have done with the world—'tis sufficiently old !

182.—VERSES.

"These verses," says Béranger "were addressed to certain inhabitants of the Isle of France, (the Mauritius,) who, when they forwarded their subscription for the wounded of July, addressed a song to myself, with a bale of coffee."

Couplets.

What! in our songs your echoes take their part!
The good Mauritians! they are French at heart!
O'er waves, and tempests, and monsoons, is borne
Their voice to me, whence comes to us the morn.
Of all the echoes that our ears may greet,
The farthest wafted seem to us most sweet!

My joyous warblings, then, of love and youth—
What! have they made so long a voyage, in sooth?
Far from your shores in turn their murmur flies,
To me returning when I'm old and wise.
Of all the echoes that our ears may greet,
The farthest wafted seem to us most sweet!

They tell me, seated on the Ganges' strand,
Gay children of the Seine, an exiled band,
Have in my songs from trouble found relief—
So may my Muse to slumber lull your grief!
Of all the echoes that our ears may greet,
The farthest wafted seem to us most sweet!

And if more songs of mine should cross the sea,
Poor foolish swallows, let them welcome be!
As a good son the messenger will hail,
Who of a mother's welfare brings the tale.
Of all the echoes that our ears may greet,
The farthest wafted seem to us most sweet!

Ye, to *your* loves should also songs indite ;
 Heaven will permit our voices to unite :
 But aye in French, O brothers, sing—'twere well,
 That aye our echoes should responsive swell.
 Of all the echoes that our ears may greet,
 The farthest wafted seem to us most sweet !



183.—THE SMUGGLERS.

Les contrebandiers.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
 Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
 We have the people on our side ;
 They're all our friends at heart :
 Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
 The people take our part.

'Tis midnight—ho there, follow me ; prepare
 Men, mules, and ventures on their backs—it's time :
 Forward—ears open for the “ Who goes there ?”—
 Pistols and guns be sure you load and prime !
 The officers are out, in force arrayed ;
 But lead 's not dear :
 And you know well that in the thickest shade
 Our balls see clear.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
 Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
 We have the people on our side ;
 They're all our friends at heart :
 Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
 The people take our part.

Comrades, how noble is this life of ours ;
What high achievements are there to be told :
How is our fair one gladdened, when in showers
To fill her apron we rain down the gold !
Castle, and house, and cottage in our cause
Are all unbarred :
The people will absolve us, if the laws
Should press us hard.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
We have the people on our side ;
They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
The people take our part.

Braving the snow, the cold, the rain, the gale,
Lulled by the roar of torrents, we can sleep :
And oh, what draughts of courage we inhale
With the pure breezes, o'er the heights that sweep !
Hundreds of times, those peaks that well we know
Our passage greet :
Our heads are in the clouds, and Death below
Yawns at our feet !

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
We have the people on our side ;
They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
The people take our part.

Man might his barter have convenient made,
But taxes blocking up the roads abound ;
Then forward, comrades, forward !—such is trade,
That in our hands its balance must be found.

Heaven, shielding us from ills that might befall,
 Works out its views—
To bring down plenty to the reach of all,
 And wealth diffuse.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
 We have the people on our side ;
 They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
 The people take our part.

Our rulers seized with dizziness, who now
 Triple their tax on all Heaven kindly yields,
Condemn the fruit to wither on the bough,
 And break the hammer that the laborer wields.
They for their fish-ponds would the rivers take,
 That from God's hand
Came forth, ordained by him the thirst to slake
 Of man and land.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
 We have the people on our side ;
 They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
 The people take our part.

What ! 'tis their will, that where one tongue is spoken,
 Where the same laws long time have been obeyed,
Because some treaty may such bonds have broken,
 Two hostile nations should, forsooth, be made !
But no—for, thanks to our exertions, vain
 Is that design ;
The self-same fleeces shall they spin, and drain
 The self-same wine.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
We have the people on our side ;
They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
The people take our part.

Birds, that at will across the frontier fly,
Find nought to bid *them* other laws obey :
A summer's sun, perchance, the trench may dry,
That marks the limit of two monarchs' sway.
Taxes—the which on bloodshed they will spend—
Are levied there :
We—leaping o'er the barriers they defend—
Little we care.

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !
We have the people on our side ;
They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
The people take our part.

Song for her theme our deeds will often take,
Whose deadly guns such terror spread around,
That whilst they bid the mountain echoes wake,
Freedom herself may waken at their sound.
When haughty neighbors strike, and bleeding, low
Our country lies,
Her dying words are, “ To the rescue, ho !
Smugglers, arise !”

Hang the excisemen ! let *us* get hold
Of pleasures in plenty, and heaps of gold !

We have the people on our side ;
They're all our friends at heart :
Yes, lads, the people far and wide,
The people take our part.

184.—THE PROVERB.

Le proverbe.

Alain a Princess dared admire,
But found his hopes defeated :
Ignobly born—a simple squire—
He like a serf was treated.
The Princess had her Maid of Honour,
A flower whose bloom had fled ;
Alain his flattery showers upon her ;
But like a serf he's treated.

The lady had her ladies-maid,
Tuft-hunting and conceited ;
In vain to her his court he paid—
Still like a serf he's treated.
Her under-maid the list completes :
But she poor Alain greeted,
Wondering, since her so well he treats,
That he like serf was treated.

The ladies-maid begins to burn ;
She hears his charms repeated ;
The Maid of Honour takes her turn—
He's like a baron treated.

At last the Princess, grown less shy,
 To him her favors meted—
 He to the proverb said good-by,
 That says—"like serf he's treated."



185.—THE TOMBS OF JULY.

1832.

In the ninth stanza is a phrase, "soldiers of the Loire," that may require a word of explanation. It was the Army of the Loire that waged so terrible a warfare with the Royalists of La Vendée, in the early days of the Republic. As veterans, and as tried Republicans, the term has, therefore, much meaning.

Les tombeaux de Juillet.

Children, let flowers in your pure hands be borne !
 Palm-leaves, and flowers, and torches, children, bring !
 Of our Three Days the funeral rites adorn :
 All have their tombs—the People as the King !

Charles spake : " It wanes, but, oh, may this July
 Avenge my throne, that levellers attack ;
 Strike for the Lilies !" Paris quick reply,
 " Strike for the Tricolor !" in arms gave back.

" To threaten loud, to find us crouching low,
 What deeds of thine to blind our eyes are told ?
 • Him of the Pyramids ape not ! Ah ! no—
 All, all thy sires his winding-sheet would hold.

" What ! of a Charter we received the boon,
 And to thy yoke thou wouldst subdue us all !
 We know that thrones are shaken down full soon ;
 Just God ! again a king who courts his fall !

"For, hark ! a voice, from Heaven beyond dispute,
Deep in our hearts 'Equality' hath cried.
What means Equality ? perchance, a route
By royal order to the weak denied !

"On ! forward, forward ! ours the Hôtel-de-Ville !
Ours are the Quays ! the Louvre is ours ! our own !"
Triumphant crowds the royal refuge fill,
And take their seats upon the ancient throne.

O noble people ! modest, poor, and gay !
Masters, by bloodshed and by toil so great,
Who, laughing, drive detested Kings away ;
And, starving, guard the treasures of the State !

Children, let flowers in your pure hands be borne !
Palm-leaves, and flowers, and torches, children, bring !
Of our Three Days the funeral rites adorn :
All have their tombs—the People as the King !

There, soldiers of the Loire—there, laboring men—
There, scholars—tyros at the cannon—fell ;
To you their victory bequeathed they then,
Nor cared that aught to us their names should tell.

France to these heroes doth a temple owe ;
Their fame afar a holy awe excites ;
"How fares it now with Kings ?" Kings whisper low,
Whom an example so sublime affrights.

"What ! must the Tricolor return ?" they cry,
Their memories still reverting to the past ;
And o'er them seems that standard from on high
Again the shadow of its folds to cast.

As on, from realm to realm, in peace it flew,
 Before St. Helena its course was stayed ;
 There on the extinct volcano rose in view
 A giant phantom—'twas Napoleon's shade.

The hand of God uplifts him from the grave.
 " For thee I looked, my glorious flag !" he cries ;
 " Welcome !" He speaks ; and flinging to the wave
 His broken sword, mounts upward to the skies.

This the last lesson his stern genius gave !
 The sword's dominion found with him its close :
 Endued with power earth's sceptres to enslave—
 For his successor Liberty he chose.

Children, let flowers in your pure hands be borne !
 Palm-leaves, and flowers, and torches, children, bring !
 Of our Three Days the funeral rites adorn :
 All have their tombs—the People as the King !

The titled faction, to corruption prone,
 For this poor monument may little care ;
 The noble zeal by our avengers shown
 To some mad tumult vainly may compare.

Children, 'tis said, that ye, in dreams by night,
 Gentlest communion with the angels hold ;
 Foretell a future, then, with praises bright—
 That so these heroes' spirits be consoled.

Tell them, " God's eye upon your work is set ;
 No sad forebodings from our errors feel :
 Long time, long time, hath Earth to tremble yet,
 Beneath the blow your courage here could deal." .

Yes, thundering at our walls should Europe bring
 Her score of nations—at their prompt retreat,
 Forth from the dust they bore would Freedom spring—
 The dust that gathered on their horses' feet.

All earth shall wear Equality's bright hue ;
 Old laws are lost amidst a ruined scene.
 The Ancient World hath perished—of the New,
 With Paris for her Louvre, is France the Queen !

Of these Three Days yours, children, is the fruit ;
 They, who lie there, for you the pathway trace :
 Aye hath the blood of France marked out the route,
 That to great ends conducts the human race.

Children, let flowers in your pure hands be borne !
 Palm-leaves, and flowers, and torches, children, bring !
 Of our Three Days the funeral rites adorn :
 All have their tombs—the People as the King !

186.—VERSES.

Couplet.

Often have I been seen in funeral train,
 Than at the nuptial or baptismal fête :
 From many loving hearts I've chased the pain,
 That they themselves would fondly aggravate.

Richly, O God ! by thee was I endowed,
 Nor power nor wisdom falling to my lot :
 A fund of gaiety am I allowed,
 That sorrow's troubled spirit troubles not.

187.—THE MUZZLED LION,

OR, LOUIS PHILIPPE IN 1832.

The following lines were not published in Paris, for obvious reasons ; they appeared in the London *Times* on the 26th of July, 1832, two years after Louis Philippe's elevation to the throne.—It should be borne in mind, that, at this period Casimir Perrier was prime minister, and suspected of leaning to despotism. Gisquet was at the head of the Police Department, Seguier the Judge of the Court of Cassation before which political offenders were arraigned, and Viennet, an inflated *litterateur*, the Minister of Public Instruction. Marshal Lobau, it will be remembered, dispersed a seditious mob, by bringing a large number of fire engines to bear, and then deluging the crowd with dirty water. The expedient was both humorous and humane, but somewhat galling to the vanity of the discomfited parties.—Lastly, in 1832, the young Duc de Bordeaux, now styled Henry V. by the Legitimists, was with Charles X. his grandfather, an exile in Scotland.

Le lion muselé.

What time the People's Lion, in July,
Threw at the Louvre a blood-stained sceptre by,
Earth from her breast to Freedom's cry gave vent ;
Thrice as it rose the willing skies were rent.
Then, drunk with hope, 'mid din of arms I saw
On tottering thrones Kings turning pale with awe :
Be silent, Earth ! from fear, O Kings, be free !
Muzzled, poor Lion, muzzled shalt thou be !

See'st thou not, Lion, lord of the Bastille,
This royal mendicant to thee would kneel—
To mount a throne, his kindred disavows,
Kisses thy claw, and as thy vassal bows ?
Our Judas' tribe ungratefully rejoice
To lend persuasion to his honeyed voice ;
Philippe cajoles—no aid hath Giles for thee—
Muzzled, poor Lion, muzzled shalt thou be !

Keen for the garbage, pressing at his back,
Lo, where the courtiers come, a hungry pack !
The badge of victory they have dared assume,
They, at whose touch thy laurels cease to bloom.
Before the assassins in our tyrant's pay,
Our sun already hath withdrawn his ray ;
Woe, woe for us ! the Doctrinaires I see—
Muzzled, poor Lion, muzzled shalt thou be !

Trimming, to suit their views who o'er us rule,
The metaphysics of that torturous school,
Their stern *Black Code* they substitute for law,
Stamped with the seal of thy heroic claw.
Oath of a slave—perchance an heir-loom made—
They in set form have tyranny arrayed ;
This would'st thou, *this* ? would'st martial law decree ?
Muzzled, poor Lion, muzzled shalt thou be !

Thus, then, O Freedom, to my songs so dear,
Like pleasant dream I see thee disappear !
Perrier is master, France unwieldy grown,
The yoke of dwarfs a giant people own.
Thee Seguiet sentences, and Gisquet smites ;
Lobau hath drenched ; and vain Viennet writes
With ass's kick his insults on thy brow :
Art thou not muzzled, O poor Lion, now !

Castilian, Tartar, little need ye fear ;
Small part have ye in what concerns us here ;
'Tis but a miser who would have us toil,
That he a Royal orphan might despoil ;
And that this deed of baseness might be done,
Through Paris' streets, alas ! our blood hath run !
Die, Poland, die ! O Belgium, mourn thy lot !
Our Lion now is muzzled—is he not ?

I in these crimes, O Frenchmen, took no part ;
 To you my Muse was ever true at heart ;
 For thrice five years she branded with disgrace
 Tyrants, and Tartuffes—that detested race.
 Now yours, O children, be my dream, my lute !
 Of grief I die—my voice must soon be mute ;
 Ah ! if our sun should ever rise again,
 Remember well the muzzled Lion then !

If, as 'tis said, France needs a Monarch's sway,
 'Mid Scottish lakes there is a child at play ;
 To Salic land recall him—him alone—
 For to *him* only crime is yet unknown.
 Grouped round *his* cradle, let all France decree
 The common lot ; that, grown to manhood, he
 Forth to the frontier may our Lion guide,
 His muzzle then in freedom thrown aside.

188.—GOOD-EVE.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO M. LAISNEY, PRINTER AT PERONNE.

It was in the office of M. Laisney that Béranger was apprenticed. He says himself, that being incapable of learning orthography, his master inspired him with a love of the Muse, gave him lessons in versification, and corrected some of his first attempts.

Bonsoir.

Drink, my dear Laisney, drink ; our youth inspires
 One bumper more, our youth that would not stay :
 How pale and distant now life's dawning fires ;
 How many a pleasure died with them away !

But must we then ungrudgingly repine?

No—for to Gaiety Hope fain would cleave:

My dear old friend, if day for us decline—

Gaily let's bid good-eve!

Closely my steps have followed on thine own,

Whilst o'er thy head have fifty winters past:

Those winters many a festival have known;

All was not hoar-frost, and the northern blast.

Could we have spent more fruitfully our youth?

Or, gifted thus, untasted pleasures leave?

If day, old friend, for us decline—forsooth,

Gaily let's bid good-eve!

Thou wert my master in the poet's art;

Yet never jealous, couldst my triumphs greet:

If Heaven to us saw fit but to impart

The gift of song—that gift is passing sweet.

Come, in our chorus let's renew the past;

Illusion's mirror shall its light receive:

Old friend, if day for us decline at last,

Gaily let's bid good-eve!

Now, let's repose—the Loves, we can't deny,

For whom so far we trudged in other days,

If they should meet us on the road, would cry,

“Go sleep; the sun hath shed his parting rays!”

But Friendship comes, though thick the shades extend,

And lights our lamps, the darkness to relieve:

Yes, if for us day must decline—old friend,

Gaily let's bid good-eve!

189.—MY TOMB.

Mon tombeau.

What! whilst I'm well, beforehand you design,
At vast expense, for me to build a shrine?
Friends, 'tis absurd! to no such outlay go;
Leave to the great the pomp and pride of woe.
Take what for marble or for brass would pay—
For a dead beggar garb by far too gay—
And buy life-stirring wine on my behalf:
The money for my tomb right gaily let us quaff!

A mausoleum worthy of my thanks
At least would cost you twenty thousand francs:
Come, for six months, rich vale and balmy sky,
As gay recluses, be it ours to try.
Concerts and balls, where Beauty's self invites,
Shall furnish us our castle of delights;
I'll run the risk of finding life too sweet:
The money for my tomb right gaily let us eat!

But old I grow, and Lizzy's youthful yet:
Costly attire, then, she expects to get;
For to long fast a show of wealth resigns—
Bear witness Longchamps, where all Paris shines!
You to my fair one something surely owe;
A Cashmere shawl she's looking for, I know:
'Twere well for life on such a faithful breast
The money for my tomb right gaily to invest!

No box of state, good friends, would I engage,
For mine own use, where spectres tread the stage:
What poor wan man with haggard eyes is this?
Soon must he die—ah, let him taste of bliss!

The veteran first should the raised curtain see—
 There in the pit to keep a place for me,
 (Tired of his wallet, long he cannot live)—
 The money for my tomb to him let's gaily give!

What doth it boot me, that some learned eye
 May spell my name on gravestone, by and by?
 As to the flowers they promise for my bier,
 I'd rather, living, scent their perfume here.
 And thou, posterity!—that ne'er mayst be—
 Waste not thy torch in seeking signs of me!
 Like a wise man, I deemed that I was bound
 The money for my tomb to scatter gaily round!



190.—THE WANDERING JEW. .

Le Juif errant.

Christian! a fainting traveller to restore,
 Oh, place a cup of water at thy door!
 I am, in sooth, I am that wandering Jew,
 Whom aye a whirlwind seemeth to pursue.
 Ne'er growing old, howe'er by age opprest—
 With the world's end my only dream of rest—
 Aye, when eve comes, I trust my race is run,
 But aye each morrow brings its rising sun
 Ever, ever, evermore,
 Ever where I press the ground,
 Ever, ever, evermore,
 Ever rolleth Earth around.

Through eighteen centuries, as they've held their way—
 O'er ashes left by Greek and Roman sway—

O'er ruins of a thousand states—alas !
The terrible whirlwind still hath made me pass.
Good have I seen, whose buds would bear no fruit ;
Seen far and wide calamities take root ;
And, to survive the ancient world, mine eyes
Have seen two worlds from out the waves arise.

Ever, ever, evermore,

Ever where I press the ground,

Ever, ever, evermore,

Ever rolleth Earth around.

God's hand hath changed me, that he might chastise—
Fain would I bind myself to all that dies ;
But from each kind and hospitable roof
The sudden whirlwind hurries me aloof :
And many a beggar hath to me appealed
For such assistance as 'tis mine to yield,
Who had not time to clasp the friendly hand,
I love to stretch, in hurrying through the land.

Ever, ever, evermore,

Ever where I press the ground,

Ever, ever, evermore,

Ever rolleth Earth around.

If at the foot of flowering shrubs, alone,
By gentle waters, on the green sward thrown,
For one short moment I my woes forget,
I hear the whirlwind that is raving yet.
Ah ! why should Heaven, by thoughts of vengeance
swayed,

Begrudge one instant passed beneath the shade ?
What but a whole eternity of rest,
After such toils, could make the wanderer blest ?

Ever, ever, evermore,

Ever where I press the ground,

Ever, ever, evermore,
Ever rolleth Earth around.

How oft do children, with their gay glad tone,
Before me bring the image of mine own !
But when mine eyes I feast upon the sight,
The angry whirlwind howleth in its might.
Ye, who are old, at any price can ye
My long carèer with envy dare to see ?
Those joyous children mark—yet but a while,
My feet shall sweep their dust on whom I smile !

Ever, ever, evermore,
Ever where I press the ground,
Ever, ever, evermore,
Ever rolleth Earth around.

If I, perchance, some traces should behold
Of the loved walls, where I was born of old,
Stiffly I set myself to halt—but no—
Still the harsh whirlwind bids me onward go.
“ On !” cries the voice ; yet, yet, I hear it call—
“ Rest standing thou, whilst all around thee fall
Here in the tomb where thy forefathers sleep,
No place for thee beside them could they keep.”

Ever, ever, evermore,
Ever where I press the ground,
Ever, ever, evermore,
Ever rolleth Earth around.

Yes, I, ah me ! a jest inhuman passed
On Him, the Man-God, as he breathed his last
But lo ! beneath my feet my pathway flies ;
Farewell ! its force the restless whirlwind plies.
Ye, who to kindly charities are cold,
My fearful punishment with awe behold !

Not the offended majesty of God,
 But wronged humanity provokes the rod.
 Ever, ever, evermore,
 Ever where I press the ground,
 Ever, ever, evermore,
 Ever rolleth Earth around.



191.—THE CRICKET.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 1886.

Le grillon.

Beside the hearth, the embers stirring,
 Dreams vaguely to my mind recurring,
 Sing with me, little Cricket—Time
 Steals o'er me, yet I still would rhyme.
 Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear ;
 Let not the world trouble us here !

There's nought between our lives to choose :
 Thy voice can infancy amuse ;
 Mine charm at eve the full-grown man,
 The soldier, peasant, artisan.
 Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear ;
 Let not the world trouble us here !

But, hidden in thy form so strange,
 Doth not a spirit this way range,
 Who's spying if some darling sin
 Here the old hermit dare let in ?
 Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear ;
 Let not the world trouble us here !

Or dost thou not perchance obey,
As sylph or page, some gentle Fay,
Who bids thee learn, observing me,
If hearts grown old of use can be?
Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear;
Let not the world trouble us here!

No? then in thee to life I'd raise
Some author, who in by-gone days
Watching in garret to behold
One ray of glory, starved with cold.
Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear;
Let not the world trouble us here!

Professors, tribunes, men of sects—
And authors chiefly—each expects
To shine—God help them each in turn—
For glory these poor insects burn!
Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear;
Let not the world trouble us here!

Glory! they're fools who think they need it—
The sage won't condescend to heed it:
In snug retreat, 'tis bliss indeed,
To hoard our love, our lyre, our creed.
Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear;
Let not the world trouble us here!

There Envy leers, in threats abounding;
Death to the name she hears resounding!
So small, in short, the world is grown,
We need therein small space alone.
Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear;
Let not the world trouble us here!

Ah ! then, if right in my surmise,
 Laugh at the lot thou once couldst prize :
 What in celebrity we gain,
 Unshackled, we can scarce retain.

Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear ;
 Let not the world trouble us here !

In chimney corner, at our ease,
 Each cheering each with songs like these,
 To live forgotten be our prayer,
 Thou in thy hole, I on my chair !

Nay, little Cricket, nay, never fear ;
 Let not the world trouble us here !



192.—MY OLD COAT.

Mon habit.

Stick to me still, old coat, beloved though poor !
 Alike we feel this coming on of age :
 Ten years my hand hath brushed thee—and what more
 Could have been done by Socrates the sage ?
 If cruel Fortune to thy threadbare stuff
 Should new encounters send,
 Like me, philosophize, to make thee tough :
 We must not part, old friend !

Good is my memory : I remember well
 The very time when first I chanced to don thee :
 My birthday was it, and our pride to swell,
 My comrades, singing, heaped applauses on thee.
 Despite thy seedy, creditable air,
 Their arms they still extend ;

All still for us their kindly fêtes prepare :

We must not part, old friend !

Thou hast a patch behind—I see it yet—

Still, still, that scene is treasured in my heart :

Feigning one night to fly the fond Lisette,

I felt her hand forbid me to depart.

This outrage tore thee ; by her gentle side

I could not but attend—

Two days Lisette to such long work applied :

We must not part, old friend !

Have I e'er scented thee with musk and amber,

Such as the fop exhales before his glass ?

Who hath e'er seen thee in an antechamber

Galled by the jokes grandees might on thee pass ?

All France—that men might certain ribbons wear—

Long time did discord rend—

I in thy button-hole gay field-flowers bear :

We must not part, old friend !

No longer fear those days of courses vain,

In which our destiny alike was fixed—

Those days made up of pleasure and of pain,

When rain and sunshine were together mixed.

Soon must I doff my coat for ever here—

That way my thoughts will tend—

Hold on—we'll close together our career :

We must not part, old friend !

193.—TO MADEMOISELLE . . . ,

ON SENDING HER MY LAST SONGS.

A Mademoiselle . . .

These songs receive, wherein my Muse hath tried
To paint Love ready to desert my side ;
And boasts of Glory, whose misguiding shade
A day may dissipate—a day hath made.
In one divinity no charm you find ;
The other captivates your daring mind !
Still—as for Love—Hortense, I hold it true,
That he's the less deceitful of the two.

194.—ECHOES.

1839.

Les échos.

Sinning goes on up above there, be sure ;
Echoes, 'tis known, are all spirits made pure
But when for slight peccadilloes they fall,
Sent to be purged in wood, valley, or wall,
There every cry, every word they repeat,
Long as they're doomed to the penitents' seat.
Such is their sentence—in France 'tis severe—
Echoes are treated outrageously here !

Some of them, just from our earthiness freed—
Poor galley-slaves to whom others succeed—

Safe in the sky, their deplorable fate
Thus to their brothers, the angels, relate.
"What with saloons, cafés, schools that abound,
Paris for us truly awful we've found ;
There it rains words, sit the wind as it may—
Echoes, our doom is a hard one, we say !"

"Yes," exclaims one, "at the Institute I,
Brothers, was pent in walls hollow and high :
Thence, with their learned discourses and shows,
Sounds without sense in abundance arose.
Dwarfs addle-headed, how many rehearse
Ethics, art, history, science, or verse,
Taking my voice for the trumpet of Fame—
Echoes, our treatment 's a scandalous shame !"

"Mured in the *Palais de Justice*," says one,
"How in rash judgments my part I have done :
Martyr to sharpeners, accomplice in ills,
How many clients I've ruined in bills !
How have I dwelt on Kings'-Counsellors' speech—
Gentry, who when they would eminence reach,
Bluster the louder, and innocence scare !—
Echoes, our lot is a hard one to bear !"

"I," says another, "alas ! in a church,
Over the pulpit was destined to perch :
Shall I my view of the sermon declare ?
Shall I the faith of the clergy lay bare ?
Yawning, their chants to the Highest would swell ;
Sparing weak nerves, they but hinted at hell :
Nought, save the organ, sincerity showed—
Echoes, we're doomed to a wretched abode !"

"Chamber of Deputies ! pent in thy hall,
I." quoth the last, "have endured more than all :

Tribune ! the rock on which Conscience is wrecked,
 Nay, thou art not by a Manuel decked !
 ' Hush !' would they cry, when a generous word—
 One in a thousand—astonished, I heard ;
 ' Hush, Echo, hush ! 't will reach Royalty's ear !'—
 Echoes, our destiny 's cruel, 'tis clear !"

" Down with the law for poor angels, that thus
 Echoes of babblers would make out of us,"
 Clamors the phalanx—the chorus goes round—
 " Speaking, the meanest of arts 'twill be found !
 Weary of martyrdom, those in our place
 Think that the spirits of darkness they face :
 ' Lift us, O God, from this hell !' have they cried—
 Echoes, poor Echoes, how sorely we 're tried !"



195.—LINES FOR THE YOUNG.

Couplets aux jeunes gens.

When on the shore, sometimes reclined at ease,
 Ye bless the pure soft sky that o'er you glows,
 Pity the crew, to whom on angry seas
 The storm forbids repose !

Deem ye that thanks for them would be amiss—
 Too weary further efforts to pursue—
 Whose fingers, ere they sink in the abyss,
 Point out the port for you ?

196.—MY GAIETY.

Ma gaité.

Deserting my poor lonely soul,
My Gaiety hath taken flight;
To sage or fool who brings her back
Heaven will the deed requite.
All tends to aggravate my loss—
The faithless one, in act of flying,
Left my door open—Care got in—
He's always round us prying.
O bring her home again, all ye,
Whose comfort she was wont to be!

My Gaiety's a buxom nurse
For bachelor who's old and ailing!
To tend me, and to close mine eyes,
She should not now be failing.
Who does not know her features well?
To set my eyes once more on her,
Fame would I freely give, if I
Had any to confer.
O bring her home again, all ye,
Whose comfort she was wont to be!

To her I owed, whate'er they're worth,
Those songs of mine, that oft would swell
From humble garret of the poor,
From prisoner's straw-laid cell.
The madcap launching o'er the wave—
In Paris, always bold and jeering—
Through earth's remotest bounds, with Hope,
Our exiles would be cheering.
O bring her home again, all ye,
Whose comfort she was wont to be!

"Cease," cried she to great poets, "cease
Into the crack-brained to instil
Your dull despairings—Genius has
Its duties to fulfil.
For bark that squalls may overtake,
Let it like friendly light-house beam !
I'm but a glow-worm ; yet I make
The night less gloomy seem.
O bring her home again, all ye,
Whose comfort she was wont be !

She hated luxury—at times
Was on philosophizing bent—
In cozy circle round the fire,
On pleasantry intent.
What charm was in her laugh ! it brought
Tears to my eyes, devoid of pain :
The laugh has passed for aye away—
The tears alone remain.
O bring her home again, all ye,
Whose comfort she was wont to be !

She wrought on youth—warm hearts she fired ;
Soft hearts to tenderness inclined ;
Some madmen in our human race—
No villains could she find.
In spite of stiff and formal fools,
How many a time would she displace
Reason's chill airs—from Wisdom's brow
Its wrinkles would efface !
O bring her home again, all ye,
Whose comfort she was wont to be !

But now we're giving Glory up ;
All gods, but those of gold, we lack ;

Ah ! must I, in what's base confide ?
 My Gaiety come back !
 Back to the poor old soul, o'er whom,
 Deprived of thee, such gloom is cast—
 Brain numbed, voice dying, blackened-fire,
 And lamp that flickers fast !
 O bring her home again, all ye,
 Whose comfort she was wont to be !



197.—THE SNAILS.

1840.

Les escargots.

Turned out of doors, the bailiff dodging,
 I scoured the village for a lodging :
 When a coarse snail before me lay,
 His horns poked out to block my way.
 With backs set up, pride never fails
 These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

He seems, this chap who flouts me now,
 To say, " How mean a wretch art thou ;
 Thou canst not call a roof thine own,
 The snail's a freeholder, 'tis known !"
 With backs set up, pride never fails
 These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

At threshold of his house of pearl,
 This sleek, though somewhat slimy churl,
 Proud he's a housekeeper, the airs
 Of cit, bedecked with order, wears.
 With backs set up, pride never fails
 These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

The bore of moving—this he knows not ;
To him, for rent, collector goes not :
If rows are threatening in the street,
Presto ! he's snug in his retreat.
With backs set up, pride never fails
These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

Ennui can't plague such simple minds ;
He makes the best of all he finds ;
Grows fat upon another's toils,
And rose and tender vine-leaf soils.
With backs set up, pride never fails
These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

In vain the most melodious bird
Would tempt him—deuce a bit he's stirred :
The bumpkin ! as for voice or wings—
He wonders why there are such things.
With backs set up, pride never fails
These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

This cit, good faith, is in the right of it ;
Strange, men of mind should make so light of it !
For keeping other folks aloof,
There's nought like having one's own roof.
With backs set up, pride never fails
These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

Two Chambers—as I have been told—
Their legislators serve to hold :
So many are like him, 'tis clear
He's either Deputy, or Peer.
With backs set up, pride never fails
These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

Crawling, according to his plan,
I'll make myself, then, if I can,
A snail Elector ; and still higher,
As eligible snail, aspire.
With backs set up, pride never fails
These fine, spruce gentlemen, the snails.

198.—PASSY.

The pretty village of Passy, in the immediate neighborhood of Paris, is known, by name at least, to all who know that city.—The municipal tax on funerals, and the heavy octroi on wines passing the barriers of Paris, must be borne in mind by the reader.—Passy has for several years been the chosen retreat of Béranger.

Passy.

Paris, adieu ! I issue from thy walls ;
A nook to rest in is at Passy mine :
Thy son escapes thy tax on funerals,
And duty free can sip his low-priced wine.
Here—in oblivion to be wrapped ere long—
Exempt from storms, may age upon me creep ;
Whilst lulled by dying echoes of my song,
Amidst the foliage, like a bird, I sleep !

199.—ODE ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Could the poet have foreseen what lame conclusions were to follow the event he here commemorates, he would scarcely thus have evoked the spirit of his dear friend Manuel, who appears to have been his *beau idéal* of a politician and a man.—The Tennis-Court, mentioned in the third stanza, is the *Jeu de Paume* of Versailles, a place of historical interest.

Ode sur la Révolution de 1848.

France, O my Manuel, rears again her head ;
Now has her freedom not a foe to dread :
Thus in our dreams France we were wont to trace ;
For nought by halves can suit that giant race !
Since to the promised land God leads the way,
Why did he not with us permit thy stay ?
What hadst thou done, like Moses, thus to die ?
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh !

A victor thou—that strife heroic ended—
Soon would thy thoughts to my still nook have tended ;
For most we need each other's cordial greeting,
When nobly high the fevered pulse is beating.
Embracing as of old, with voice long pent,
Till in a kiss our tears at last were blent,
" All hail. Republic !" would have been our cry—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh !

Does the world know it ? Since the People's might
Showed, at the Tennis-Court, such road to right,
That the whole earth in our fair land hath part—
Circling round us as blood around the heart—
That golden book, sublime, or wise, or gory,
Wherein each lustre shadows forth its glory,
Hath not one page with '48 can vie—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh !

The royal presence sterilized the land,
Casting its anchor on that shifting sand ;
Swift came the thunderbolt—down fell the throne—
I sought its traces, but all trace was gone.
Instead, I find a France that teems anew,
By noble blood refreshed, as 't were with dew—
Prolific soil that shall the world supply—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh !

Great the Republic is, and long shall last,
Our vows fulfilling : but my love was fast
On thee—I hear those voices sad and deep,
“ Mourn for the dead ! the dead for ever sleep ! ”
What, sleep, alas ! when France is up anew !
Sleep ! when to conquer, and herself outdo,
She needs quick spirits and the sword waved high—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh !

Hail to thee, People, and thy swift career !
Thinking on him, to me thou art more dear :
No longer void my open arms shall be—
All Frenchmen, brothers, from this day we see.
Bent down with age, 't was meet for me to lie
Hushed as in death, when thou to arms didst fly :
Yet, with chilled blood, warm tears bedew mine eye—
People of France, for your embrace I sigh !

200.—FAREWELL, SONGS !

The immense popularity of Béranger and his undoubted position as the "Chansonnier" of France fully justify the apparent tone of self-complacency, with which, in this spirited and touching farewell, he looks back upon his past career.—Though not now the last written of his compositions, it forms the most appropriate conclusion.

Adieu, chansons !

'Twas in my garland just to make the flowers more freshly blow,
Some tender, wise, or witty song, I was, not long ago,
About to sing, when all at once the Fairy reappeared,
Who in the good old tailor's shop mine infancy had cheered.
"Winter," she cried, "upon thine head hath breathed his chilling
blast ;
Then for thine evenings, long and cold, some shelter seek at last :
A score of years of strife and tears thy voice hath worn away,
For only 'mid the tempest's roar that voice would pour its lay."
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu ! for bald and wrinkled is my brow ;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"Those days are distant," she went on, "when every air thy soul
Would modulate, as one key-note can music's tones control ;
When lavished was thy gaiety in bright and sudden flame,
Whose lightnings, when the sky was dark, more brilliant went
and came.
Ah ! narrower now the horizon rests in gloominess profound ;
Long peals of laughter now no more from joyous friends resound :
How many have preceded thee, and in the tomb are laid !
Lisette herself, alas for her ! is nothing but a shade."
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu ! for bald and wrinkled is my brow ;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"But be thou grateful for thy lot! The Muse still owes thee thanks,

That of a mighty people she hath moved the lowest ranks :
The song, that to the ravished ear flies with direct appeal,
Hath bruited forth thy verse, which thus the most unlearnèd feel.
Your orators may speeches make to folks who learnèd be ;
But openly defying kings, 't was otherwise with thee ;
For thou, to couple voices well, in marriage didst aspire
To join some goody's ancient air with accents of the lyre."
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu ! for bald and wrinkled is my brow ;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"Thy pointed darts against the throne itself launched forth
again,

So soon as they were seen to fall, were gathered up again,
And by the people far and near—whose love for thee is fast—
Back to the object of their aim in chorusses were cast.
Then, when that throne was bold enough its thunderbolt to wield,
Old muskets in Three Days sufficed to drive it off the field :
Of all the shots that thickly there did on its velvet fall
How much of powder must thy Muse have furnished for each
ball !"

Adieu, then, Songs, adieu ! for bald and wrinkled is my brow ;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"Ay, noble was the part that thou in those great days didst play,
When from the booty thou didst turn the victor's eyes away !
These recollections, as a crown that thine old age shall wear,
Will satisfy thee, if old age thou knowest how to bear.
Go then, and let the rising race through thee that history know ;
Be thou a pilot to their bark, the rocks and sands to show :
And if, perchance, the pride of France, some day, they help to
raise,
Go, in their beams of glory warm thine own declining days !"

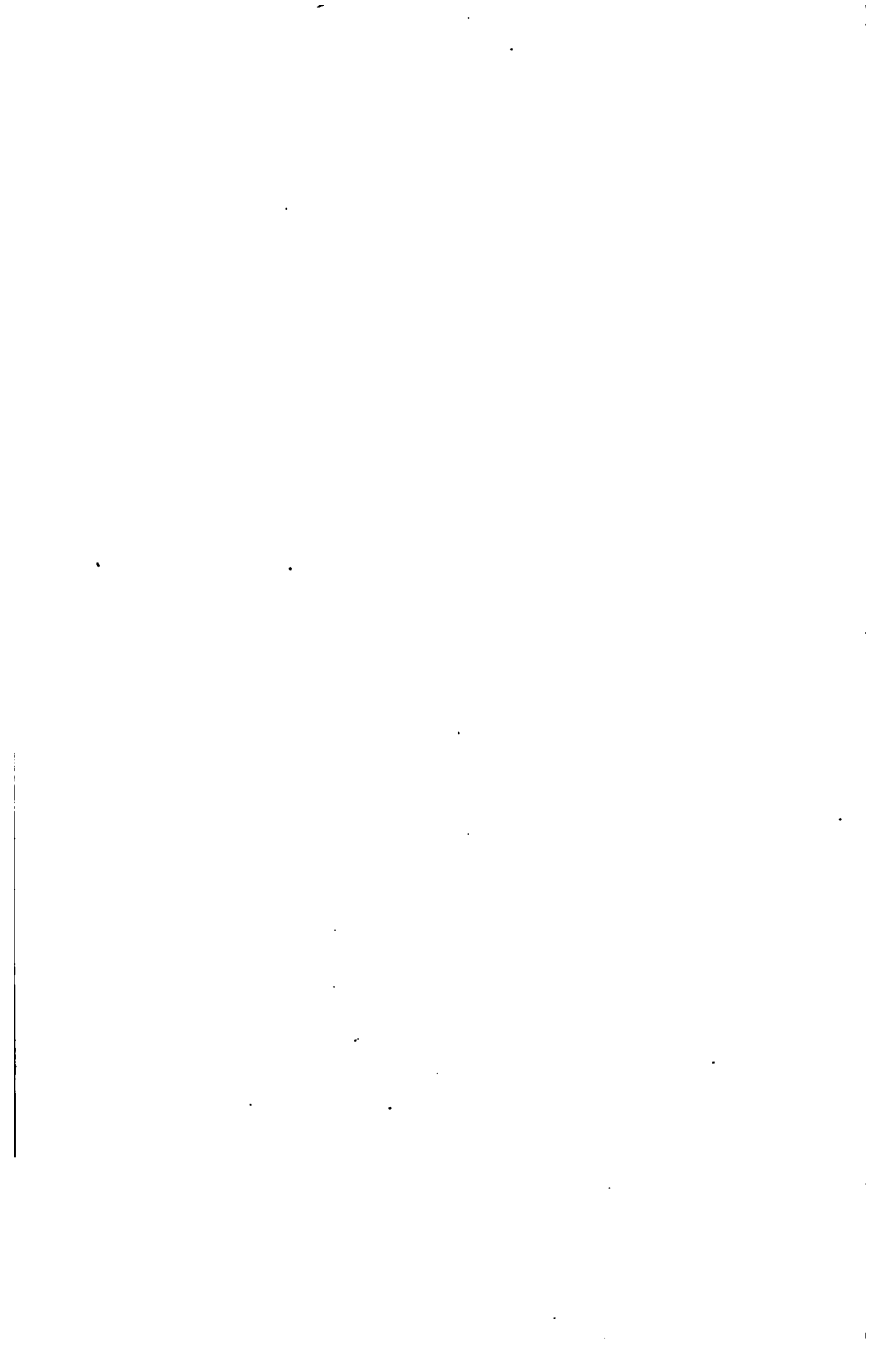
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

Yes, my good Fairy, thou indeed art come in time most meet,
To sound before the poor bard's door the signal of retreat:
Soon for companion shall I have, within my humble cot,
Oblivien—that begets repose, and by it is begot.
But at my death, some who have seen our discords running high,
Frenchmen and veterans, to themselves shall say with moistened
eye:

“Once shining forth in Heaven at eve that star we can recall,
Though God was pleased to quench its light long time before its
fall.”

Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

BÉRANGER'S PREFACE TO HIS EDITION OF 1833.

IN the very act of taking leave of the public, the acknowledgments which I owe it become more profoundly impressed upon my feelings; and the more vividly do I retrace all the tokens of interest that it has been heaping upon me, through a period of more than twenty years, since it first took cognizance of my name.

Such, indeed, has been its good-will, that it rested only with myself to imbibe a false notion of the merit of my works. I have, however, always preferred attributing my popularity, dearly as I prize it, to the patriotic tendency of my sentiments, to the constancy of my opinions, and, I venture to add, to the disinterested zeal with which I have defended and propagated them.

Let me then be permitted, in a quiet chit-chat, to account with this same public for certain circumstances and impressions peculiar to myself, and connected with the publication of the lyrics, that it has received with so much favor. The detail will be given in such familiar tone, that the public will, at least, therein discover what store I set by its approbation.

And I must commence by speaking of this latest volume.

Each of my publications has been, for myself, the result of a most painful effort. This one alone has caused me more uneasiness than all the others put together. It is the last; and unfortunately it comes too late. It should have made its appearance

immediately after the Revolution of July: my humble mission was then ended. My publishers know why I was not permitted to bring the part I played to an earlier close; henceforward, it is wanting in the interest that, under the reign of legitimacy, it might have possessed. Many of the songs of this new collection belong to a period already long passed away from us; several of them will even stand in need of explanatory notes.

My songs—they are myself. And therefore will the mournful progress of years make itself apparent, just in proportion as the volumes go on increasing—a fact, indeed, that makes me fearful, lest this one seem a very grave affair. If, for this, many persons will reproach me, some, I trust, will be all the more obliged. They will recognize in the spirit of this present epoch, no less than in my own age, sufficient cause for my choice of subjects being increasingly serious and philosophical. The songs, to which I have given birth since 1830, seem, in truth, rather to link themselves with questions of social interest, than with purely political disquisitions. And at this need any one be surprised? Once granted that the principle of government, for which we have contended, has been again enforced, and it is in the course of things that intelligent minds should feel the need of applying it, practically, to the benefit of the masses. The good of humanity has been the dream of my life. For this I am, without doubt, indebted to the class in which I was born, and to the practical education which I therein received: many remarkable circumstances must, however, have conspired to render it permissible for a writer of songs to mix himself up with high questions of social amelioration. Happily, a host of men, young and full of courage, enlightened and zealous, have, of late, widely opened up these subjects, and have indeed rendered them almost trite. Some of my compositions will, I hope, prove to these lofty spirits my sympathy with their generous enterprise.

Of the songs that belong to the epoch of the Restoration I have nothing to say, unless it be that they issued all entire from the prison of *La Force*. I should scarcely have cared to print

them, did they not complete that sort of lyrical *mémoire*, which I have been publishing since 1815. Besides, I have no fear of being reproached with only making a show of courage, when the enemy has disappeared. It may even be noticed that my imprisonment, though sufficiently long, by no means soured me; for it is a fact, that I then thought I saw the approaching accomplishment of my prophecies made against the Bourbons: and this is a fit time for a word of explanation, touching the petty war that I have waged against the princes of the fallen branch.

My enthusiastic and unwavering admiration for the genius of the Emperor, all the idolatry with which he inspired the people, who never ceased to see in him the representative of a triumphant equality—this admiration, this idolatry, which ought, some day, to have made of Napoleon the noblest object of my Muse, never blinded me to the continually increasing despotism of the Empire. In 1814, I only saw, in the fall of the Colossus, the miseries of a country which the Republic had taught me to adore. On the return of the Bourbons, whom I regarded with indifference, their weakness seemed as though it ought to render easy the restoration of the national liberties. We were assured that with these the Bourbons would identify themselves. Despite the Charter, I had small faith in the promise: but it was possible to have fastened these liberties upon them. As for the people, from whom I have never cut myself adrift—after the fatal winding up of such protracted wars, their feelings did not at first appear to me as decidedly adverse to the masters who had just been dug up for their benefit. Then it was that I hymned the glory of France; I hymned it in the presence of foreigners, throwing, nevertheless, some ridicule on that epoch, without, however, being yet in open arms against the restored Royalty.

I have been reproached with opposing the Bourbons in a spirit of bitter hatred. What I have just said is a reply to that accusation—one that, I am sure, few persons now-a-days would take the trouble to repel, and which formerly I received in silence.

The illusion did not last long; a few months sufficed for al-

lowing all parties to understand each other, and for opening the least clear sighted eyes—I speak only of the *governed*.

The return of the Emperor soon came, dividing France into two camps, and constituting the Opposition which triumphed in 1830. It raised up again the national standard, and restored to it its future career, in spite of Waterloo and of the disasters which it brought upon us. During the “hundred days,” the popular enthusiasm did not mislead me: I saw that Napoleon was unable to govern, constitutionally—it was not for such a purpose that he had been bestowed upon the world. * To the best of my ability I gave utterance to my fears, in the song entitled, *la Politique de Lise*,* the form of which has so little to do with its real meaning. As my first collection proves, I had not yet dared to let song take a loftier flight; but her wings were sprouting. It was easier for me to hand over those Frenchmen to ridicule, who blushed not to invoke, with unholy vows, the triumph and the return of foreigners in arms. I had shed tears at their first entry into Paris; I did the same, at the second: there are, perchance, some persons who can accustom themselves to such sights.

I became, then, perfectly convinced that, even if the Bourbons were what their partisans still dared to represent them, it was no longer possible for them to govern France, nor for France to instil into them those liberal principles, which, since 1814, had resumed all the ascendancy that they had lost under the “reign of terror,” the Directorial anarchy, and the glory of the Empire. For this conviction, which has never since left me, I was originally less indebted to the calculations of my own reason, than to the instinct of the people. That instinct I have studied with a religious carefulness, on the occurrence of every great event, and I almost always waited until its manifestations of feeling seemed to coincide with my own reflections, ere I made these the rule of my conduct, in the part which the Opposition of that day appointed me to play. The People—they are my Muse.

* “A political treatise for the use of Liz,” No. 46 in the foregoing collection.—*Translator*.

It was this Muse that made me resist those pretended sages, whose counsels, founded on chimerical hopes, pursued me many a time and oft. The two publications, that brought upon me judicial condemnation, exposed me to finding myself abandoned by many political friends. Of this I ran the risk. The approbation of the masses still clung to me, and the friends came back.

I hold to having it thoroughly understood that at no epoch of my life, as a song-writer, did I give any one the right to say to me, "Do, or do not do that; go, or go not so far!" When I sacrificed the humble appointment that I owed to M. Arnault alone, and which was then my only resource, certain persons, to whom I have continued to feel profoundly grateful, made me advantageous offers that I might, without blushing, have accepted: but their political position was so influential, that they must sometimes have stood in my way. My independent humor resisted the seductions of friendship; and I was thus both surprised and vexed, when pointed out as the pensioner of such or such a one, of Peter or of Paul, of James or of Philip. If this could have been the case, I should have made no mystery of it. It is because I know what influence a feeling of gratitude exercises upon me, that I have feared to contract such obligations, even to men whom I esteem the most.

There is one, whom my readers will at once have named—M. Lafitte. Possibly, his entreaties might at length have got the better of my refusals, if misfortunes, that all France has deplored, had not happened to put an end to the unwearied generosity of this great and excellent citizen, the only man of our days who has known how to render wealth popular.

The Revolution of July was ready also to make my fortune; I treated it as a power that might take some caprices into its head, which it were well to be in a position to resist. All, or nearly all my friends became members of the ministry; there are one or two of them still hanging on to that slippery climbing-pole. I am glad to believe that they are hooked up to it by the skirts, in spite of all their efforts to descend. I might, there-

fore, have had my share in the distribution of appointments; but unfortunately I have no relish for sinecures, and all compulsory work has become insupportable to me, still perhaps excepting that of a copying clerk. Backbiters have said that I made a parade of honesty. Fie! I did but parade my indolence. This failing has been my substitute for many qualifications; and I recommend it therefore to not a few of our honest men. It lays one open, nevertheless, to some singular reproaches. It is to this laziness, so agreeable, that certain rigid censors have attributed the distance at which I held myself from those of my honorable friends who had the misfortune to get into power. Doing too much honor to what they are pleased to call my clear head, and too forgetful of the infinite distance between plain good sense and the science of state affairs, the censors pretend that my counsels might have enlightened more than one of the ministers. To believe them—ensconced behind the velvet arm-chairs of our statesmen, I might have conjured the winds, sent the storms to the right about, and set France swimming in a very ocean of delights. We might all be possessed of liberty, to re-sell, or rather to bestow, since we know not yet exactly its value. Ah, gentlemen, you, my two or three friends, who take a song-writer for a magician, have you never been told that power is a bell, that hinders those who ring a peal on it, from hearing any other sound? Without doubt, ministers sometimes consult those whom they have at their elbows; consulting is a mode of speaking of one's self, that is very rarely neglected. But it would not suffice to consult, in good faith, those who would be apt to give advice after the same fashion. Action must follow; and for this, characteristics are requisite. The purest intentions, the most enlightened patriotism do not always bestow these. Who has not seen exalted personages go away from a counsellor under the influence of a bold resolve, and a moment later, return to him, from I know not what charmed spot, betraying all the embarrassment that arises from having belied the wisest resolutions? "Oh!" say they, "we won't be caught again! what work it is!" The one

who has most sense of shame adds, "I should just like to see you in my place." When a minister makes that remark, rest assured that he has no judgment left. There is one, however, and one only, who, without having lost his senses, has often repeated this expression, in the most perfect good faith; but then, he never addressed it to a friend. .

I have known but one man, from whom, if he had come into power, I could not possibly have kept myself aloof. With his imperturbable good sense, the more fit he was to give the soundest advice, the more did his diffidence of himself cause him to seek that of persons whose judgment he had previously ascertained. His determination once taken, he followed it out with firmness, but without vamping. If he had received the idea of it from any one else, which was rarely the case, he did not forget to give that other the credit of it. This man was Manuel, to whom France yet owes a monument.

Under the honeyed administration of M. de Martignac, when, weary of so long a struggle against legitimacy, several of our political leaders were laboring at the famous fusion of parties, one of them exclaimed, "How fortunate it is for us that that man is dead!" a funeral eulogium telling of all that the living Manuel would not have done, at that epoch of hypocritical promises and fatal concessions!

I, for my part, can assert what he would have done during the Three Days. The rue d'Artois, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Barricades would have seen him, each in turn, planning here, and fighting there: but he would have commenced with the Barricades, for his spirit of the old soldier would have felt more at home there, in the midst of all the gallant populace of Paris. Yes, he would have done his work, at the very cradle of our Revolution. Certes, no one would have had to say of him—as they did say of some—that they are like the registrars of the municipality, they fancy themselves the fathers of the children, whose certificates of birth they have only filled up.

It is probable that Manuel would have been forced to bear a

part in the affairs of the new Government. I would have followed him, with my eyes shut, through all the pathways which it might have been requisite for him to take, in order to reach again, and speedily without doubt, the modest nook that we shared together. A patriot above all things, he would have returned to private life, without showing any ill-humor, and without any covert designs. At this time of day, he would probably have still belonged to the Opposition, but without feeling any personal hatred, since the possession of power makes one indulgent, but also without despairing of the country, for he had unbounded confidence in the people.

The welfare of France was his unceasing occupation; and could he have promoted that welfare through other means than his own, his delight would not have been in any degree diminished. I have never met with a man less ambitious, even of celebrity. The simplicity of his habits made him long for country life. So soon as he was assured that France no longer needed him, I hear him exclaim: "Come, let's away, and pass our time in the country!"

His political friends did not always thoroughly appreciate him; but if any embarrassment or any danger arose, they would all flock to him, trusting to his immovable sagacity and his unshaken courage. His genius was in this respect akin to their friendship—it was at the very moment of a crisis that he possessed it in all its fulness, and then it was that many makers of phrases, who bear the name of orators, bowed the head before him.

Such was the man, whom I never should have quitted, had he even been compelled to grow old in a position of eminence. Far from him the thought of muffling me up in any title, or official employment; he respected my peculiar tastes. Only as a simple volunteer would he have cared to keep me by his side, on the field of his battle against power. And I, in remaining with him, I should at least have been the means of saving for him just so much of his time, as he would have consumed, daily, in visiting

me, if I had been obstinately bent on living in our quiet retreat. In his heart, the loftiest sentiments were united with the gentlest affections; he was no less a tender friend than a devoted citizen.

These latter words will suffice in justification of this digression, which, moreover, cannot be displeasing to honest patriots. They have never more regretted Manuel than since the Revolution of July, despite some folk who, perchance, are whispering very low, "How fortunate for us that the fellow is dead!"

But it is time to cast a general glance upon my lyrics, and I commence by avowing that I anticipate the reproaches, which several amongst them must have brought down upon me, on the part of those rigid censors, who are little disposed to pardon any thing, even in a book which makes no pretence of being a handbook for the instruction of young ladies. I shall only observe, if not as a defence, at least as a palliation, that those songs, the frolicsome ebullitions of youth and of relapses into it, have been exceedingly useful, as associates lent to grave refrains and political couplets. Without their help, I am inclined to believe that these latter would not have been enabled to proceed so far; nor to descend so low; nor even to soar so high—let this last expression scandalize, as it may, your drawing-room virtues.

Some of my songs have also been pronounced impious—the poor little dears!—by Messrs. the King's Proctors, the Attorneys General, and their substitutes, who are all a very Religious set of persons—in Court. On this point, I can but repeat what has been said a hundred times. When, in our days, Religion fashions herself into a political instrument, she exposes herself to finding her sacred character unrecognized: the most tolerant become intolerant of her; believers, who put faith in things very different from those that she then teaches, proceed sometimes, by way of reprisal, to attack her even in her sanctuary. I, who am one of these believers, have never proceeded to such extremes: I have contented myself with raising a laugh against the livery of Catholicism. Is this impiety?

After all, very many of my songs are but the suggestions of inward feeling, or the whims of a wandering mind : these are my especial pets—and that is just all the good I choose to say of them to the public. I will only again observe that, in throwing much variety into my collections, those last mentioned cannot have been altogether useless, in promoting the success of the political lyrics.

As for these, the latest—to believe only the most decided opponents of the opinions which I have defended for fifteen years—they have exercised a powerful influence on the masses, the only fulcrum of the lever through which, henceforth, great achievements are rendered possible. To the honor of this influence I did not lay claim at the moment of victory : my courage melted away at the shouts to which it gave birth. I believe, in fact, that defeat jumps better with my humor. To-day, then, I venture to claim my share in the triumph of 1830, a triumph that I only knew how to chant, long after its occurrence, and in the face of the funeral honors paid to the citizens to whom we owe it. My farewell song betrays this outbreak of political vanity, aroused doubtless by the flattery which an enthusiastic youth has lavished, and still lavishes upon me. Foreseeing that ere long oblivion will enwrap the songs and the songster, this is an epitaph which I have been willing to prepare for our common tomb.

Despite all that friendship has been enabled to do ; despite commendations the most exalted, and despite the indulgence of the interpreters of public opinion, I have always thought that my name would not survive me, and that my reputation would decline so much the more rapidly, in that it has of necessity been greatly exaggerated by the party interest that hung upon it. Some, from its extent, have predicted its duration ; I myself have made a different estimate, which will be realized by my manner of life, should I grow older, ever so little. “ What's the use of telling us this ? ” some short-sighted persons will observe. It is in order that my country may, above all things, think well of me for having given myself up to that style of poetry, which I believed might be most useful to the cause of liberty, when I could have

essayed a more enduring success in the style that I had originally cultivated.

As to going here into a conscientious examination of these fugitive productions, I confess that my courage fails me. I fear lest I should be taken at my word, if I set about exposing their faults ; and that readers should turn a deaf ear to those paternal cajoleries with which I might address my effusions ; for, after all, they cannot be entirely devoid of merit. Besides, notwithstanding the kindness with which critics have treated me, it would perhaps be pushing my ingratitude a little too far, thus to take their work out of their hands. I repeat it then ; my courage fails me. No one sets fire to his house, until he is insured. What I can say, in advance, to those who constitute themselves the executors of great literary works, is, that I am entirely innocent of those exaggerated eulogiums that have been lavished on me ; that never has it happened that I have solicited the smallest favorable notice ; that I have even gone so far as to beseech friendly journalists to be for me more sober in their praises ; that far from wishing to add buzz to buzz, I have avoided the ovations which augment them ; have kept myself aloof from the coteries that propagate them ; and have closed my door against the travelling agents of fame, those gentry who undertake to hawk your reputation about, in the Provinces, or even abroad, where they have access to magazines and reviews.

I have never urged my pretensions to a higher place, than is indicated by the title of song-writer, thoroughly convinced that in making it my sole glory to hold fast to this title, to which I owe so much, I am also indebted to it for being criticised with so much indulgence—stationed thereby far away from and far below all the great celebrities of my times. The yearning after this special position has always kept me from any notion of running after literary distinctions, the most coveted, and the most worthy of being so ; and this, notwithstanding all the instances of influential and devoted friends, who in the pursuit of these promised me, I am ashamed to say, better success than Benjamin Constant met

with—that great public man, great orator, great writer. Poor Constant !*

To those who may doubt the sincerity of my words, I would reply, that poetical dreams, the most ambitious, amused my youth, and there is scarcely any one elevated branch of composition, which I have not silently essayed. At twenty, in order to fulfil my unbounded expectations, without the benefit of study, even of that of Latin, I sought to fathom the genius of our tongue and the mysteries of style. The most noble encouragement was at that time given me. I ask you, then, do you believe that nothing of all this is left me, and that to-day, looking back with profound regret on the little that I have effected, I should be disposed to exaggerate its value in my own eyes? I have, indeed, made useful my poet's life, and therein lies my consolation. A man was needed, who could speak to the People the language that they comprehend and love, and who might give rise to imitators, for varying and multiplying versions of the same text. I have been that man. "Liberty and our country," it may be said, "could very well have dispensed with your strains." Liberty and our country are not such grand dames as some suppose: nor do they turn up their noses at the co-operation of any thing that is popular. There would be injustice, it seems to me, in passing any judgment on my songs, in which no allowance should be made me for the influence that they have exercised upon them. There are moments, for a nation, in which the best music is that of the drum that beats the charge.

After all, if it be found that I do rate far too high the importance of my couplets, let the veteran be forgiven for having, on occasion of his retirement, exaggerated just a little, the statement of his services. It may even be observed that I scarcely make allusion to my wounds; nor, besides, does the recompense that I solicit cause the addition of a single centime to the budget.

* Benjamin Constant did not obtain the place in the French Academy, to which his admirers believed him fully entitled.—*Translator.*

As a professed song-writer, I deem it necessary to reply to a critical remark, that I have seen several times reproduced. I have been reproached with having perverted song itself, in making it take a tone more elevated than that of the Collés, the Panards, and the Désaugiers. It would be in bad taste to contest the point, since therein, to my thinking, consists my success. In the first place, however, I would call to mind, that song, like several other kinds of composition, embraces the whole language, and that, doing so, it is capable of embodying tones the most diametrically opposite. I may add that, since 1789, the People having put their hand to public affairs, their feelings and their patriotic notions have acquired a prodigious development: this our history proves. Song, that has been defined to be "the expression of popular sentiment," must needs, since that time, have elevated itself to the height of those impressions of joy or sorrow, which triumphs or disasters produced upon the most numerous class. Wine and love could now do little more than furnish frameworks for such ideas as might pre-occupy a people excited by the Revolution; and it was no longer with deceived husbands, greedy proctors, and Charon's barks alone, that any one could achieve the honor of being chanted by our artisans and our soldiers around the tables of the common public gardens. Nor was this success yet sufficient; it was essential, further, that the sentiments of the people should be able to find their way into drawing-rooms, with the view of acquiring there an influence that might be beneficial. Thence arose the need of perfecting the style and the poetry of song.

I have not, myself alone, written all the lyrics of the last fifteen or eighteen years. Let all the collections be turned over, and it will be seen that it has been in a style the most grave, that the people have chosen to be addressed on the subject of their disappointments and their expectations. They owe, doubtless, this acquired taste for a lofty diapason to the immortal *Marseillaise*, which has never passed from their memories, as may have been noticed in the Great Week.

Why have our youthful and noble poets disdained the suc-

cesses which, without injury to their other works, the cultivation of song might have secured them? Our cause would have gained by it; and I venture to tell them, that they themselves would have profited by descending sometimes from the heights of our ancient Pindus, which is a little more aristocratic than the genius of our good French tongue would have it. They would, doubtless, have been compelled in a measure to abandon the pomp of terms; but, by way of compensation, they would have accustomed themselves to concentrating their fancies in short compositions, varied, and more or less dramatic—compositions that seize hold upon the instincts of the masses, even when their happiest details pass unnoticed. This would be, according to my notion, to bring poetry down to ordinary range. It may be, perchance, an obligation imposed upon us by the simplicity of our language, though one to which we seldom conform. La Fontaine, however, has sufficiently proved its advantages.

I have sometimes thought, that, if contemporary poets had reflected that henceforth it is for the People that letters must be cultivated, they would have envied me the small palm branch which, failing themselves, I have succeeded in plucking, and which, without doubt, would have been perennial, if interwoven with others more gloriously distinguished. When I say the People, I mean the masses—the lowest class, if so you will have it. They are not alive, indeed, to your refinements of intellect, to your delicacies of taste; so be it—but for that very reason they compel authors to conceive more boldly and more broadly, in order to engage their attention. Suit, therefore, to their strong calibre both your subjects, and your mode of working them out. It is neither abstract ideas, nor types, that they demand. Show them the human heart, naked! Shakspeare, it seems to me, was laid under this fortunate compulsion. But what will become of the perfection of style? Does any one believe that the inimitable verses of Racine, applied to one of our best melodramas, would have prevented its success, even at a minor theatre of the Boulevards?

Invent, imagine, for those who do not all know how to read! write for those who, themselves, know how to write!

Following deep-rooted habits, we still form prejudiced opinions of the People. They only present themselves to us as a mob, gross and incapable of lofty, generous, or tender impressions. Nevertheless, there are worse judges amongst us, even in literary matters, and above all in connection with the drama. If any poetry yet remains in the world, it is, I doubt not, in their class that we must look for it. Let poets, then, essay to write for them: but to do so, the People must be studied. When, perchance, we do make an effort to obtain their applause, we treat them as do those Monarchs, who, on their days of munificence, throw sausages at their heads and drown them in adulterated wine. Look at our painters: if they represent a populace, even in their historical compositions, they seem to take pleasure in making it hideous. Might not this populace say to those who thus depict it—"Is it our fault, if we are miserably ragged, if our features are sunken by want, sometimes even withered by vice? Ay, in these haggard and worn features, has shone out the enthusiasm of courage and of liberty; ay, beneath these rags runs blood that we lavish at our country's voice! You must paint us when our souls are wrought up to excitement: it is then that there is beauty in our looks!" And the people would be right in so saying.

With some few exceptions, all that belongs to letters and to the arts has sprung from the lower classes; whilst we are all too much like *parvenus* desirous of having their origin forgotten, or, if we be content to tolerate our family portraits amongst us, it is on condition that they be made into caricatures. A happy mode of ennobling ourselves, truly! The Chinese are wiser: they enoble their ancestors.

Napoleon, the greatest poet of modern times, and perhaps of all time, when he disengaged himself from the aping of ancient monarchical forms, took measure of the People, as our poets and our artists ought to measure them. He willed, for instance, that

the representations, given gratis, should be composed of the masterpieces of the French drama. Corneille and Molière often did the honors, and it was remarked that their plays were never applauded with nicer discrimination. The great man had early learned, in camps and in the midst of revolutionary troubles, to what degree the instinct of the masses, if skilfully set in motion, may be exalted. One might be tempted to believe, that it was in order to satisfy this instinct, that he himself so wearied out the world. The love for his memory, borne by a new generation that has not known him, proves sufficiently well what power over the People the poetical emotion can obtain. Let our authors, then, labor earnestly for a crowd so well prepared to receive the instruction that it needs. In sympathizing with it, they will end by raising its moral tone; and the more they add to its intelligence, the further will they extend the domain of genius and of glory.

The young will, I trust, forgive me for these observations, which I venture here, only for their benefit. There are few of them ignorant of the interest with which they all inspire me. How many a time have I heard myself reproached for applause bestowed on their most audacious innovations! Could I do otherwise than applaud, even if I blamed them slightly? In my garret, at their age, under the reign of the Abbé Delille, I had myself projected the scaling of many a barrier. A voice, I know not whence, cried to me—"No; the Latins and the Greeks themselves should not serve for models: they are torches; learn how to use them!" Already had the literary and poetical portions of the admirable works of M. de Chateaubriand snatched me from the leading-strings of the Le Batteuxs and the La Harpes—a service that I have never forgotten.

I confess, however, that I should not have been willing, at a later period, to see a return to the dead language of Ronsard, the most classical of our antique authors; I should not, above all, have consented to any turning of the back upon our age of enfranchisement, only for the purpose of rummaging amid the winding-sheets

of the Middle Age, unless it were to measure and to weigh the chains, with which the great Barons loaded those poor serfs, our forefathers. I was wrong, perhaps, after all. It was when, across the Atlantic, he believed that he was steering towards Asia, the cradle of the ancient world, that Columbus discovered a new one. Courage, then, O youthful race! You have some grounds for your boldness; but since you have the future on your side, show somewhat less of impatience towards the generation that has preceded you, and that still marches at your head, by right of age. That generation also has been rich in distinguished talents, and all were more or less consecrated to the progress of those liberties, whose fruits will scarcely ripen, save for yourselves. It was in the midst of death-and-life struggles at the tribune, to the echoes of long and bloody combats, in the sorrows of exile, and at the foot of scaffolds, that by brilliant and numerous successes, they set up the worship of the Muses, and said to barbarism—"Further thou shalt not go!" And barbarism, you know it well, halts only at the sight of Glory.

As for me, to whom, so far, the young have only been the source of self-congratulation, I shall not wait until they call to me—"Back, good man! let us pass by!" as ingratitude might do ere long. I quit the lists, whilst still I have force to drag myself away. Too often, in the evening of life, we allow ourselves to be surprised by sleep upon our chairs, whereon it comes to nail us. Better were it to go off and await it on the couch, of which then such need is felt. I hasten to retreat to mine, although it be a somewhat hard one.

"What! you'll write no more songs?" I do not promise that: for pity's sake, let us have a clear understanding. I promise not to publish any more. To joys of labor succeeds the annoyance of feeling one's need of a livelihood. Like it, or not—we must traffic with the Muse. The trade wearies me; I retire from it. My ambition has never gone beyond a crust of bread for my old age: it is satisfied, though I be not even an elector, nor can ever hope for the honor of being eligible, in spite of the

Revolution of July, to which, on that account, I owe no grudge.* "You'll very soon be tired of composing songs for yourself alone!" some one will say. Well! and can I do nothing else than write couplets for my fête-day? I have not abandoned the hope of being useful. In the retreat, to which I purpose confining myself, recollections will come pressing on me in crowds. These are an old man's intrigues. Our epoch, agitated by so many ultra passions, will hand down few unbiassed judgments upon the contemporaries who occupy, or have occupied, the stage, who have prompted the actors, or hung about behind the scenes. I have been personally acquainted with a large number of men who have made their mark during a score of years; and concerning all those whom I have not seen, or of whom I have had but a glimpse, my memory has stored up a multitude of facts, more or less characteristic. I desire to compose a sort of Historical Dictionary, wherein, under each name of our notabilities, political and literary, young or old, my numerous recollections will be classified, as will be the opinions which I shall allow myself to pronounce, or which I shall borrow from competent authorities. This labor, not involving much fatigue, nor requiring profound knowledge or the talent of a prose writer, will occupy the remainder of my life. I shall find pleasure in rectifying many errors and calumnies to which an envenomed strife always gives rise; for it is not, it may well be imagined, in any disparaging spirit, that I have formed this project. Fifty years hence, those who would write the history of these days, so fruitful in events, will only have to consult, I much fear, documents tainted by partiality. The notes that I shall leave behind me at my death may inspire some confidence, even when they may chance to be severe, for I do not pretend to be nothing but a panegyrist. Historians know so many things, that they will then know, without

* The Revolution of February 1848, and his own subsequent election to the National Assembly, falsified Béranger's predictions. His earnest and successful plea to be excused confirmed, however, the honesty of the above remark.—*Translator.*

doubt, that I have had little cause to complain of men, even of men in power ; that, if I have been nothing, it is as others have been something—I mean, from taking pains to that end : and they will not therefore have to reckon me on the list of disappointed and chagrined applicants. They will know furthermore, perhaps, that I have enjoyed the reputation of being an observer sufficiently close, sufficiently precise, and gifted with sufficient penetration ; and that, finally, I have always attributed the evil that I have seen done in my time, rather to the weakness than to the malicious intention of individuals. Materials gathered together in this spirit are so often wanting, that future historians cannot but draw largely upon those that I shall leave. France, some day, may be obliged to me for this. Who knows whether it may not be owing to this work of my old age, that my name may chance to survive me ? It would be droll that posterity should speak of the judicious, the grave Béranger—why not ?

But here are many pages running on, one after another, without too much of point, and especially, without necessity. Would any one believe, from the length of this preface, that I have always shrunk from gossiping with the public, about myself, otherwise than in songs ? I fear, indeed, that I have most strangely abused the privilege that the moment of farewell confers : there remains, however, still, one debt of the heart that I must acquit.

At the risk of having the air of soliciting for my new lyrics the indulgence of journals, already put by me so often to the proof, I am bound to testify my gratitude to their editors, for the assistance that they have lent me, in my small warfare with Power. Those of my own creed have more than once braved the scissors of the Censor and the claws of the hand of Justice, in order to come to my aid, at a time of danger. No one doubts that, but for them, I should have been made to pay more dearly for the boldness of my attacks. I am not one of those who forget their obligations to the periodical press.

I esteem it a duty to add that, even the journals advocating

opinions the most entirely at variance with my own, whilst combating stoutly against my principles, have seemed to me almost always to keep within such bounds as a man firmly convinced on his own part has the right to expect from his adversaries, especially when he only meddles with those who are in a position to take revenge.

I attribute such general good-will to the influence that is exercised in France by the class of writings to which I have exclusively given myself up. This alone would suffice to rid me of all desire to hook on any other title to that of Song-writer, the one which has endeared me to my fellow-citizens.



DEDICATION OF THE EDITION OF 1833.

TO M. LUCIEN BONAPARTE, PRINCE OF CANINO.

PASSY, 15th January, 1833.

IN 1803, destitute of all resources, weary of disappointed hopes, and rhyming on without aim and without encouragement, without instruction and without notice, I bethought me (and how many such ideas had led to no result!) that I would put up my crude poetical works and address them, through the post, to the brother of the First Consul, M. Lucien Bonaparte, already noted for his great oratorical ability, and for his love of the arts and literature. The letter which accompanied them, I still remember, was worthy of a young and ultra-republican brain, bearing the stamp of wounded pride—wounded by this very need of having recourse to a protector. Poor, unknown, and so often disappointed, I dared not reckon on the success of a step in which there was no one to back me : but on the third day, oh ! joy ineffable, M. Lucien summons me to his presence, makes himself acquainted with my circumstances, which he at once alleviates,

talks to me as one poet to another, and lavishes on me encouragement and advice. Unfortunately he was compelled to take his departure from France. I had almost thought myself forgotten, when I received from Rome a power of attorney for claiming his annual allowance from the Institute of which he was a member, together with a letter that I have hoarded up as a treasure, and in which he said: "I forward you an authorization to receive my pension from the Institute. I beg that you will accept it; and I doubt not that, if you persevere in laboriously cultivating your talent, you will become, some day, one of the ornaments of our Parnassus. Above all things, pay special attention to the delicacy of your rhythm. Cease not to be bold, but be more refined," etc.

Never was a good deed done with a grace more full of encouragement: never, in snatching a youthful poet from want, has any one been more favorably raised in his own opinion. From the wise counsels that go hand in hand with good offices such as these, one feels that it is not the icy finger of a seignorial munificence that comes to draw one from the abyss. What heart would not have been touched to the quick? I longed for an opportunity of giving publicity to my gratitude; but the Censor would not permit it. My patron was, as he is still, an exile.

During the Hundred Days, M. Lucien Bonaparte sent me word that in devoting myself to song, I was withdrawing my talents from that higher walk, to which they had previously seemed adapted. Of this I was aware; but I have always been inclined to believe that, at certain epochs, literature and the arts ought not to be mere objects of luxury, and I had begun to have an inkling of what might be done for the cause of Liberty, by a style of poetry eminently national. I know not what M. Lucien now thinks of my songs. I am not even aware whether he is acquainted with them. I wrote to him several times, during the Restoration, but without receiving any reply. Vainly did I persuade myself that he feared lest he should compromise me by an answer—his silence distressed me. Since the Revolution of

July, I have thought it my duty to wait until the publication of my final collection might recall to him all that he did for me.

At this period, when my looks are turned to the past, it is particularly agreeable to let them settle on that illustrious personage, who of old was my deliverer from misfortune; upon him who, in giving me confidence in my own abilities, restored that vigor to my mind, of which distress had well nigh deprived it. His patronage bestowed elsewhere might have been able to procure for France a greater poet; it could never have fallen upon a more grateful heart.

The recollection of my benefactor will go down with me to my tomb. I call to witness the tears that I still shed, at the expiration of thirty years, when I recall that hundred-times blessed day, on which, assured of such a patron, I thought I had received from Providence itself a promise of good fortune and of fame.

May the homage conveyed in these feelings, so sincere and so well-deserved, reach M. Lucien Bonaparte, and have some effect in soothing for him that exile, in which my vows on his behalf are but too well accustomed to seek him out. Above all, may my voice be heard, and France hasten at length to open her arms to those of her children, who bear the mighty name, which will be her pride for evermore!



The above documents speak for themselves; nor need we comment on the following most interesting letter from the poet to his publisher, addressed to him, whilst the magnificent illustrated edition of 1846 was in course of publication. This edition came out in a serial form.

Twelve years have passed, my dear Perrotin, since, looking forward to that oblivion into which, according to my notion, my lyrics must soon be falling, I gave up to you all my songs, extant and forthcoming, in consideration of a moderate annuity

of eight hundred francs. You were reluctant to conclude this bargain, deeming it a poor one for myself. With any one else but you, it might indeed have been so; for, in spite of my conjectures, the public still favoring me with all its regard, editions rapidly succeed each other. But of your own accord, and by several advances, you have increased this annuity, which my signature fully gave you the right to keep at its original amount. Much more yet; you have not ceased to lavish on me attentions that have been costly to you, and proofs of devotedness so delicate, that I may truly call them filial.

The superb edition that you now announce, with no occasion: for it in a business point of view, is still another result of this devotedness. It is a sort of artistic glorification, that you are inclined to decree for my old rhymes; an enterprise that I ought to disapprove, considering to what expense and trouble it must put you.

Whatever success the first numbers of this edition may already have met with, illustrated as it is by the most eminent of designers and engravers—those ingenious commentators who often find in the text that they adopt more wit than the author himself knew how to infuse into it—whatever success, I say, these numbers may have obtained, I feel that I am bound to come to your assistance, as much as lies in my power.

Without any affectation of believing that I fail in a promise made to the public, that I would not again intrude myself upon it, I have made up my mind, then, to extract from the manuscript songs of my old age, which will become your property at my death, some seven or eight of them, to which you can add the verses printed on the day of the funeral of my old friend Wilhelm. I have picked out these songs from amongst those which, both in form and subject, bear the most resemblance to the contents of my preceding collections. Certes, this is no rich present that I make you; but be they what they may, accept them off-hand, lest a desire to take them back might come upon me. You know, my dear Perrotin, better than any one else, how

much now-a-days it costs me to put out the smallest novelty ; so that I trust that in this petty larceny, committed on my posthumous remains, nothing more will be seen than an expression of gratitude towards his trusty publisher on the part of the old song-writer. I may add, that nearly twenty years of good understanding between a man of letters and a bookseller is unfortunately a circumstance so rare, since the invention of printing, that we may both be equally proud of it. In offering you a proof of the value which I myself attach to it,

I am, my dear Perrotin,

Most heartily yours,

BÉRANGER.

PASSY, 19th October, 1846.

P. S. I am sorry that it is not in my power to give you one of my unpublished songs on Napoleon ; but I hold to my fancy that they should all appear together.



In the two following letters, Béranger makes a first and second appeal to the National Assembly of France, to be relieved from the honor forced upon him by the suffrages of more than two hundred thousand of his fellow-citizens. Very shortly after taking his seat, he thus wrote to the President of the Chamber :

CITIZEN PRESIDENT—I had deemed it my duty to inform the electors of the Department of the Seine, excusing myself by very satisfactory reasons, that I could not accept the honor of a seat in the National Assembly.

In spite of the profound gratitude with which I am inspired by the number of voices that have called me to that Assembly, I have not renounced my intention, well weighed beforehand, of

refusing a summons for which I am neither rendered fit by thought, nor by study sufficiently serious.

What I have not dared to do up to this time, lest I should be the cause of a new convocation of the electoral body, a nullified election offers me the opportunity of doing, since it renders this convocation unavoidable ; and I beg, Citizen President, to place again in your hands the writ which has been intrusted to me, and which will none the less constitute in my view the sole glory of my life.

Have the goodness, Citizen President, to assure the National Assembly of the regret which I feel, at being unable to take part in the truly democratic work which it will have the honor to accomplish.

Present to it, and accept yourself, Citizen President, the homage of my deepest respect.

Your devoted fellow-citizen,

BÉRANGER.

PASSY, *May 8, 1848.*

Loud and general were the expressions of disappointment, when this communication was read ; and the Chamber, at the suggestion of its President, refused unanimously to accept the writer's resignation. The second appeal could scarcely be resisted ; it was as follows.

CITIZEN PRESIDENT—If any thing could make me dismiss from my memory my age, the state of my health, and my legislative incapacity, it would be the letter which you have had the goodness to write to me, and by which you announce that the National Assembly has honored my resignation with a refusal.

My election and this act of the representatives of the people will be the object of my eternal gratitude. Inasmuch as they constitute a prize far beyond any feeble services that I may have been able to render to Liberty, they prove how enviable are the

rewards reserved hereafter for those who, with greater talents, will render to our beloved country services more real.

Happy to have been the occasion of this encouraging example, and convinced that it is the only useful purpose that I could now have fulfilled, I venture, Citizen President, with clasped hands to supplicate the National Assembly afresh, not to drag me from the obscurity of private life.

This is not the wish of a philosopher, still less that of a sage ; it is the desire of an old rhymer, who would fancy that he was surviving himself, if he lost in the tumult of public affairs his independence of mind, the only treasure which he has ever coveted.

For the first time, I have something to ask from my country. Let not then its worthy representatives reject the petition which I address them, in reiterating my resignation ; and let them kindly overlook the feebleness of a veteran, who cannot conceal from himself the honor which he sacrifices in separating himself from them.

In charging you to offer my very humble excuses to the Assembly, receive, Citizen President, the homage of my respectful devotion.

Salutation and Fraternity.

BÉRANGER.

PASSY, *May 14, 1848.*

The poet's resignation was allowed to take effect accordingly.



We conclude with a note of Béranger's that has not hitherto appeared in print ; and we give it for that reason, in the original. In the spring of 1847, the author of the foregoing translations, on occasion of publishing one half of them in a small volume in London, sent a copy to the poet, bound in tri-colored morocco and decorated with appropriate devices, accompanied by a short

letter, expressive of a very sincere admiration of his genius, and respect for his character. The receipt of it was thus gracefully acknowledged.

A MONSIEUR WILLIAM YOUNG.

MONSIEUR :

JE reçois avec reconnaissance le volume que vous avez la bonté de m'envoyer. Malheureusement je ne sais pas l'anglais ; mais un membre de l'académie Française, qui le sait parfaitement, est arrivé chez moi, presqu'en même que votre volume, et m'a fait apprécier, Monsieur, toute l'obligation que je vous ai de la peine que vous avez prise de traduire un si grand nombre de mes chansons. Grand merci donc de la part de popularité que vous avez bien voulu faire, dans votre patrie, à un vieux chansonnier qui n'a jamais chanté que la sienne, surtout aux jours de ses adversités. Votre beau talent, Monsieur, a été généreusement hospitalier pour ma pauvre petite Muse, qui en conservera un souvenir affectueux.

Agréez, avec mes sincères remerciemens, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

J' ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Votre dévoué serviteur,

BÉRANGER.

PASSY, 29 Avril, 1847.

Not a shadow of importance is attached to the compliments to the translator, conveyed in this note—something of the sort was a matter of course ; but the singular point and happiness of the phrasing are altogether characteristic of the man who wrote it, and may render it acceptable to the reader. A version is subjoined.

TO MR. WILLIAM YOUNG.

SIR :

I receive with gratitude the volume that you have the kindness to send me. Unfortunately I do not understand English; but a member of the French Academy, who is perfectly conversant with it, chanced to call on me almost at the moment of its arrival, and has made me appreciate, sir, all the obligation I owe you, for the pains you have taken, in translating so large a number of my songs. Many thanks, then, for the popularity that you have desired to confer, in your country, on a veteran songster, who has never sung of any but his own, and more especially in her days of adversity. Your fine talent, sir, has been generously hospitable towards my poor little Muse, who will preserve a warm-hearted recollection of the fact.

Receive, with my sincere thanks, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your devoted servant,

BÉRANGER.

Passy, 29th April. 1847.

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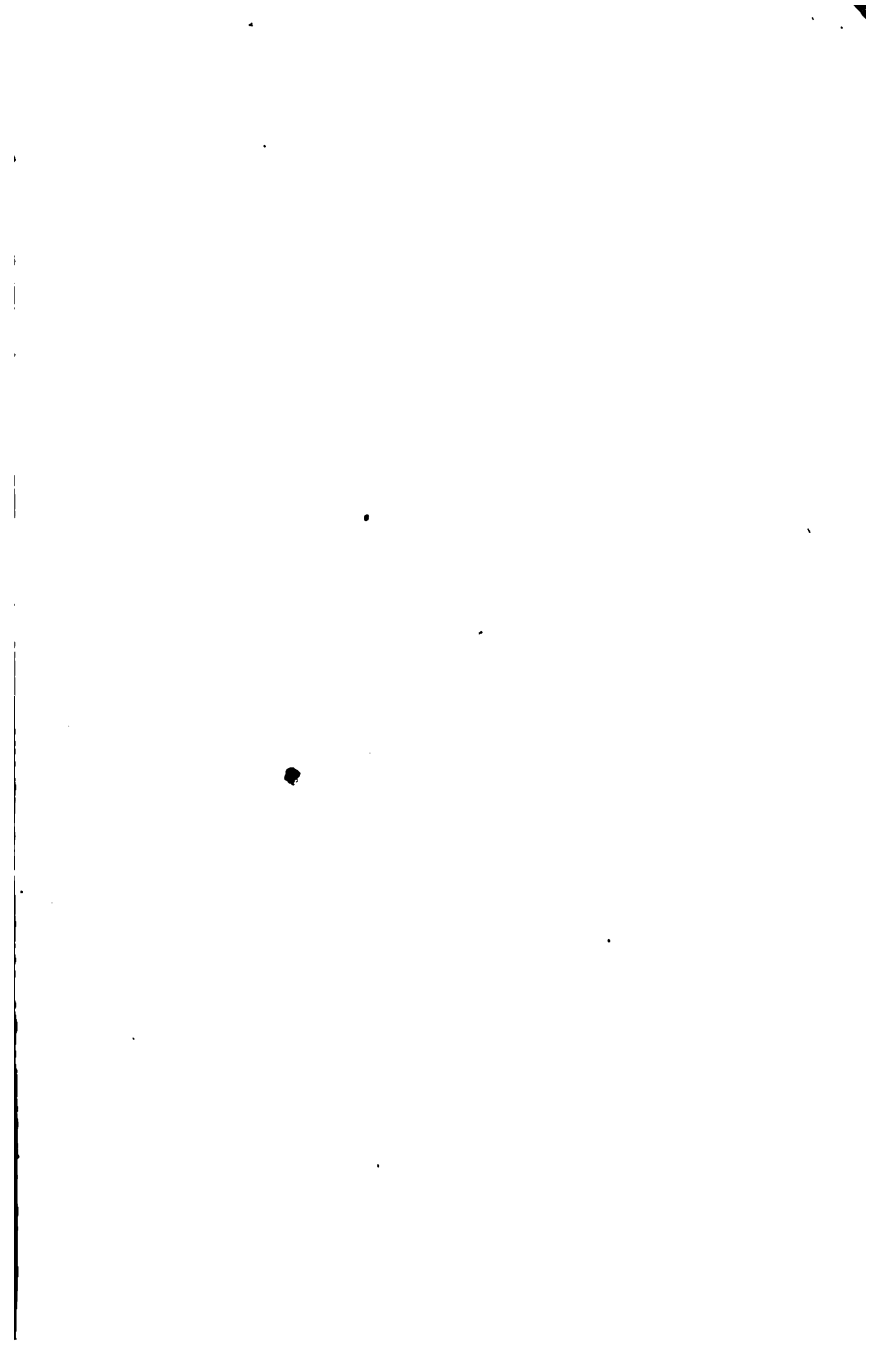
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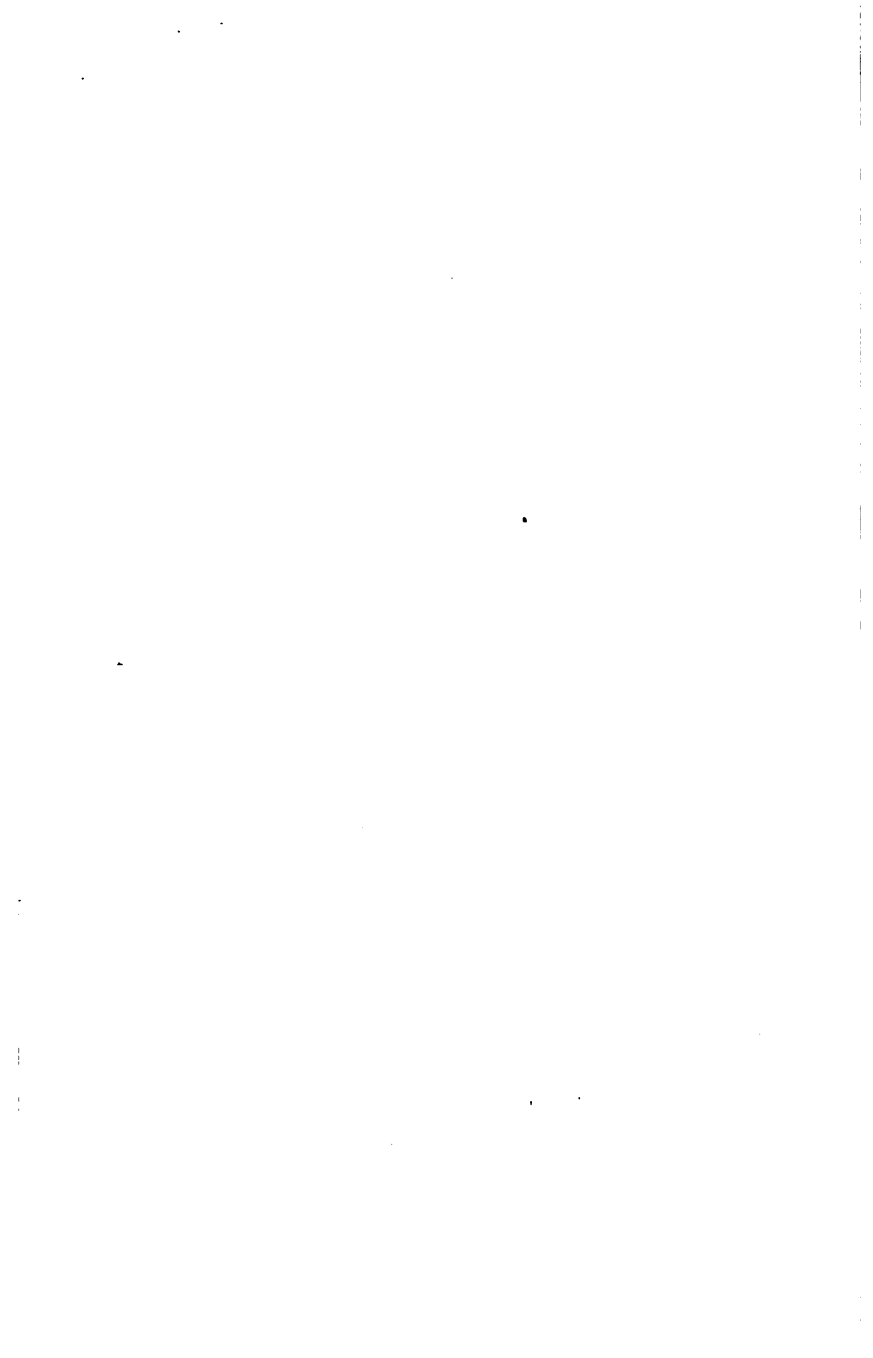
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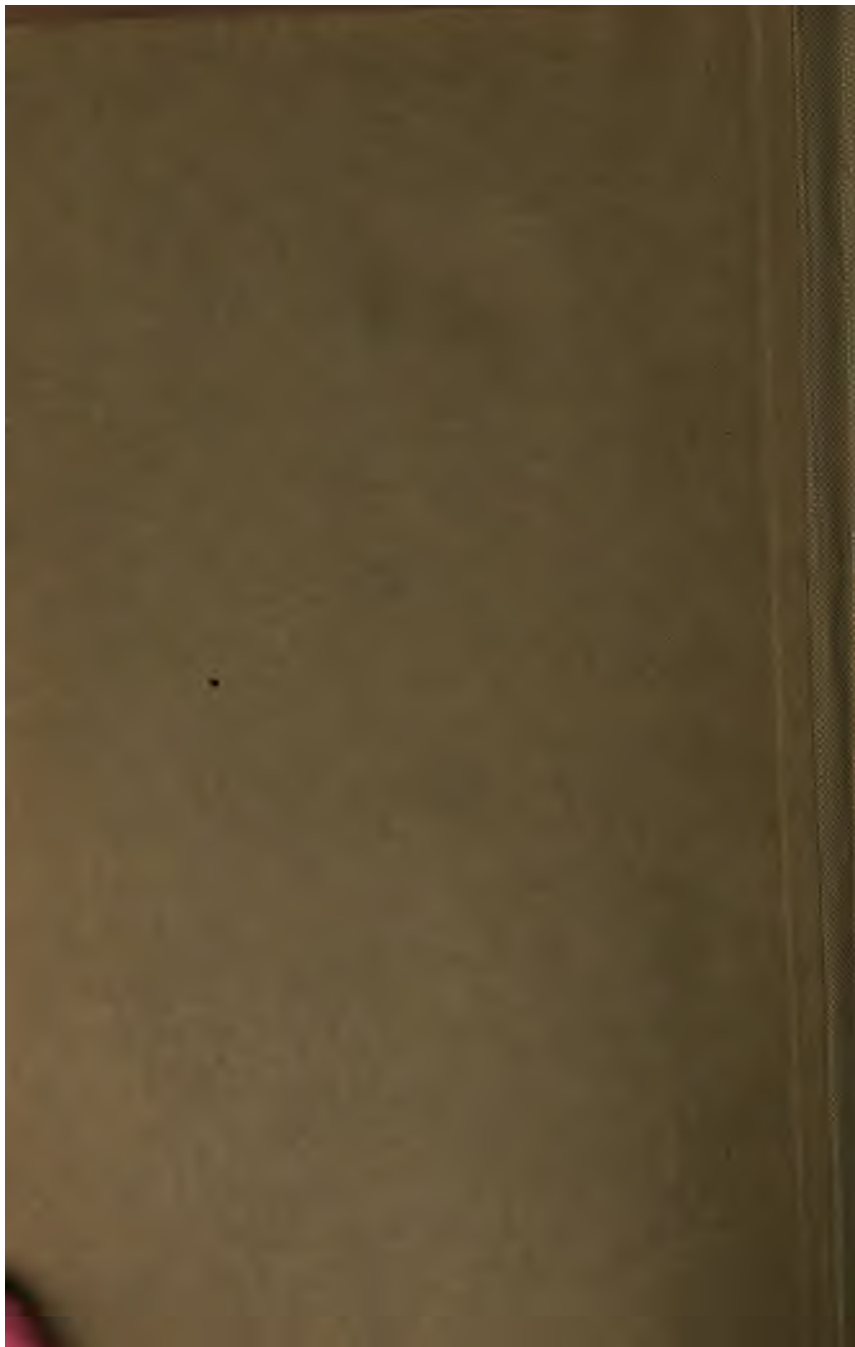
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